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DON RAFFAÉ

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My name is Pasquale Cafiero
and I'm a brigadier in the prison, alas,
my name is Cafiero Pasquale
and I've been at Poggio Reale since '53
and after the hundredth bolt
in the evening I'm a wreck
luckily in the special wing
there's a genial man who talks with me.

All day long with four vile characters
bandits, gluttons, cuckolds and lackeys
all the hours with this scum
who spit threats and take it out on me
but at the end I sit down comfortably
I undo my buttons and I read the paper
I get advice from Don Raffae'
he explains what I think and we drink our coffee.

Oh, what great coffee
they know how make it well even in prison
with the recipe that Ciccirinella,
a cell mate,
was given by his mum.

Front page, twenty pieces of news
twenty-one injustices, and what does the State do,
it is dismayed, it is angry, it commits itself
and then it throws in the towel with great dignity,
I rack my brain and I mop my brow,
luckily there's someone who answers me
to that very important person
I ask approval from Don Raffae'.

A man of honour who has six children
asked for a house and they give him advice
while the councillor, may God forgive him,
inside the caravan raises mink
for you a move or a voice is enough
that to this Christ they take off the cross
with all due respect, it's now three o'clock
would you like a juice or a coffee.

Oh, what great coffee
they know how make it well even in prison
with the recipe that Ciccirinella,
a cell mate,
was given by his mum.
Oh, what great coffee
they know how make it well even in prison
with the recipe of Ciccirinella,
a cell mate,
it's just like his mum's.

Here there's inflation, devaluation
and who has the wallet has it
and I don't have anything but this salary
and two numbers if I dream about dad.
Add my daughter Innocenza
who wants a husband but she is impatient
I won't ask you for mercy
I'll shave you, or you can do it yourself.

You have a camel-hair overcoat
and at the mafia trial you were the most handsome
in a brown pinstripe suit
that's what it looked like on television
for the wedding, I beg you, Your Excellency,
if you could lend it to me to make me look good,
I've already got the shoes and the waistcoat
would you like a Campari or a coffee.

Oh, what great coffee
they know how make it well even in prison
with the recipe that Ciccirinella,
a cell mate,
was given by his mum.
Oh, what great coffee
they know how make it well even in prison
with the recipe of Ciccirinella,
a cell mate,
it's just like his mum's.

Here there's no longer dignity, the luxury prisons

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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but who's ever seen them, who knows
they are crumbling, that's why
these skunks get immunity.
Don Raffae' you politically,
I swear it, would be a saint,
but here inside you're paying the price

and outside who knows what fun they're having.

By the way I've got a brother
who's been unemployed for 15 years
he's made 50 applications,
90 forms and 200 appeals,
you who provide comfort and work,
Your Eminence, I kiss you, I beseech you,
he sleeps at mum's and he sleeps at my house,
this coffee is like Arabian cream.



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