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THE CANTICLE OF THE JUNKIES

Cantico dei drogati

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I have fired God
I've thrown away a love
to build myself a hollow
in my heart and soul.

The words that I speak
no longer have shape nor accent
they are transformed into sounds
in a deaf lament.

While among the other nudes
I crawl towards a fire
that illuminates the ghosts
in this obscene game.

How can I tell my mother that I'm scared?

Who will speak to me again
of bright tomorrows
where the dumb will speak
and the boring will keep quiet.

When will I listen again
to the wind among the leaves
whispering the silences
that the evening gathers.

I who can no longer see
that glass pixies
that spy in front of me
that laugh behind my back.

How can I tell my mother that I'm scared?

Why haven't they made
great rubbish dumps
for the days already used
for these and other evenings.

And who, who will ever be
the call-boy of the sun
who pushes it out every day
on the stage in the early hours.

And above all who
put me in this world (and why)
where I live my death
tremendously ahead of time?

How can I tell my mother that I'm scared?

When the rent runs out
on this idiot body
then I'll receive my reward
like a good mark.

They'll cite my warning
to those who think it's nice
to play ball
with their own brain.

Trying to throw it
over the established line
that somebody drew
at the edge of infinity.

How can I tell my mother that I'm scared?

You who listen to me, teach me
an alphabet that is
different from that
of my cowardice.

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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