

Fool in Rome

D G D G
i went to the holy city: a sixteenth century Rome
D G D G
the place that all roads led to was not what i had heard
D G D G
i came to see the hallowed grounds of saints and martyrs
D G D G
stunned, i watch salvation bought, sold and bartered

noisily we walk these streets: peasants, kings and harlots
i strolled in with onions but crawled out carrying garlic
to buy what cannot be bought, to work for what can't be earned
to reach those reaching, to live what is learned

Bm G D
i must be a fool in Rome
G A D G D
i am a fool in Rome

people call me crazy, saying "the devil's in the man"
but i walk along an empty beach and pick up lifeless sand
i must ask a thousand times, "can this really be true?"
the devil wants us to believe that favor comes in all that we do

i must be a fool in Rome
i am a fool in Rome

so i leave this holy city shake the dust and close the door
i leave a bit disgruntled and sad but believe even more
that the way to God is not a maze, nor salvation by merit
it's by the bridge that mends are made and burdens no longer carried

Bm G D
i must be a fool in Rome
G A
i am a fool
Bm G D
i must be a fool in Rome
G A D G D
i am a fool in Rome