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F. De André

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Your mother is upset with me
because I'm married and what's more I'm a singer
however I'm a good one and I don't know if your
mother
may be as good to be ashamed of me.

The magpie I gave you
is dead, your sister cried over it.
No flowers that day, too bad
that day only talking magpies for sale.
And I hoped the magpie could teach your mother
to say: "Hi, how are you?" to me,
well, not just exactly to sing,
as you know you've already got me for that.

All my friends are so polite with you
but they dress strangely.
You advise me to send them to a tailor and you
ask me:
"Are they really the best we've got tonight?"
And now you're laughing and pouring yourself
a spoonful of mimosa
in the funnel of a loose cuff.
My friends shook your hand,
I'll go with them,
their journey will take me a little further.

And you just wait for a more reliable love
I already gave away your lighter, you know,
did the same with those two elephant hairs
too bad for blood circulation
I gave them to a passer-by.

Then the rest will come anyway
your "Help!" will be saved again
I say to myself it was better we split
instead of never having met.

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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