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SALLY

F. De André | M. Bubola

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My mother told me: “You mustn’t play
with the gypsies in the wood.”
But the wood was dark the grass already green
there came Sally with a tambourine
but the wood was dark the grass already tall
tell my mother I won’t be coming back.

I went towards the sea without a boat for crossing
I spent almost a hundred lire on a gold fish.
I went towards the sea without a boat for crossing
I spent almost a hundred lire on a blind fish.
I climbed on its back and I disappeared in a flash
go and tell Sally that I won’t be coming back.
I climbed on its back and disappeared in a moment
tell my mother I won’t be coming back.
Near the city I found Pilar of the sea,
with two drops of heroin his heart fell asleep.
Near the caravans I found Pilar of the apple trees
her mouth dirty with bilberries
and a knife between her breasts.
I woke up under the oak tree the assassin had fled
tell the fish that I won’t be coming back.
I looked at myself in the pond
the assassin had already got washed
tell my mother I won’t be coming back.

Sitting under a bridge the king of the rats
sniffed himself. On the street his dolls burnt tyres.
Lying under a bridge the king of the rats
worshipped himself.
On the street his dolls lured gentlemen.
He spoke to me on my mouth
and gave me a bracelet
tell the oak tree that I won’t be coming back.
He kissed me on the mouth and offered me his bed
tell my mother I won’t be coming back.

My mother told me: “You mustn’t play
with the gypsies in the wood”
but the wood was dark the grass already green
there came Sally with a tambourine.

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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