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## **JONES, THE PLAYER**

*Il suonatore Jones*

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In a whirlpool of dust  
the others saw drought  
it reminded me  
of Jenny's skirt  
in a dance many years ago.

I felt my earth  
vibrate with sounds,  
it was my heart,  
and so why till it again  
how to think it better.

Liberty I have seen it sleeping  
in the tilled fields  
from heaven and money,  
from heaven and love,  
protected by barbed wire.

Liberty I have seen it wake up  
every time I have played  
for a rustle of girls  
at a dance  
for a drunk companion.

And then if people know  
and people know you can play,  
playing is up to you  
all life long  
and you like being listened to.

It ended up with fields of weeds  
it ended up with a broken flute  
and many memories  
and a raucous laughter  
and not even one regret.



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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