

WHEN I PAINT MY MASTERPIECE (Bob Dylan)

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A D A D A
Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble

D A E A
Ancient footprints are everywhere

D A D A
You can almost think that you're seein' double

D A E A
On a cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs

E7 A
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room

E7 A
Where I've got me a date with Botticelli's niece

D A D A
Yup, she promised that she'd be right there with me

D A E A
When I paint my masterpiece

D A D A
Oh, the hours I've spent inside the Coliseum

D A/E A
Dodging lions and wastin' time

D A
Oh, those mighty kings of the jungle,

D A
I could hardly stand to see 'em

D A E A
Yes, it sure has been a long, hard climb

