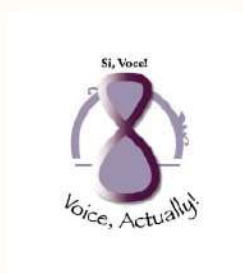


BATTIATO

The season of love



LA STAGIONE DELL'AMORE
The season of love

The season of love comes and goes,
Wishes do not usually grow old
With age...
If I think about how awfully I've spent my time
Which won't return, won't ever return

The season of love comes and goes,
Suddenly without knowing
You'll live it, it will surprise you...
We've had chances
Losing them;
Do not regret them, never regret them.

Another enthusiasm yet
will make your heart beat.
New possibilities to meet
And lost horizons never come back...

The season of love will come back
With fears and bets
This time how long will it last...
If I think about how awfully I've spent my time
Which won't return, won't ever return

We've had chances
Losing them;
Do not regret them, never regret them.

Another enthusiasm yet
will make your heart beat.
New possibilities to meet
And lost horizons never come back...

The season of love comes and goes,
Wishes do not usually grow old
With age...

We've had chances
Losing them;
Do not regret them, never regret them.



GHI UCCELLI
The birds

The birds fly
over the space through the clouds.
With rules assigned
at this part of the universe
of our solar system.

They open their wings,
they dive in landing,
better than planes,
the world perspective changes.
Unpredictable flights and fast ascents,
subtle trajectories,
codes of existential geometry.

The birds migrate
with the change of season.
Wing opening games
that hide secrets
of this solar system.

They open their wings,
they dive in landing,
better than planes,
the world perspective changes.
Unpredictable flights and fast ascents,
subtle trajectories,
codes of existential geometry.

The birds fly
over the space through the clouds.
With rules assigned
at this part of the universe
of our solar system.

L'ERA DEL CIIGHIALE BIANCO
The Era of the White Wild Boar

Full were the hotels in Tunis
for summer vacations.
At times a thunderstorm
didn't let us go out;
a man of a certain age
often offered me Turkish cigarettes.
But I hope that soon will return
the Era of the White Wild Boar.



Indescribable scents
in the evening air,
students of Damascus
all dressed alike
the shadow of my identity
while seated at the cinema or in a bar.
But I hope that soon will return
the Era of the White Wild Boar.

POVERA PATRIA *Poor motherland*

Poor motherland, smashed under the authority's buses
Made by infamous people who don't know what shame is.
They think to be powerful and is always good
what they do, and everything is theirs.

Among the governors, how many perfectly useless crooks!
This country is devastated by pain...
Don't they make you feel a little ashamed,
all those cold bodies on the floor?

It won't change, it won't change
It won't change, maybe it'll change...

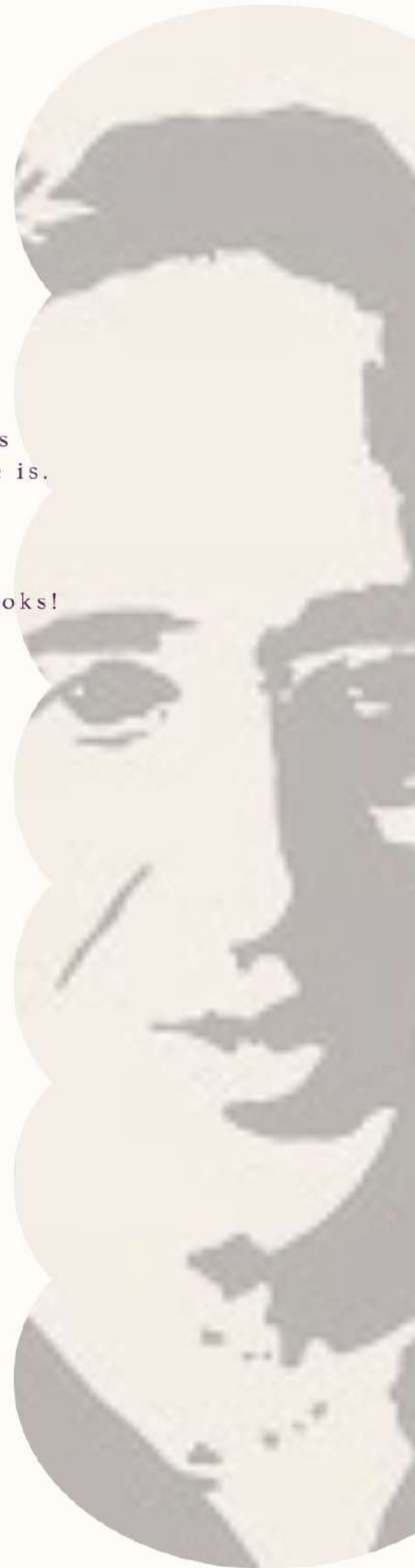
But how may we forgive the hyenas in the stadiums
and those in the newspapers?
The pigs boot sinks into the mud.
I'm a little bit ashamed and it's hurting
To see a man as a beast.

