

Euromad

T Bone Burnett

I went Euromad out on the road last fall
Between the Roman churches and the German music halls
Were it not for Mr. Gordon and his fine distillery
I might have never got this far, it would be all the same to meIt started in Bologna when I stepped between the lights
I thought I'd lost my charisma my life flashed before my eyes
The communists rejected me, I didn't fit their plan
And anyway I must assume they're anti-AmericanIt might have been Geneva in a darkened discotheque
And though I met Sophia, I still got it in the neck
A journalist he spied on me like I always knew they would
He wrote me off like a business trip I felt deeply misunderstoodOr maybe it was Paris blazing dignity and pride
It's a city full of heiresses where I very nearly died
I woke up in the circus with a whistling in my ears
I'm ready for the antidote can you tell me what it isI went Euromad out on the road last fall
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