

A CHEMIST

Un chimico F. De André | N. Piovani | F. De André | G. Bentivoglio © 1971 Universal Music Publishing Ricordi S.r.l.

Only death took me up the hill: a corpse among the many that give phosphorous to the air for bivouacs of fi res that say will-of-the-wisp that leave no ashes, that don't melt the frost. Only death took me up the hill.

As a chemist one day I had the power to marry the elements and make them react, but I never managed to understand how men could combine through love, entrusting joy and pain to a game.

Look at the smile, look at the colour how they play on the face of those who seek love: but the same smile, the same colour where are they on the face of those who've had love, where are they on the face of those who've had love.

It's strange to leave without suffering, without the face of a woman you have to remember. But maybe your dying is different you who leave yourselves to love who surrender to April. What is there that's different in your dying.

Spring doesn't knock, it enters self-assured like smoke it penetrates every crack it has lips of meat, hair of corn such fear, such desire that it takes you by the hand. Such fear, such desire that it takes you far.

But look at hydrogen keeping silent in the sea look at oxygen sleeping silently at his side: only a law that I can understand was able to marry them without making them explode only a law that I can understand.

I was a chemist and, no, I didn't want to marry. I didn't know with whom and whom I would have generated. I died in an experiment that went wrong just like the idiots who die of love. And someone will say there's a better way.

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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