It won't change, it won't change
Yes, it'll change! You'll see it'll change!

We may hope that the world will return to be more
normal,
Where to stare at the sky and flowers,
That we won't talk of dictatorships anymore...
If a little bit of life remains for us.
For now spring hasn't come yet.

LODE ALL'INVIOLOATO *Praise to the Inviolable*

We have weathered several storms
And many hard and ancient ordeals
And a clear help from an invisible caress
Of a guardian.



Worth is the life of he who is awake.
But even more of he who becomes wise
And to His joy he finally returns.
Let there be Praise, Praise to the Inviolate.

And so many useless characters I wore
Me and my person suffered so many of them
Hell is dry!
Its way is sterile.

So many miracles, plans and inspirations...
And then suffering which blinds you
In the falls there's the reason for His Absence
The clouds cannot annihilate the Sun
And Paganini knew it well
That the devil is left-handed and deceitful
And plays the violin.

L'OCEANO DEL SILENZIO *The Ocean of Silence*

An ocean of silence is slowly flowing
With no centre and no beginning
What would I have seen of the world
Without this light illuminating
My dark thoughts

(The pain, the idleness of life
They make time appear too long)

The soul finds so much peace within
It is flowing slowly, the time of other laws
Of a different dimension
And I'm sinking into an ocean of silence
Still calmly

(And it almost appears to me
As though a dark memory were telling me
In distant times
I lived up there or in water).

LA CURA *The cure*

I will protect you from the fears of hypochondria,
from the worries that you'll encounter on your way
from now on,



from the injustice and the decisiveness of your time,
from the failures that you'll normally attract because
of your nature,
I will relieve you from your pains and your mood swings

from the obsessions of your manias.
I will overcome the gravitational currents
the space and the light, in order not to make you grow old;
and you'll be cured of all diseases.

because you're a special being
and I'll take care of you.

