

When I Paint My Masterpiece

Grateful Dead

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble
Ancient footprints are everywhere
Well you could almost think that you're seein' double
On a cold dark night on the Spanish Stairs
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room
Where I've got me a date with Botticelli's niece
She promised, she'd be right there with me
When I paint my masterpiece
Oh, the hours I've spent inside the Coliseum
Dodging lions and wastin' time
Those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly stand to see 'em
Well, it sure has been a long hard climb
The train wheels runnin' through the back of my memory
When I ran on the hilltop following a pack of wild geese
Someday, life will be sweet like a rhapsody
When I paint my masterpiece
So I left Rome and I landed in Brussels
On a plane so bumpy that I almost cried
Clergymen in uniform, yes and young girl pullin' muscles
Well, it should have been a long hard ride
Newspapermen eating candy
Had to be held down by big police
Someday, everything is gonna be different
When I paint my masterpiece, that's right
Someday, everything is gonna be different
When I paint my masterpiece
When I paint my masterpiece

Songwriters

Bob Dylan
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