

Tiziano Ferro, One-Hundred And Eleven

You say you're moved by anything
A child smiling to the mist of dawn
And you say your dreams are a little thing
You find'em turned into paper in the morning
Between the boredom and the magic of a dull day
During a lonely nightwalk
Going through the difficulties of people who smile and cry
There are people like you who skim divinity

They'll tell you you're not the same
Cause they can't recognize you
They'll tell you you're not as sweet as you used to be
Cause love knows how to hide
But you...
Talk dream dance
Keep on singing
Give your love non-stop
And write it while you believe it
It's one-hundred and eleven
kilos of fantasy

And you say that, that song of mine moves you
The one dealing with sex and love
In its 4 minutes you listen and open your heart
And you dream about feeling normal, you too
Between the red lights and the smog of a grey day
Your breakfast at the bar, absentminded and lonely
You listen to the encoded messages in your heart one morning
On the underground rails of city angels

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Cause if an individual can let you appear as a saint
Tell him you always want to remain a cat
And TV is everybody's empty drink
Go your own way
If others look at your face suspiciously
It's because they don't know much about respect
And they all wish to see you rolling
Let them talk...
Let them talk...

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