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DOCTOR QUACK

Mégu Megùn

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I and I and I
go and go
go out into the air
sweat and sweat
and the heart the heart the heart
to be dragged
to take to take
the train the train.

And in the tunnel
people enter the dark
they come out ill
ugly pharmacist
and in the straits they stare at you
they ask you who are you
property and craft
which for them travelling is not
and you get a slimy doorman
and a humid room
and in the other room
the whores giving the menu
and you with a desire that you don't want
to throw the Bible at the wall
even to lock window
to curl up over your heart.

Oh, doctor, doctor, doctor my quack.
Oh, come come down from the highchair.

A hard chair
idiot of a cake-maker
pastry that sweats
and lacks salt
all the suckers of fishbone
from the glutton downwards
if you turn your head
you can see your arse
staying out there's the risk
that a passion will touch you
for a face of Madonna
who moves your chest of drawers
a love that is never exclusive
there's always something to be paid

a young lady who under her tail
has the hole of an older woman.

Oh doctor doctor, doctor, my quack
oh, come come down from the highchair
oh what fucking contract would you make me sign
that from taking air you go to hospital.

And I and I
don't go don't go
stay here stay here
to sleep sleep.
And I and I
don't go don't go
stay here stay here
to dream.



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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