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MULE TRACK BY THE SEA (1)

Crêuza de mǎ

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Shadows of faces, sailors' faces
where do you come from, where are you going,
from a place where the moon shows itself naked
and the night points the knife to our throat
and only God's left to mount on the mule
the Devil's in heaven and he made his own nest there.
Let's get out of the sea and dry our bones at Andrea's
at the doves' fountain in the house made out of stone.

And who will be in the house made out of stone,
in the house of Andrea who's not even a sailor,
people from Lugano, pickpocket faces,
those who prefer the wings of a sea bass
mama's girls, smell good,
you can look at them with no condom.
What will be brought to these empty bellies,
things to drink, things to eat,
fried fish, white wine from Portofino,
lamb brain in the same wine,
four sauces lasagnas to cut,
sweet and sour "tile hare"⁽²⁾ pie.

And we'll sail in the wine boat on the cliffs
laughing emigrants with nails in our eyes
until morning will grow to rescue it
brother of carnations and girls
master of the rope rotten from water and salt
which binds us and takes us
along a mule track by the sea.



⁽¹⁾ Here "crêuza" is translated as "mule track". In actual fact, in the dialect of Genoa, it is a suburban street which runs between two walls which usually mark the boundaries of two properties.

⁽²⁾ In the Genovese dialect "tile hare" is a metaphorical term for a cat.

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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