

Italian Girls

Rod Stewart

At the Turin motor show
I was dreaming of a mobile
That couldn't be mine not without lyin'
Was I feeling kind a silly
When I stepped in soakin' beer down the cola machine
Oh, stayin' seventeen
Well she claimed she was a killer
And she owned a flood lit villa
A little aways from the main highway
Oh take me way down yonder

She was tall, thin and tarty
And she drove a Maserati
Faster than sound
I was heaven bound
Although I must have looked a creep
In my army surplus jeep
Was I being too bold
Before the night could get old
No, no, no, no
She proved me so wrong

Oh the Italian girls sometimes hold their religious habits
In front of your eyes, just to get you tied
Ah but not my little Bella 'cause I did not have to tell her
I'd rather you go with the morning sun, she made me so tired

She took me way, way, away down yonder
Till I was gone with the morning sun on my back
Gotta get on back there soon as I can
Take me there
And I miss the girl so bad
She broke my heart
Gotta get on back there soon as I can
I miss the girl, I miss the girl, I miss the girl so bad
I was a lot better off