

## Song of the Father

*Canzone del padre* F. De André | N. Piovani | F. De André | G. Bentivoglio © 1973 Universal Music Publishing Ricordi S.r.l.

"Do you really want to leave to your eyes only the dreams that don't wake you up." "Yes, your Honour, but I want them to be bigger." "There's a place there, it was left by your father. All you have to do is stay on the bridge and watch the other ships pass direct the smaller ones to the river the bigger ones already know where to go." That's how I became my father who was killed in a previous dream the court placed its trust in me acquittal and crime the same motive.

And now Berto, the son of the washerwoman, a school mate, prefers to learn and count on the antennas of the grids he never uses soap bubbles for playing; he buried his mother in the washing machine cemetery wrapped in a sheet almost like the heroes; she stopped for a moment to remind God to continue minding his own business and ran away with the fear of getting rusty according to yesterday's paper he died from rust the grave-diggers often gather it among the people who allow themselves to be rained on

I invested money and feelings, bank and family give secure income, with my wife I argue about love, there's a distance, there aren't fears, every night she surrenders herself to me later men come, there's one who's thinner, he has a bag and two passports, she has the eyes of a woman that I pay. Commissioner, I pay you for this, she has the eyes of a woman who is mine, the thin man has busy hands, a bag of trinkets, a travel bill. He no longer has the face of his first hashish he's my youngest son, the one we wanted least he has few rags to stumble on he doesn't care about getting up, not even when he falls over: and my alibis are catching fire the Guttuso painting that still needs authenticating now my bed is enveloped in flames these are the dreams that don't wake you up. Your Honour, you're a son of a whore, I wake up again, and I wake up in a sweat, now wait for me outside the dream we'll really see each other, I start again.

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. *These are literal English translations by Mark Worden of Fabrizio De André's lyrics. All rights reserved.* Copyright © 2009 Nuvole Production S.r.l.