



www.fabriziodeandre.it

SONG FOR THE SUMMER

Canzone per l'estate

F. De André | F. De Gregori

© 1975 Universal Music Publishing Ricordi S.r.l.

With your wife who washed the dishes
in the kitchen and didn't understand
with your daughter who tried on
her new dress and smiled
with the radio that droned
strange things for the world
and the breathing of your dog who slept.
With your saints always ready to bless
your efforts for bread
with your blond child
to whom you gave a gun for Christmas
that seems real,
with the bed in which your wife
has never known how to give you
and the glasses that you'll soon have to change.

How is it that you no longer manage to fly.

With your windows open on the street
and your eyes closed on the people,
with your calmness, lucidity,
permanent satisfaction,
your spare tail
your rented clouds
your guardian swallows above the roof.
With your "francescanesimo"⁽¹⁾ in instalments
and your sweet consistence
with your purged oxygen
and your waves regulated in a room
with permission to transmit
and no speaking
and every day another day to count.

How is it that you no longer manage to fly.

With your slow enthusiasms
specified by seasonal memories
and a sleeping beauty
who wakes up to everything you give her
with your hobby of collecting
complicated words
your last song for the summer.
With your paper hands
for wrapping round other normal hands

with the idiot in the garden
to isolate your best roses
with your mountain cold
and no sweating
and nothing more to leave you ashamed.

How is it that you no longer manage to fly.

(1) "Francescanesimo": Francis of Assisi behaviour



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.