

When I Paint My Masterpiece
Grateful Dead

G C G
Oh, the streets of Rome

G C G
Are filled with rubble

D G C G
Ancient footprints are everywhere

C G
You can almost think that you re seeing double

D C G
On a cold dark night on the Spanish stairs

D G C G
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room

D G C G
Where I got me a date with Botticelli s niece

C G
Yeah, she promised that she d be there with me

D G C G
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

A D A A D A
I left Rome and landed in Brussels

E A D A
On flight so bumpy that I almost cried

A D A
preacher men in uniform and young girls pulling mussels

E A
Well it sure has been a long hard ride

E A D A
Newspaper man eating candy

E A
Had to be held down by big police

A D A
Someday everything s gonna be different

E A
When I paint my masterpiece