

When I Paint My Masterpiece
Grateful Dead

Oh, the streets of Rome
Are filled with rubble
Ancient footprints are everywhere
You can almost think that you re seeing double
On a cold dark night on the Spanish stairs
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room
Where I got me a date with Botticelli s niece
Yeah, she promised that she d be there with me
When I paint my masterpiece
All the hours I spent inside the coliseum
Dodging lions and wasting time
Oh these mighty kings of the jungle I can hardly stand to see em
Yes, it sure has been a long hard climb
Train wheels rolling through the back of my memory
When I stood on a hilltop following a pack of wild geese
Someday life will be sweet like a rhapsody
When I paint my masterpiece
I left Rome and landed in Brussels
On flight so bumpy that I almost cried
preacher men in uniform and young girls pulling mussels
Well it sure has been a long hard ride
Newspaper man eating candy
Had to be held down by big police
Someday everything s gonna be different
When I paint my masterpiece