

# Murphy Elliott, Sicily

I was in Sicily reading Henry Miller  
You were in New York City you were getting thinner  
I was in discos I was listening to Madonna  
You were in sweat clothes looking like Jane Fonda  
One day I called you because I couldn't resist  
It cost me eighty bucks I don't think it was worth it  
This is the last thing I expected to be  
A broken hearted troubadour in sunny Sicily

The night was raining and my window was stuck  
My driver took the shore roads to avoid the heavy trucks  
While he was telling me about the Mafia  
I was thinking 'bout our wedding what the marriage done to you  
Feeling so lonely my esteem so low  
Find myself in Italy I'm singing in a disco  
This is the last thing I wanted to be  
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Looking out my window I see the stars above  
I'm closer to Tunisia than to anyone I love  
I've seen the ruins of the Romans and the Greeks  
Compared to my own empire they really look so neat  
Some say my songs are long and over complicated  
But they're very personal I say they're underrated  
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