

# Dan Bern, I'm Not The Guy

We pulled into Rome  
With blood in our eyes  
After days of travelin'  
Months of lies  
Taking our various  
Turns at the wheel  
Taking booze  
And pot and cigarettes  
Anything not to feel  
No one had slept  
No one had eaten  
Our bodies were bad  
Our spirits were beaten  
Together we dragged  
All of us down  
As we staggered through Rome  
Blaming the town  
Blaming the students  
For worship of others  
Blaming the cops  
And blaming their brothers  
And never quite looking  
Ourselves in the heart  
And minute by minute  
Growing further apart  
Julia, Julia  
Where have you gone?  
Why have you vanished  
Off of my lawn?  
Julia, Julia  
Where is your truck?  
Where have you driven  
With all of my luck?  
But even old bull fighters,  
Their grave stones in sight,  
Must search 'till they unearth  
One last bull to fight  
And so it was with us,  
So near to the end  
One last story to tell  
One last hill to defend  
One glance to avoid  
One guitar to strum  
One untruth to be told  
One last song to be sung  
And you, the most brilliant,  
Most driven, most keen,  
Jewel of a bastard  
I ever have seen  
And you and your turn  
A good bitch of the Nile  
So real to the end  
Nothing left to defile  
And me in the middle,  
Along for the ride,  
The unwilling distraction  
From familicide  
And knowing our weaknesses  
No one refrained,  
From picking  
And prodding  
'Till nothing remained  
Julia, Julia  
Where have you gone?

Why have you vanished  
Off of my lawn?  
Julia, Julia  
Where is your truck?  
Where have you driven  
With all of my luck?  
And now in this kitchen  
Miles from home  
Miles from anything  
Miles from Rome  
Rome was a bust  
Rome was a scream  
Rome was the final  
Rapid eye movement  
To this dream  
We scattered like leaves  
Like pieces of dust  
Warriors watching  
Their swords and shields rust  
And now as we descend  
To couches and clocks  
To closets and appointments  
Let us drink to the rocks  
Let us drink to the sand  
To the winds which have blowed us  
Let us drink to the rivers  
Let us drink to the road  
And if you travel this far  
From either conscience or greed  
Have one piece of advice  
That I think you should heed  
If ever your travels  
Take you this far from home  
Consult your map carefully  
Stear clear of Rome  
Julia, Julia  
Where have you gone?  
Why have you vanished  
Off of my lawn?  
Julia, Julia  
Where is your truck?  
Where have you driven  
With all of my luck?