

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
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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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