

Settle Down

Alec Benjamin

He set out with a backpack
A compass in hand
To steal Mona Lisa
And that was his plan
A modern day outlaw
He'll take what he can
And vanish before you
Like tracks in the sand

His pockets were full but his heart was so heavy
And all these material things can be deadly if
No one is there who will share when you're seventy-one

If only someone
Filled the spaces
He might settle down

He met her on Tuesday
On his way back from France
He rolled up the painting
He stole with his hands
And even Da Vinci
Couldn't have sketched
A more perfect woman
Than the one that he met

His pockets were full but his heart was so heavy
And all these material things can be deadly if
No one is there who will share when you're seventy-one

If only someone
Filled the spaces
He might settle down

Settle down, settle down, settle down, settle down

He woke up in the morning
With nothing around
She left with the portrait
No trace of her found
She was the outlaw
She was the one
She took the bounty
And left him with none

His pockets aren't full and his heart is still empty
And falling in love—it can be just as deadly
And no one is there who will care when he's seventy-one

If only someone
Filled the spaces
He might settle down

Settle down