

# The Band, When I Paint My Masterpiece

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble,  
ancient footprints are everywhere.  
You could almost think that your seeing double,  
On the cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs.  
Gotta hurry on back to my hotel room,  
Where I got me a date with a pretty little girl from Greece.  
She promised she'd be there with me,  
When I paint my masterpiece.

Oh, the hours we spent, inside the Coliseum.  
Dodging lions, and a-wasting time,  
oh those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly stand to see'em  
Yes it sure has been a long, hard drive.  
Train wheels a-running thru the back of my memory,  
When I ran on a hilltop following a pack of wild geese,  
Someday everything is gonna sound like a rhapsody  
When I paint my masterpiece.

Sailing round the world in a dirty gondola,  
Oh to be back in the land of, Coca-cola.  
Well I left Rome, and landed in Brussels,  
On a plane ride so bumby that I almost cried,  
Clergy men in uniform, and young girls pulling mussels,  
Everyone was there to greet me when I stepped inside,  
Newspaper men eating candy,  
Had to be held down by big police.  
Someday, its gonna be different,  
When I paint my masterpiece.