

# Italian Girls

## The ACBs

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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