

# The Floods Of Florence

Phil Ochs

Picasso leans out of the window, looks out on the ghetto  
Changing the shapes he sees  
His old friend El Greco, soon is expected  
Now just an echo of Spanish seas

And outside, the people stare  
Wondering what's going on in there  
Tossing the dice, they pay the price  
So they can compare

And the holy of love and reverence  
Fell beneath the floods of Florence

The shop girls go out to the galleries, spending their salaries  
To see if they catch a hold  
They meet an old master, like some unknown lover  
For some unknown reason he's never old

And the auctioneer clears his throat  
What am I bid for this bottled boat?  
A tap on the rail, sunk with a sail  
But soon she's afloat

And the holy of love and reverence  
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Griffith pulls out his whiskey, the mad room is misty  
Covered with yesterdays  
The girl is so pretty, she asks for a memory  
He touches her knee and she fades away

But the box office line is long  
The spectacular show is on  
Thirsty for thrills, the fountain is filled  
With dreams of the dawn

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The troubadour comes from the country, falls by the factory  
Sliding on simple strings  
Armed with his anger, he sings of the danger  
He senses a stranger is in the wings

But the fledgling has learned to fly  
All of the innocence leaves his eye  
Echoes explode, rolled from the road  
The melody dies

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