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LIZARD FARMER (DANCE)

Zirichiltaggia (Baddu Tundu)

F. De André | M. Bubola

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Of the things that dad left
you took the best
the red hill with the cork oak tree
the dirty cows and the big bull
and you left me stones, rock roses, plants and lizards.

But you kept the stream and the house
and everything that was inside it
the pears and the cultivated orchard
and six months after I left
it seemed like a cemetery that had been bombed.

You went away to live with gentlemen
allowing yourself to be ordered around by your wife
and you spent all of dad's money on confectionary,
medicine and newspapers
so that your child already had glasses when he was four.

My wife lives like a lady
and my son knows more than a thousand words
and yours milks from dawn to dusk
and your daughters are dirty with mud and dung
and they'll go and marry some servant shepherd.

And when you left to join the army
you wept like a child
and your brother saved you
from the fathers of your lovers
and if the courage you have left is still that
we'll see in the village square who has the harder head
meanwhile you can shove your face up my arse.

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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