

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 apartJulia, 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 remainedJulia, 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 blown 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?

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