

Phil Ochs, Floods Of Florence

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 words 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 words of love and reverence
Fell beneath the floods of Florence.

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.

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

The troubador 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.

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