

# We Open In Venice

Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin & Sammy Davis, Jr.

A troupe of strolling players are we  
Not stars like L. B. Mayer's are we  
But just a simple band who roams about the land  
Dispensing father of frivolity Mere folks who give distraction are we  
Yes and give attraction are we, oh, shut up, San  
But just a crazy group, that never seeks to soup  
Around a pack of little on a leash  
Well, here we go, back to the home country again  
We open in Venice, we next play Verona  
Then on to Cremona, lots of laughs in Cremona, eh boys  
Our next jump in Parma, that dopy mopie menace  
And Mantua and Padua and then we open again, where? We open in Venice, we next play Verona  
Then on to Cremona, lots of bars in Cremona  
Our next jump is Parma, that tearless fearless menace  
And Mantua and Padua, then we open again, where? We open in Venice, we next play Verona  
Then on to Cremona, lots of money in Cremona  
Our next jump in Parma, that's ingie pingie menace  
Then Mantua, then Padua and then we open again, where? We open in Venice, we next play Verona  
Then on to Cremona, lots of players in Cremona  
Our next jump in Parma, that heartless artless menace  
Then Mantua, then Padua, the we open again, where?  
Oh, let me see now, I got a map, let's pick out someplace  
Well, just don't dicado back on the line now  
Oh, let's take the first canyon out of here  
As a matter fact if we hurry we can beat the sack  
For the chef's out there waiting for us  
Goodbye boys, gida, gida, gida  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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