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SHOULD THEY CUT YOU INTO LITTLE BITS

Se ti tagliassero a pezzetti

F. De André | M. Bubola

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Should they cut you into little bits
the wind would gather them
the spider kingdom would sew your skin
and the moon would weave your hair and face
and the pollen of God, God's smile.

I found you by the river
you were playing a flower's leaf
singing light words, words of love
I tasted your lips of red red honey
I told you: "Give me what you want,
I'll give you what I can."

Yellow rose, rose of copper
I never danced so much
on the edge of the night,
on the stones of the day
I the guitar player, I the mandolin player
eventually we fell on the hay.

Lost for much, lost for nothing
I had you seriously, I had you for fun
not much to say or think
luck would smile like a pond in spring
hair ruffled by all the winds of the night.
And now I'll wait for tomorrow
to feel nostalgia
Madam Liberty, Miss Fantasy
so precious like wine, so free like sadness
with your cloud of doubts and beauty.

I met you at the station
you were chasing your own perfume
trapped in a smart smoke grey outfit
newspapers in one hand and your destiny in the
other
you were walking side by side with your killer.

But should they cut you into little bits
the wind would gather them
the spider kingdom would sew your skin
and the moon would weave your hair and face
and pollen of God, God's smile.

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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