



When I Paint My Masterpiece

| G // G^{sus4} | % | D /// | G /// :||

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble,
Ancient footprints are everywhere.

You can almost think that you're seein' double,
On a cold dark night on the Spanish Stairs

| D /// | G /// | D /// | G /// | % | % | D /// | G /// |

Got to hurry on back to my hotel room,
Where I've got me a date with Botticelli's niece.
She promised that she'd be right there with me,
When I paint my masterpiece.

Break Mini | G // G^{sus4} | % | D /// | G /// |

Oh, the hours I've spent inside the Coliseum,
Dodging lions and wasting time
Those mighty kings of the jungle I could hardly stand to
see 'em,
Oh, sure has been a long hard climb.

Train wheels runnin' thru the back of my memory,
When I ran on the hilltop following a pack of wild geese.
Someday, everything is gonna be smooth like a rhapsody,
When I paint my masterpiece.

Solo = Verse

|| A // A^{sus4} | % | E /// | A /// :||

I left Rome and landed in Brussels,
On a plane ride so bumpy that I almost cried.
Clergymen in uniform and young girls pullin' muscles,
Everyone was there to greet me when I stepped inside.

| E /// | A /// | E /// | A /// | % | % | E /// | A /// |

Newspapermen eating candy, had to be held down by big
police.

Someday, everything is gonna be different, when I paint
my masterpiece.

Someday, everything is gonna be different, when I paint
my masterpiece.

When I paint, when I Paint, my masterpiece.