

Nickel Creek, When In Rome

Where can a sick man go
When he can't choke down the medicine the old doc knows
A specialist came to town, but he stays at home
Sayin', "No one knows, so I don't"
Honey, when in Rome

Where can a teacher go
Wherever she thinks people need the things she knows
Hey, those books you gave us look good on the shelves at home
And they'll burn warm in the fireplace
Teacher, when in Rome

Grab a blanket, sister
We'll make smoke signals
Bring us some new blood
It feels like we're alone

Grab a blanket, brother
So we don't catch cold
From one another
I wonder if we're stuck in Rome

Where can a dead man go
The question with an answer only dead men know
But I'm going to bet they never really feel at home
If they spent a lifetime learning
How to live in Rome