

# Rome

[Dan Bern](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We pulled into Rome  
With blood in our eyes  
After days of travelin'  
Months of lies  
Taking our various  
Turns at the wheel  
Taking booze  
And pot and cigarettes  
Anything not to feel  
No one had slept  
No one had eaten  
Our bodies were bad  
Our spirits were beaten  
Together we dragged  
All of us down  
As we staggered through Rome  
Blaming the town  
Blaming the students  
For worship of others  
Blaming the cops  
And blaming their brothers  
And never quite looking  
Ourselves in the heart  
And minute by minute  
Growing further apart  
Julia, Julia  
Where have you gone?  
Why have you vanished  
Off of my lawn?  
Julia, Julia  
Where is your truck?  
Where have you driven  
With all of my luck?  
But even old bull fighters

Their grave stones in sight  
Must search 'till they unearth  
    One last bull to fight  
    And so it was with us  
    So near to the end  
    One last story to tell  
    One last hill to defend  
    One glance to avoid  
    One guitar to strum  
    One untruth to be told  
    One last song to be sung  
And you, the most brilliant  
    Most driven, most keen  
    Jewel of a bastard  
    I ever have seen  
    And you and your turn  
A good bitch of the Nile  
    So real to the end  
    Nothing left to defile  
    And me in the middle  
    Along for the ride  
    The unwilling distraction  
    From familiocide  
And knowing our weaknesses  
    No one refrained  
    From picking  
    And prodding  
'Till nothing remained Julia, Julia  
    Where have you gone?  
    Why have you vanished  
    Off of my lawn?  
    Julia, Julia  
    Where is your truck?  
    Where have you driven  
With all of my luck? And now in this kitchen  
    Miles from home  
    Miles from anything  
    Miles from Rome  
    Rome was a bust  
    Rome was a scream  
    Rome was the final  
    Rapid eye movement  
    To this dream  
    We scattered like leaves  
    Like pieces of dust

Warriors watching  
Their swords and shields rust  
And now as we descend  
To couches and clocks  
To closets and appointments  
Let us drink to the rocks  
Let us drink to the sand  
To the winds which have blowed us  
Let us drink to the rivers  
Let us drink to the road And if you travel this far  
From either conscience or greed  
Have one piece of advice  
That I think you should heed  
If ever your travels  
Take you this far from home  
Consult your map carefully  
Stear clear of Rome Julia, Julia  
Where have you gone?  
Why have you vanished  
Off of my lawn?  
Julia, Julia  
Where is your truck?  
Where have you driven  
With all of my luck?

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>