

When I paint my Masterpiece

No chord |A
Oh, the streets of Rome
D A
Are filled with rubble
E D A
Ancient footprints are everywhere
A D A
You can almost think that you're seeing double
E D A
On a cold dark night on the Spanish stairs

E D A
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room
E D A
Where I got me a date with Botticelli's niece
A D A
Yeah, she promised that she'd be there with me
E D A
When I paint my masterpiece

D | D | A | A |
D | D | A | A cut on 3

All the hours I spent inside the coliseum
Dodging lions and wasting time
Oh these mighty kings of the jungle I can hardly stand to see'em
Yes, it sure has been a long hard climb

Train wheels rolling through the back of my memory
When I ran up a hilltop following a pack of wild geese
Someday life'll be sweet like a rhapsody
When I paint my masterpiece

A | A |
D- | D- | A | A |
Sailing around the world in a dirty gondola
C#- | D | E | D | A | A- | E | E break
Oh to be back in the land of coke-a-cola

I left Rome and landed in Brussels
On plane ride so bumpy that I almost cried
preacher men in uniform and young girls sellin mussels
Well it sure has been a long hard ride

Newspaper man eating candy
Had to be held down by big police
Someday everything's gonna be differ'nt

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Repeat last lines or D- |D- |A |A |-> fade