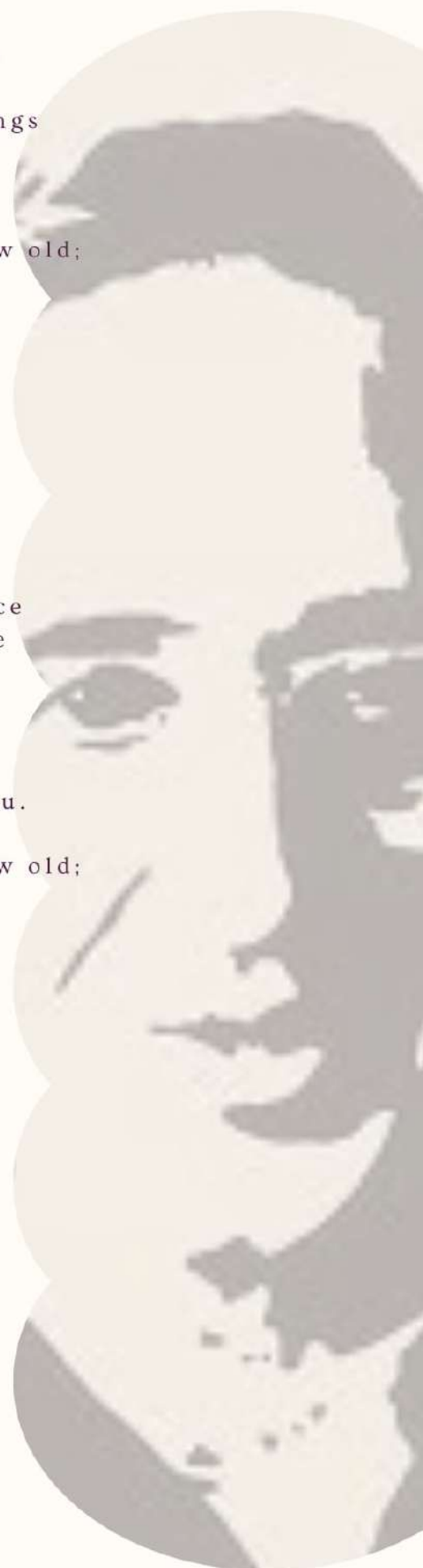
I was wandering the fields of Tennessee
who knows how I got there.
Don't you have white flowers for me?
Faster than eagles, my dreams
cross the sea.
Above all, I will bring you the silence and the patience
we'll walk together through the paths that lead to the
essence.
The love fragrances will intoxicate our bodies
the August stillness won't calm our senses.
I will weave your hair like the plot of a poem
I know the laws of the world and I'll offer them to you.
I will overcome the gravitational currents
the space and the light, in order not to make you grow old;
I will save you from any melancholy.

Because you're a special being
and I will take care of you.
I will take care of you.

STRAHIZZA D'AMURI
The Miracle of Love

In the valley of Scammacca
the carters from time to time
left their dejections
and the blowflies buzzed over
and we went hunting lizards...
The Circum-Aetnean diesel railcar,
the school concerts, the Nabucco,
school will soon be over.

As the years are going by
this fever gets into my bones,
though war is raging outside
I feel the miracle of love,
of love



And when I meet you in the street
I feel a shock in my heart,
though death is raging outside
the miracle of love does not die
love

And when I meet you in the street
I feel a shock in my heart,
though death is raging outside
the miracle of love does not die
love

As the years are going by
this fever gets into my bones,
though war is raging outside
I feel the miracle of love,
of love.

PROSPETTIVA NEVSKI *Nevsky Prospect*

A thirty-degrees-below-zero wind
unhindered over the empty piazzas against
the bell towers,
At times sounding like bursts of machine-gun fire
disintegrated the accumulations of snow.
And around about the fires of the Red Guards
lit to drive away the wolves
and old women with rosaries.
Sitting on the steps of a church
we waited for the mass to finish and the women to
come out then we watched with absent faces
the unnatural grace of Nijinsky.
Then his impresario fell hopelessly in love with him
and with Russian ballet.
The winter with my generation
the women bent over weaving frames near the windows
one day on Nevsky Prospect
I happened to encounter Igor Stravinsky there
and the chamber pots under the beds for the night
and a film by Eisenstein on the revolution
And we studied shut up in a room
the faint light of a candle or an oil lamp
and when it came to having a chat
we were always looking forward to it
and my teacher taught me how difficult it is to find
dawn in the twilight.



ALEXANDER PLATZ
Alexanderplatz

And suddenly February came around,
it was cold in that house.
You repeated to me: You know in winter you
live as well as you do in spring!
Yeah, just like that.
The maids were getting back early
from school to help me.
"You look tired, you have bags under your eyes.
How are you doing at east Berlin?"

