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FRANZISKA

F. De André | M. Bubola

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They've said that Franziska is tired of praying
all night at the window she waits for your signal
how small is her heart and how big the mountain
how her pain cuts more than a knife, a knife from Spain.

You bandit without moon, stars and without fortune
tonight you will sleep with the rosary
wrapped tight around your rifle.

They've said that Franziska is tired of dancing
with a man who doesn't laugh and who can't kiss her
all night on the oak tree
you have followed her among the branches
behind the stage on the orchestra
your eyes like two dogs.

Forest sailor without sleep and without songs
without a shell to carry or a net of illusions.

They've said that Franziska is tired of posing
for a man who paints and who can't look at her
thread thread of my heart
that from the eyes takes to the sea
there's a hidden tear that no-one can draw for me.

You bandit without the moon, stars and fortune
tonight you will sleep with her rosary wrapped tight
around your rifle.

They've said that Franziska can't sing anymore
she will see even her last sister getting married
the other day another man smiled at her in the street
he was surely a foreigner
who didn't know what it would cost.

Forest sailor without sleep and without songs
without a shell to carry or a net of illusions.

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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