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SAND CREEK RIVER

Fiume Sand Creek

F. De André | M. Bubola

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They stole our heart under a dark blanket
we were fearlessly asleep under a moon that died
young.

It was a twenty-year-old general
blue-eyed with a uniform of matching colour.

It was a twenty-year-old general,
son of a rainstorm.

There's a silver dollar at the bottom of Sand
Creek.

Our warriors were too far away on the buffalo
track
and that distant music became louder and louder
three times I closed my eyes
and I found myself still there
I asked my grandpa: "Is this only a dream?",
my grandpa said yes.

Sometimes fish sing at the bottom of Sand Creek.

I dreamed so loud that blood dripped from my
nose
lightning in one ear, heaven in the other
the smallest tears
the biggest tears
when the snow tree
bloomed with red stars.

Now children sleep at the bottom of Sand Creek.

When the sun raised his head
between the shoulders of the night
only dogs and smoke and upside down tents
I threw my arrow to the sky
to let the sky breathe
I threw my arrow to the wind
to make the wind bleed.

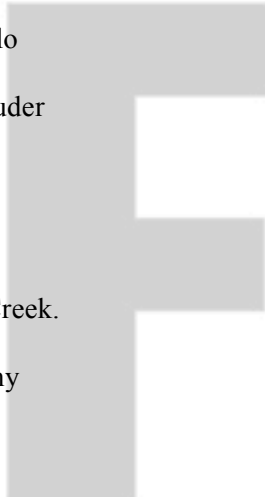
Go and look for the third arrow
at the bottom of Sand Creek.

They stole our heart under a dark blanket
we were fearlessly asleep
under a moon that died young.

It was a twenty-year-old general
blue-eyed with a uniform of matching colour.

It was a twenty-year-old general,
son of a rainstorm.

Now children sleep at the bottom of Sand Creek.



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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