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A MADMAN (BEHIND EVERY IDIOT THERE'S A VILLAGE)

Un matto (Dietro ogni scemo c'è un villaggio)

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Try and have a world in your heart
and you can't express it in words,
and daylight divides the piazza
between a village that laughs at you, the idiot,
who passes,
and not even the night leaves you alone:
the others dream about themselves
and you dream about them.

And yes, even you would go and seek
the words that are certain to make you heard:
to amaze for half an hour all you need is a history
book,
and I tried to learn the encyclopedia by heart,
and after mackerel, mackintosh and maculate ⁽¹⁾,
the others continued, until reading mad.

And without knowing to whom I owed my life
I gave it back in a mental hospital:
here on the hill I sleep unwillingly
and yet now there's light in my thoughts,
here in the semi-darkness I now invent words
but I miss a light, the light of the sun.

My bones still give to life:
they still give it flowery grass.
But life has remained in the mute voices
of those who lost the idiot and who cry for him on
the hill
of those who still whisper with the same irony:
"A pitiful death snatched him from madness".

*(1) In the Italian text: "maiale" (pig), Majakowsky and
"malfatto" (badly done).*

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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