

# 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  
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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