Roman Skies

Peter Cincotti

The wind is blowing through the cypress trees,
Like a whispered prayer.
I love the way the ancient breeze,
Messes up your hair.

I forget everything I did wrong,
Ever word that I didn't say,
Every feeling I put a lid on,
Every time you walked away.

And now my life is a kind of prison,
Full of bars that can't break through,
And the only time I'm living,
Is when I'm here with you.

Under Roman skies I'm free.
Under Roman skies I shed all my skin.
Under Roman skies I'm me,
The person who I could have been.

Under Roman skies...
Under Roman skies...

You never feel that rush of blood,
When he grabs your hand.
You wish he'd make you tremble but,
You know he can't.

He was right for you in theory,
Steady as a pulse.
You thought that you were thinking clearly, and being an adult.
...But when you're living life on paper, it's always going to rip,
And now you love it when I make you
Bite your lip.

Under Roman skies you're free.
Under Roman skies you shed all your skin.
Under Roman skies you see
The person who you could've been.

You see...

Oh, Under Roman Skies we're free.
But since Roman Skies can't change what has been,
Keep those angel eyes on me,
And show me how a saint can sin,
Under Roman skies.

Under Roman skies.
Under Roman skies!
Under Roman skies, we're free.
Under Roman skies.
Under Roman skies!
Under Roman skies!
Roman skies.

Lyrics Submitted by Giovanni R.

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