Alexanderplatz, farewell.
There was snow.
I take four footsteps
to get the border:
"I come with you".

And I always come home late at night,
There are just my steps along the avenues.
And I liked to
make the bed and dust it off,
then wait aside like a real princess,
trapped in her film,
waiting on the corner like Marlene.
You have bags under your eyes,
how are you doing in east Berlin?

Alexanderplatz, farewell.
There was snow.
See you this afternoon outside the theatre.
"Do you like Schubert?"

UN'ESTATE AL MARE
A summer at the seaside

On the mercenary streets of sex
Which bring fantastic illusions
Feel my skin as it is velvety.
It will make you fall into temptation
I want a harmonizer as a gift
With that trick that doubles my voice
This summer we will go to the beach for the holidays

A summer at the seaside
Wish to row
Go to bathe off
To see from a long distance the umbrellas- as-as



A summer at the seaside
Bath style
With the life preserver
for fear of drowning

Over the bridges of highways
There is someone standing there who greets us
Feel this skin as it is scented
It reminds me of the oil of Tahiti
In the evenings when it was cold
We burned automobile tires
This summer I want to have fun for the holidays

A summer at the seaside
Wish to row
To go to bathe off
To see from a distance the umbrellas-as-as
A summer at the seaside
Bath style
With the life preserver
for fear of drowning

We're going to the seaside this summer
With the crazy desire to row
To do a bit of bathing offshore
To see from a long distance
the umbrellas-as-as

A summer at the seaside
Bath style
Get my bikini off...

SEGNALI DI VITA *Signals of life*

Time changes many things in life -
sensation, friends, opinions,
what desire to change that there is in me.

One feels the need of a proper evolution
unhooked from the common rules,
from this false personality.

Signs of life in the courtyards
and in the houses at dusk.
The lights remind one of
the mechanical heavens.



Sounds that make a background for the stars.
Outer space is expanding
and the galaxies become more distant.

Do you notice how low my mind flies?
It's the fault of the associative thoughts
if I'm not able to be here now.

Signs of life in the courtyards
and in the houses at dusk.
The lights remind one of
the mechanical heavens.

L'ANIMALE *The Animal*

Living life is not too hard
If I can be born again
Many things could be changed
A bit of lightness
And of stupidity

Faking,
You're good at faking
When you are close to me
You tell me I'm right
And I'd like to tell you
That I feel better alone

Refrain:
But the animal which is inside of me
Won't let me live in happiness again
He takes it all, the coffee too
He makes me a slave of all my passions
He never does give up
He doesn't want to wait
And the animal which is inside me
Wants you...

Inside of me there are fire signs
Water turns them off
If you want them to burn
You leave them in the air
Or on the earth.



4 TREH DI TOZEUR
The Trains of Tozeur

In the border villages, they watch the trains pass,
The deserted streets of Tozeur.

From a far-off house, your mother sees me
She remembers me and my habits

And for a moment, the wanting to live
At a different speed returns.

They still pass slowly, the trains to Tozeur

In the abandoned churches they prepare refuges
And new spaceships for interstellar trips

In an old mine, expanses of salt
And a memory of me, like a charm

And for a moment, the wanting to live
At a different speed returns

They still pass slowly, the trains to Tozeur

In the border villages, they watch the passing
Trains to Tozeur.

VOGLIO VEDERTI DANZARE
I Want to See You Dance

I want to see you dance
Like the gypsies of the desert
With candle holders on your head
Or like the Balinese on days of celebration.

I want to see you dance
Like the Derviches Tourneurs
Who spin on their spines
Or to the sound of Katakali anklets

And the room spins around
While we dance, dance
And the room spins around
While we dance.

Radio Tirana broadcasts
Balkan music
While Bulgarian dancers
Are barefoot on the blazing embers.



In Northern Ireland
In the Summer dance halls
Elderly couples dance
To the rhythm of 7/8 time.

