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SUNDAY (1)

'*À duménege*

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When they take a stroll on Sunday
brand new hat, brand new dress
with the police, the police in the lead
what a fucking party, what a fucking party.

And everybody follows the procession
of Teresina, of Teresone.
Everybody gives the eye to the Devil's daughters
what a fucking job, what a fucking job.

And to this swinging their tits and thighs
even the tiniest make noise:
momma, momma, gimme the money
wanna go to the brothel, wanna go to the brothel.

And further they go into town
more eyes and voices after them
they say what they can't say
on Thursdays, Saturdays and Mondays.

Sucking cocks at Pianderlino ⁽²⁾
at the Foce ⁽²⁾ nutcracking thighs
in Carignano ⁽²⁾ third-hand pussies
and in Ponticello ⁽²⁾ they flash their dicks.

And the harbour boss who sees gold
in those retired thighs
not to show how glad he is
that the new pier got funding

gets lost in the confusion
his eyes full of shock
and he screams, he screams at them:
"Bloody whores you are and will remain."

And you who scream along with them
not even your nose is still virgin
fucking asshole of a Christ carrier
you're not the only one who's got it sussed

that amidst those creatures
who earn their bread naked
there is, there is, there is
there is your wife too.

Sucking cocks at Pianderlino
at the Foce nutcracking thighs
in Carignano third-hand pussies
and in Ponticello they flash their dicks.

(1) It was the custom in Genoa in days of old that prostitutes were limited to one area of the city. They were, however, entitled to go out for walks on Sundays. The city council would rent out the houses that were used as legal brothels and the income from this would cover the annual costs of running the city's port.

(2) These are the names of squares (piazze), streets and neighbourhoods in Genoa.

Le traduzioni di Mark Worden qui presenti sono la trasposizione letterale in lingua inglese dei testi delle canzoni contenute nell'album. È severamente vietata la riproduzione del testo in tutto o in parte.

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