

# Italian Girls

## Rod Stewart

I've got two and more to show  
I was dreaming of a mobile  
That couldn't be mine not without lyin'  
Was I feeling kind a silly  
When I stepped in soakin' beer down the cola machine  
Oh, stayin' seventeen  
Well she claimed she was a killer  
And she owned a flood lit villa  
A little aways from the main highway  
Oh take me way down yonderShe was tall, thin and tarty  
And she drove a Maserati  
Faster than sound  
I was heaven bound  
Although I must have looked a creep  
In my army surplus jeep  
Was I being too bold  
Before the night could get old  
No, no, no, no  
She proved me so wrongOh the Italian girls sometimes hold their religious habits  
In front of your eyes, just to get you tied  
Ah but not my little Bella 'cause I did not have to tell her  
I'd rather you go with the morning sun, she made me so tiredShe took me way, way, away down yonder  
'Til I was gone with the morning sun on my back  
Gotta get on back there soon as I can  
Take me there  
And I miss the girl so bad  
She broke my heart  
She broke my heart  
Gotta get on back there soon as I can  
I miss the girl, I miss the girl, I miss the girl so bad  
I was a lot better off

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