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DISAMISTADE (1)

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What are these souls doing
in front of the church,
these divided people,
this suspended story
at arm's length
at offence's distance
'cause you think of peace
'cause peace you can touch.

Two families disarmed of their own blood
draw up to surrender
and for everybody the sorrow of the others
is half-sorrow.

Pleased with easy lawsuits
is the war of the heart,
the lament of a dog
slaughtered by a shadow of a footstep
is satisfied with quick agonies
on the way home
a bloodshot
an absence laid out for dinner.

And to every hunter's gunshot around
we demand luck.

What are these daughters here for,
to embroider and to sow,
these mourning stains
given up to love.
Among them a lost hope is hiding
'cause the enemy demands it
demands it back.

A rush of hands amazed
to touch other hands
'cause there must be a way to live
without pain.

Eyes rushing into other eyes
to find out that instead
it's only the wind having a rest
a half-hating.

And the missing part
is taken care of by the authority
'cause disamistade
stands against our misfortune
this time running out to
unmatch fates and fortune.

What are these souls doing
in front of the church,
these divided people,
this suspended story.

(1) "Disamistade": literally "unfriendship", it means "feud" in the dialect of Sardinia.

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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