

Andrea Bocelli, E Chiove

Testo di: S.Cirillo

Musica di: J.Amoruso - S. Cirillo

Comm'?'stretta 'sta via,
?'ggente nun ce cape,
se fa 'na pruceSSIONe,
ce cammina chianu chianu.
Nun ?muorto nisciuno,
nun ?'o santo e nisciuno,
nun se sente 'na voce
e nun sona 'na campana.
E intanto 'o core aspetta
ca s'arapene 'e funtane.
E chiove, n'capo 'e criature,
vulesse arravugli?
'sta luna cu'na funa
pe m'a purt?luntano,
pe m'a purt?luntano
add?'o cielo che ?cielo
nun se fa mai scuro.
E chiove, n'terra e nisciuno,
vulesse cummann?pe spremmere
'e dulture
dinto a 'stu ciummo amaro,
ca nun canosce 'o mare,
pecch?'o mare ?luntano
eppure sta vicino.
Comm'?'l'longa 'sta via,
pecch?'nun sponta mai,
se perde dint"e 'pprete,
'mmiezo 'e carte arravugliate,
sotto 'a l'evera 'e muro
ca s'arrampeca e 'ggiura,
'e jastemme de' juorne,
'e serate senza pane.
E intanto 'o core aspetta
ca s'arapene 'e funtane.
E chiove, n'capo 'e criature,
vulesse arravugli?
'sta luna cu 'na funa
pe m'a purta luntano,
pe m'a purta luntano
add?'o cielo che ?cielo
nun se fa mai scuro.
E chiove, n'terra e nisciuno
vulesse cummann?pe spremmere
'e dulture
dinto a 'stu ciummo amaro,
ca nun canosce 'o mare,
pecch?'o mare luntano
eppure sta vicino.

And it Rains

Text by: S.Cirillo

Music by: J.Amoruso - S. Cirillo

How narrow this street is,
the people do not fit in,
they form a procession
that progresses very slowly.

No one has died,
it is nobody's saint,
you cannot hear a voice,
no bell tolls.

Meanwhile the heart waits

for the fountain to play.
And it rains on childrens' heads,
I would like to capture
this moon with a rope
to take it with me far away,
to take it with me far away,
where the sky is sky
and never darkens.
And it rains in nobody's land.
I would like to be in charge,
to squeeze the pain
into this bitter river
that has never met the sea
because the sea is far away
and yet is near.
How long this road is,
why does it never end;
it loses itself among the stones,
in the middle of maps,
under the grass of the wall
which climbs and swears
and curses during the day
and in the evening without sustenance.
Meanwhile the heart waits
for the fountains to play.
And it rains on childrens' heads,
I would like to capture
this moon with a rope
to take it with me far away,
to take it with me far away,
where the sky is sky
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And it rains in nobody's land.
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