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## SWEET MOON

*Dolce luna*

F. De André | F. De Gregori

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He walks like an old sailor  
he no longer has a place to go to  
the earth under his feet doesn't wait for him  
a strange way of dancing  
his wife has another man and another woman,  
he really is a man to throw away  
and in his pockets there's still a bit of sea dust left  
and he can't testify.

the important thing is that he has on his right  
cheek  
my desire for the sea  
and if you tell me again that my name  
I really must give him  
but I don't know how to testify  
I don't know how to testify.

He moves over the stones  
like a winter lion  
he can talk to you for hours on end  
about his fourth world war  
he keeps his dinner wrapped in a paper  
his girl, bait with long legs,  
makes love pretty well  
and he can't testify.

He saw the Indian sailor  
get up on his feet and stagger  
with a knife in his back  
between the foam and the Pole star  
and the helmsman from Shanghai went back to  
piloting  
and he saw him with a ring on his finger  
and another ring to steal  
but he can't testify.

From the darkness of the tango-nights  
to the paralysis of a port  
the light of the clear stars  
like a refuge turned upside down  
his whale "Sweet Moon"  
who is waiting for him in the deep sea  
has told him many times: "Tell me, love,  
with whom do you want to forget me"  
and he can't testify.

And if you come and tell me I want a child  
on which to regulate myself  
with any two eyes and the third eye  
unmistakeable and special  
that you couldn't care less  
if he can't swim

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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