

When I Paint My Masterpiece

The Band

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble
Ancient footprints are everywhere
You can almost think that you're seeing double
On the cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs

Gotta hurry on back to my hotel room
Where I got me a date with a pretty little girl from Greece
She promised, she'd be there with me
When I paint my masterpiece

Oh, the hours we spent inside the Coliseum
Dodging lions, and a-wasting time
Oh, those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly stand to see 'em
Yes, it sure has been a long, hard drive

Train wheels are running through the back of my memory
When I ran on a hilltop following a pack of wild geese
Someday everything is gonna sound like a rhapsody
When I paint my masterpiece

Sailing round the world in a dirty gondola
Oh, to be back in the land of Coca-Cola

Well, I left Rome, and landed in Brussels
On a plane ride so bumpy that I almost cried
Clergy men in uniform and young girls pulling mussels
Everyone was there to greet me when I stepped inside

Newspaper man eating candy
Had to be held down by big police
But someday every thing's gonna be different
When I paint my masterpiece