

FROM MY SHORE

*D'ä mê riva*F. De André∣M. Pagani
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From my shore only your clear handkerchief from my shore in my life your bitter-sweet smile in my life. You'll forgive me for the lump in my throat but I think of you against the sun and I know only too well that you're looking at the sea a bit further away from the pain. And I'm here facing this sailor's trunk and I'm here looking at three velvet shirts two blankets and a mandolin and an ink-stand made of hard wood. And in a black beret the photo of you as a girl to kiss Genoa again on your mouth in mothballs.

