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NINETEENTH CENTURY

Ottocento

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Sing to me about this time
the resentment and the discontent
of who is downwind
and doesn't want to smell
this engine
which carries us forward
almost everyone
men, women and singers
on a carpet of cash
in the blue sky.

Daughter of my family
you're the marvel
already mature and still pure
like dad's greens.

Handsome and brave son
bronze of Versace
a son ever more capable
of playing the stock market
of raping along the way and you
wife of the baggy sweaters
and of many desires
expert in antiques
boxes of silver I will give you.
Nineteenth century,
Twentieth century,
Sixteenth century boxes of silver
late Eighteenth century I will give you.

How many spare parts
how many marvels
how many exchange goods
how many beautiful daughters to marry
and how many valves and pistons
livers and lungs
and how many fine marbles to spin
and how many mullets in the sea.

Son son
poor son
you were fine white and vermilion
what mixture lost you in the canal

son son
the only mistake
drowned like rabbit
to injure me, to stab my pride
me me
I who treated you like a son
poor me
tomorrow will be better.

A little dip
splendid wedding
sprouts and strawberries
and limpets and clams
fish in Zanzibar
and some krapfen
before sleeping
and waking up with a waltz
and an Alka-Seltzer to
help you forget.

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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