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## THE SUNDAY OF THE CORPSES

*La domenica delle salme*

F. De André | M. Pagani

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He tried to escape by tram  
around six in the morning  
from the bottle of barley water  
in which floats Milan  
it wasn't hard to follow him,  
the poet of the Baggina <sup>(1)</sup>.  
His fiery spirit  
gave off lamplight  
they burnt his bed  
on the road to Trento  
he managed to save himself from his beard  
a combat robin redbreast.

The Poles didn't die immediately  
and as they knelt down at the last traffic lights  
they re-played the trick of the regime whores  
headed towards the sea  
the traffickers of soap  
pointed their bellies eastwards  
whoever got converted in '90  
received dispensation in '91  
the monkey of the Fourth Reich  
danced a Polka on the wall  
and while he climbed up  
we all saw his arse  
the Pyramid of Cheops  
wished to be rebuilt that festive day  
stone by stone  
slave by slave  
Communist by Communist.

On the Sunday of the Corpses  
you couldn't hear rifle shots  
laughing gas  
controlled the streets  
the Sunday of the Corpses  
took away all thoughts  
and the queens of "It's your fault"  
crowded at the hairdressers.

In the sunny patriots' prison  
the second guard  
said to "Tallow Moustache" <sup>(2)</sup>, who was the first:

"We can do it early tomorrow morning"  
and so messengers were sent,  
as were infantrymen, horses, dogs and an ass,  
to announce the amputation of the leg  
of Renato Curcio, the "Carbonaro".

The temporal minister  
in a fanfare of trombones  
expressed his wish for democracy  
with a napkin on his hands  
and both hands on his balls:

"I want to live in a city  
where at the cocktail hour  
no blood will be spilt  
nor indeed any detergent."

In the late evening I was  
with my illustrious cousin De Andrade <sup>(3)</sup>  
we were the last free citizens  
in this famous civil city  
because we had a cannon in the courtyard,  
a cannon in the courtyard.

On the Sunday of the Corpses  
nobody got hurt  
everybody followed the coffin  
of the deceased ideal.

On the Sunday of the Corpses  
you could hear people sing:  
"Youth is so beautiful  
we no longer want to grow old".

The last wayfarers  
withdrew into the catacombs  
they turned on their TVs and watched us sing  
for half an hour  
and then they told us to piss off:  
"You who have sung on stilts and on your knees  
with pianos over your shoulders,  
dressed like Pinocchio,  
you who have sung for the Lombards  
and for the centralists  
for Amazonia and for money  
in the fashion concert halls  
and in front of Marist fathers

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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you had powerful voices  
tongues that were trained to beat a drum  
you had powerful voices  
suitable for shouting fuck off.”

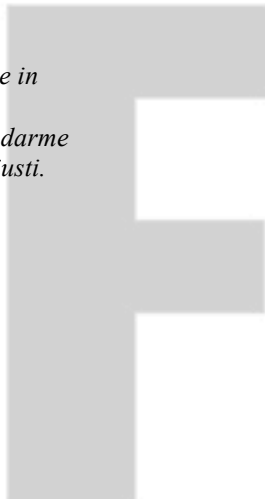
On the Sunday of the Corpses  
the nostalgia staff accompanied,  
to the sound of flutes,  
the body of utopia,  
the Sunday of the Corpses  
was a Sunday like any other  
the following day there were signs  
of a terrifying peace.

While the heart of Italy  
from Palermo to Aosta  
swelled in a chorus  
of “vibrant protest”.

*(1) “Baggina” is the name of an old people’s home in Milan.*

*(2) “Tallow Moustache” refers to an Austrian gendarme in a satirical text by the Italian poet Giuseppe Giusti.*

*(3) See “Serafim Ponte Grande” by Oswald De Andrade.*



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