All Roads Lead To Rome

The Stranglers

The streets of tarmac are straight as a die
With steel fingers clawing at the sky
Inside the wall of the citadel
Yellow chariots race
Peasants and their peasants' smells
Hungry enough to touch your face.

The beasts from the end of the century
Adorn themselves with jewellery
Inside the wall of the citadel
Yellow chariots race
Peasants and their peasants' smells
Hungry enough to touch your face.

Their eyes they change colour from grey to green
And when they're blue they weigh the scene
The endless games played in the timeless zone
Remind me all roads lead to Rome.
Inside the wall of the citadel
Yellow chariots race
Peasants and their peasants' smells
Hungry to touch your frightened face.
All roads lead to Rome
All roads lead to Rome
All roads lead to Rome
All roads lead to Rome

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