

Band, The, When I Paint My Masterpiece

Band, The

Cahoots

When I Paint My Masterpiece

D a d a e

(no chord) a d a

Oh, the streets of rome are filled with rubble,

E a d

Ancient footprints are everywhere.

A d a

You could almost think that your seeing double,

E a

On the cold, dark night on the spanish stairs.

E a

Gotta hurry on back to my hotel room,

E a d

Where i got me a date with a pretty little girl from greece.

A d a

She promised she'd be there with me,

E a

When i paint my masterpiece.

D a d a e

(no chord) a d a

Oh, the hours we spent, inside the coliseum.

E a

Dodging lions, and a-wasting time,

D a d a

Oh those mighty kings of the jungle, i could hardly stand to see'em

E a

Yes it sure has been a long, hard drive.

E a

Train wheels a-running thru the back of my memory,

E a d

When i ran on a hilltop following a pack of wild geese,

A d a

Someday everything is gonna sound like a rhapsody

E a

When i paint my masterpiece.

Am c#m

Sailing round the world in a dirty gondola,

D bb e d c#m d e

Oh to be back in the land of, coca-cola.

D a d a

Well i left rome, and landed in brussels,

E a

On a plane ride so bumby that i almost cried,

D a d a

Clergy men in uniform, and young girls pulling mussels,

E a

Everyone was there to greet me when i stepped inside,

E a

Newspaper men eating candy,

E a d

Had to be held down by big police.

A d a e a

Someday, its gonna be different, when i paint my masterpiece.