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**TALKING OF THE SHIPWRECK OF THE
“LONDON VALOUR”**

Parlando del naufragio della “London Valour”

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Sailors digest coca leaves on the deck
the captain has a love around his neck
that has come specially from England
the confectioner from via Roma
is coming down the stairs
every twelve steps he finds a hand to crush
he has a toy whip under his tea suit.

revolutions
and the butcher, silk hands, gave out the
ammunition.

And the ship's radio is a crystal ball
it says the wind will be a wolf,
the sea will be a jackal
the paralytic man holds a blue cobalt bird in his
pocket
he laughs with eyes at the Togni Circus
when the acrobat makes a mistake.

And the anchors have lost the bet and the claws
the sailors seagull eggs rain on the cliffs
the methodist poet has rose thorns in his hoofs
to make peace with the applause to feel more
distant
his reputation has suffered
ever since he won the weight-lifting contest.

And with a click of the tongue
the cable parts from the shore
it steals the love of the captain twisting her waist
the butcher, silk hands, has given himself a battle
name
he keeps nine anti-guerrilla jaws wrapped in his
fridge
he has a bullet-proof apron
between his paper and his waistcoat.

And the confectioner
and the poet and the paralytic man and his blanket
met up at the pier with crossword smiles
sipping the captain who shot himself in the eyes
and in the afternoon forgetting him
with his pipes and his chess
and sniffed each other out, close-knit
in understandings and in actions
against every type of shipwreck and of other

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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