

Frank Sinatra, We Open In Venice

(C. Porter)

[Recorded Jule 10, 1963, Los Angeles]

A troupe of strolling players are we, not stars like L. B. Mayer's are we,
But just a simple band who roams about the land,
Dispensing plenty of frivolity.
Mere folks who give distraction are we, yes, and give attraction are we, oh shut up, man
But just a crazy group, that never seeks to sosoop,
Around a pack of little on a leash.
Well,. here we go, back to the home country again.
We open in Venice, we next play Verona, then on to Cremona,
Lots of laughs in Cremona, eh boys, our next jump in Parma, that dopy mope menace,
And Mantua and Padua, and then we open again. where?
We open in Venice, we next play Verona, then on to Cremona,
Lots of bars in Cremona, our next jump is Parma, that tearless fearless menace,
And Mantua, and Padua, then we open again. Where?
We open in Venice, we next play Verona, then on to Cremona,
Lots of money in Cremona, our next jump in Parma, that's ingie pingie menace,
Then Mantua, then Padua, and then we open again, where?
We open in Venice, we next play Verona, then on to Cremona,
Lots of players in Cremona, our next jump in Parma, that heartless artless menace,
Then Mantua, then Padua, the we open again. Where?
Oh, let me see now, I got a map, let's pick out someplace.
Well just don't dicado back on the line now, oh let's take the first canyon out of here.
As a matter fact if we hurry we can beat the sack, for the chef's out there waiting for us.
Goodbye boys, gida, gida, gida.