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SWEET-BLACK

Dolcenera

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Chorus: Watch out she's coming, see how she
looks, how she looks
watch her walk, it's her, it's her
watch her walk, watch watch her looks
watch her walk, it's her, it's her.

Black taking away, taking away the way
black that you hadn't seen her in a lifetime,
so Sweet-Black, black
black banging aloud, knocking down doors.

Chorus: It's not water that makes you go wrong
but closing doors and windows,
closing doors and windows.

Black from bad luck that kills and moves on
black like bad luck that digs her hole
where there's no moon,
black from bitter waterbeds, here come the
coffins.

Chorus: No more, she's got no more to relocate.

But Anselmo's wife must not know
she came for me
she's been here for an hour
and love's only point is love
and the sky's turmoil chose the wrong moment.

Water you expect nothing but blessed,
water bringing bad luck, it rises from the stairs,
it rises with no salt, it rises,
water splitting the mountain, sinking land and
bridge.

Chorus: Neither thunder nor rain
but a big mess, a big mess.

But Anselmo's wife is dreaming of the sea
when it fills gorges, receding and rising up
and sheets swell out on the waves' hollow

and the fight gets slippery and deep.

Chorus: Watch out she's coming, see how she
looks,
how she looks
watch her walk, it's her, it's her.

Water of pins thick from the sky and from ceilings
water for photographs
looking for accomplices you can curse,
hip-tightening water, tunny-fishing ground for
passers by.

Chorus: No more, no more
to carry on her shoulders.

Beyond this glass wall life awakens
and takes itself by the hand
when the battle is over
like this love that, from the anxiety of losing
itself,
had in one day the certainty of having itself.

Water getting evening, water ebbing now,
it parades low among the people
like an innocent that's got nothing to do here,
cold as pain, heartless Sweet-Black.

Chorus: No more, no more
to drag away.

And Anselmo's wife hears water dripping down
from clothes glued by icy skins
in her street-car disconnected from every distance
right in the middle of time that now precedes her.

So was that love with a missing finale
so splendid and true you could easily be fooled.
Chorus: Watch out she's coming, watch her looks,
her looks
watch her walk, it's her, it's her
watch her walk, watch watch her looks
watch her walk, it's her, it's her.

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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