Italian Girls

John Gorka

At the touring motor show
I was dreaming of a mobile
That couldn't be mine
Not without lyin'
Was I feeling kind a silly
When I stepped in soakin? beer
Down the cola machine?
Oh, stayin? seventeen
Well she claimed, she was a killer
And she owned a flood lit villa
A little aways from the main highway
Oh take me way down yonder
She was tall, thin and tarty
And she drove a Maserati
Faster than sound
I was heaven bound
Although I must have looked a creep
In my army surplus jeep
Was I being too bold
Before the night could get old?
No, no, no, no, no, no
She proved me so wrong
Oh the Italian girls sometimes hold them religious habits
In front of your eyes just to get you tied
Ah but not my little Bella
?Cause I did not have to tell her
I?d rather you go with the morning sun
She made me so tired
She took me way, way, away down yonder
Till I was gone with the morning sun on my back
Gotta get on back there soon as I can
Take me there
And I miss the girl so bad, oh yeah
Wait a minute
She broke my heart
She broke my heart
She broke my heart
Gotta get on back there soon as I can
I miss the girl, I miss the girl

I miss the girl so bad
I was a lot better off

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