

Where Is The Life That Late I Led?

Reference number PT0585

PETRUCHIO

Since I reached the charming age of puberty,
I began to finger feminine curls.
Like a show that's typically Schuberty,
I have always had a multitude of girls.
But now that a married man, at last, am I,
How aware of my dear, departed past am I.

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now?
Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone?
Gone with the wind.
A married life may all be well
But raising an heir
Could never compare
With raising a bit of hell.
So I repeat what first I said,
Where is the life that late I,

In dear Milano, where are you, Momo,
Still selling those pictures of the scriptures in the Duomo?
And, Carolina, where are you, Lina,
Still peddling your pizza in the streets o' Taormina?
And in Firenze, where are you, Alice,
Still there in your pretty, itty-bitty Pitti Palace?
And sweet Lucretia, so young and gay-ee?
What scandalous doin's in the ruins of Pompeii!

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now?
Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone?
Gone with the wind.
The marriage game is quite all right,
Yes, during the day
It's easy to play
But, oh, what a bore at night,
So I repeat what first I said
Where is the life that late I?

Where is Rebecca, my Becki-weckio,
But still she'd be cruising that amusing Ponte Vecchio?
Where is Fedora, the wild virago?
It's lucky I missed her gangster sister from Chicago.
Where is Venetia, who loved to chat so,
Could still she be drinkin' in her stinkin' pink palazzo?
And lovely Lisa, where are you, Lisa?
You gave a new meaning to the leaning tow'r of Pisa.

Where is the life that late I led?
Where is it now?
Totally dead.
Where is the fun I used to find?
Where has it gone?
Gone with the wind.
I've oft been told of nuptial bliss,
But what do you do,
at quarter to two,
With only a shrew to kiss?
So I repeat what first I said,
Where is the life that late I led?