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## AN OPTICIAN

*Un ottico*

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FIRST PART:

Colour-blind long-sighted, beggars of sight  
the merchant of light, your optician,  
now only wants special clients  
who don't know what to do with normal eyes.

No longer an optician, but a lens dealer  
for improvising happy eyes,  
because the pupils who are used to copying  
invent worlds on which they can watch.  
Follow with me these dreaming eyes,  
fleeing from the orbit and not wanting to return.

SECOND PART:

*First client:*

"I see that I climb to steal the sun  
so as to have no more nights,  
I closed it in my eyes  
so as not to let it fall in nets of sunsets,  
and who will be cold will be cold  
along my glance they'll need to warm up."

*Second client:*

"I see the rivers inside my veins,  
they seek, they seek,  
they seek, they seek,  
they seek their sea,  
they break the banks, the banks,  
the banks, the banks,  
they find skies, skies, skies,  
skies to photograph.  
Blood that runs without imagination  
brings tumours of melancholy."

*Third client:*

"I see gendarmes graze  
women bent over the dew,  
red the tongues from the pollen of flowers  
but where's the queen bee?  
Maybe she's flown to dawn's nests,  
maybe she's flown, maybe she no longer flies."

*Fourth client:*

"I see friends still on the road,  
they aren't in a hurry,  
they still steal happiness from sleep  
and a bit of night from dawn,  
and then the light, light that transforms  
the world into a toy."

We'll make glasses this way!  
We'll make glasses this 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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