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ROSE-MOUTH

Bocca di Rosa

F. De André | G.P. Reverberi | F. De André

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They called her Rose-Mouth
she put love, she put love
they called her Rose-Mouth
she put love above everything.

As soon as she got off at the station
in the little town of Sant'Ilario
everybody realised with a glance
that she wasn't a missionary.

There are those who make love because of
boredom
those who choose it as a profession
Rose-Mouth was neither one nor the other
she did it for passion.

But passion often leads you
to satisfy your true wishes
without investigating whether the object of your
desire
has a free heart or a wife.

And so it was that from one day to another
Rose-Mouth drew upon herself
the fatal wrath of the little bitches
from whom she had stolen the bone.

But the old wives of a little village
don't stand out for their initiative
the countermeasures up to that point
were limited to invective.

It's known that people give good advice
feeling like Jesus in the temple
it's known that people give good advice
if they can no longer give a bad example.

In this way an old lady who'd never been a wife
who'd never had children, with no more desires
took it upon herself surely with a certain pleasure
to give all women the right advice.

And turning to those who'd been betrayed
she cut them off with sharp words:
"The theft of love shall be punished,"
she said, "by the established order."

And those ladies went to the police chief
and said without paraphrasing:
"That disgusting woman has too many clients,
more than a food consortium."

And four gendarmes arrived
with plumes with plumes
and four gendarmes arrived
with plumes, and with weapons.

Often cops and carabinieri
neglect their duty
but not when they are in full uniform
and they put her on the first train.*

At the station they were all there
from the police chief to the sexton
at the station they were all there
with red eyes and cap in hand.

To bid farewell to the one who for a while
without claims, without claims
to bid farewell to the one who for a while
brought love to the town.

There was a yellow sign
with black writing
it said: "Farewell, Rose-Mouth,
with you, spring leaves."

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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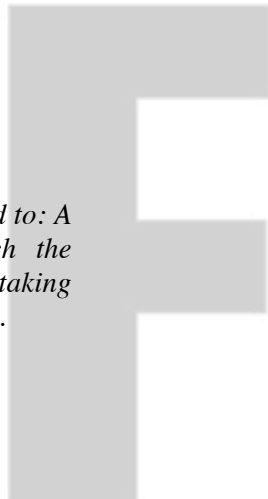
But original news
doesn't need any newspaper
just as the arrow of an archer shoots
it flies quickly from mouth to mouth.

And at the next station
there were far more people than when she left
who blow a kiss, who throw a flower
and who book for two hours.

Even the parish priest, who does not disdain
between a "miserere" and last rites
the ephemeral wealth of beauty,
wants her by his side in the procession.

And with the Virgin at the front
and Rose-Mouth not far behind
he carries around town
sacred and profane love.

** In a second version this verse was changed to: A
tender heart is not a dowry / of which the
carabinieri are at the limit / but that time taking
the train / they accompanied her unwillingly.*



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