The room spins around
While we dance, dance
And the room spins around
While we dance

In obsessive rhythms is the key to
tribal rituals
Kingdoms of shamen
And rebel gypsy performers
In the Po Valley
In the summer dance halls
Elderly couples dance
Old Viennese Waltzes

LA CANZONE DEI VECCHI AMANTI *Song of the old lovers*

Versioni: #1#2

Sure, we had some storms,
years of crazy love
a thousand you told me: enough,
a thousand times I went away

And every piece of furniture,
in this room empty of a crib,
remembers the lightnings of old fights

There was no right choice anymore,
you had lost your warmth,
me, my feverish desire to conquer

My love, my sweet, wonderful love
From the clear dawn until the day dies
I love you still, you know, I love you

I know all about your magic spells
and you know all about my intimacy
I knew about your lies,
you, about my sad acts of cowardice

I seek a permanent center of gravity
that will never make me change my mind about things, about
people



I know you've had some lovers,
after all, one needs to pass time,
after all, the body needs to rejoice,

but it took some talent
to manage to grow old
without growing up

My love, my sweet, wonderful love
From the clear dawn until the day dies
I love you still, you know, I love you

Time passes and disheartens us

Torments on our path
But, tell me, is there a worse trap
than loving each other monotonously

Now, you cry long afterwards,
I despair belatedly
We have no more mysteries.

We leave less to chance
We come to terms with the earth
but it's the same, sweet war

[In French:] My love, my sweet, wonderful love
From the clear dawn until the end of the day
I love you still, you know, I love you

CENTRO DI GRAVITA' PERMANENTE *Permanent Centre of Gravity*

An old Breton lady with a hat and an umbrella
made of rice paper and bamboo cane;
captains courageous;
smart Macedonian smugglers;
Jesuit
Euclid followers
dressed as Buddhists to enter courts of emperors
of the Ming dynasty

I seek a permanent centre of gravity
that will never make me change my mind about
things, about people
I might need...



I seek a permanent centre of gravity
that will never make me change my mind about
things, about people

Over and over again.

In Beijing streets on some day in May,
we were joking around picking nettles.
I can't stand Russian choirs, fake rock music,
the Italian new wave, the English free punk jazz.
Not even the African black music.

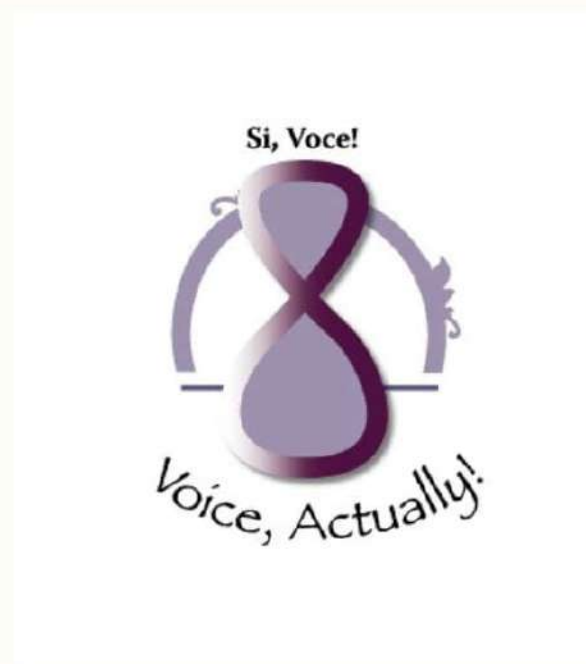
I seek a permanent center of gravity
that will never make me change my mind about things,
about people
I might need...

I seek a permanent center of gravity
that will never make me change my mind about things,
about people

Over and over again.

You are a woman in love.
Baby, I need your love, I want your love.
Over and over again.
Come into my life.
Oh, baby, I want to give you my soul.
Baby, I need your love.





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