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## **THE BALLAD OF THE HANGED MEN**

*La ballata degli impiccati*

(Inspired by “Ballade des pendus” by the French poet François Villon)

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We all died struggling  
gulping the last voice  
kicking at the wind  
we saw the light fade.

The scream swept away the sun  
the air became close  
crystals of words  
the last blasphemy uttered.

Before it was all over  
we reminded those still living  
that the price was life  
for the evil done in an hour.

Then we slid in the ice  
of a death without abandonment  
reciting the ancient creed  
of he who dies without forgiveness.

Those who laugh at our defeat  
and the extreme shame and the way  
soffocated by an identical grip  
should learn to know the knot.

He who spread the earth on our bones  
and calmly started walking again  
should also reach the grave twisted  
with the early morning fog.

The woman who hid in a smile  
the discomfort of giving us memory  
should find every night on her face  
an insult of time and dross.

We nurse a grudge against everyone  
who has the smell of curdled blood  
that which we used to call pain  
is just a conversation left hanging.



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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