

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

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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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