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## THE BOMBER

*Il bombarolo*

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Those who go around saying  
that I hate my job  
they don't know with how much love  
I dedicate myself to T.N.T.  
it's almost independent  
just a few more hours  
I'll give it the voice,  
the detonator.

My fragile Pinocchio  
craftsman relative  
of constructed explosives  
on an industrial scale  
will never give me honours for my work  
I belong to another race  
I'm a bomber.

Coming down the stairs  
I am more careful  
it would be unforgivable  
to execute me at the front door  
on the very day in which  
it's my decision  
over the death penalty or amnesty.

On the road many faces  
don't have a nice colour  
those who don't terrorise  
fall ill from terror,  
there are those who wait for the rain  
not to cry alone,  
I'm of another opinion  
I'm a bomber.

Today's intellectuals,  
tomorrow's idiots  
give me back my brain  
that is enough for my hands  
very acrobatic prophets  
of the revolution  
today I'll do it myself  
without a lesson.

I will track down your enemies  
who are so far away from you  
and after having killed them  
I will be among the fugitives  
but as long as I'm looking for them  
they are the fugitives  
I have chosen another school,  
I'm a bomber.

Power too many times  
delegated to other hands,  
dropped and given back to us  
by your aeroplanes,  
I come to give you back  
a bit of your terror  
of your disorder  
of your noise.

And so he thought himself strong  
a desperate thirty-year-old  
if not completely right  
almost nothing wrong,  
looking for the perfect place,  
ideal for his T.N.T.  
basically a place worthy  
of a bomber.

There are those who saw him laughing  
in front of Parliament  
waiting for the explosion  
that would prove his talent,  
there are those who saw him crying  
a torrent of vowels  
seeing a newspaper stand explode.

But the thing that hurt his pride deeply  
was the image of her  
that stood out on every page  
far from the ridicule  
in which she left him alone,  
but on the front page  
with the bomber.

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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