

Elio E Le Storie Tese

"THE LAND OF THE DATE PLUMS LA TERRA DEI CACHI"

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Illegal parking, illegal applause, illegal little houses,

illegal sexual abuses; a strong desire to start over,
which

is illegal too. Fake government contracts, fake organ

transplants, fake mopeds with drive-by thieves who

steal handbags from fake ladies, the beautician of the

stars is really really fake. Poppies and popes,

La donna cannolo, Una lacrima sul viso (translator's

note: - "La donna cannone" and "Una lacrima sul viso"

are both famous songs from past San Remo festivals).

Italia yes, Italia no.....Italia yes, Italia no, Italia boom,

the bomb-blast disaster that goes unpunished. You can

say yes, you can say no, but anyway that's life. Let's

fix some coffee, we won't go out to a caffè; there are

some gangs who are waiting to kill us a little bit.

Gangs yes, gangs no, the gangs are full of murderers.

Gangs pam, gangs prapapam, but if there's a soccer

game on the gangs are not here, they all go to the

soccer stadium, waving their big banners, there'll be

no more blood spilled. Infected yes? Infected no

Tons and tons of plasma. Chief surgeon yes, chief

surgeon no, the chief surgeon's ghost. There's no way I'll be a ghost, and to your plasma I say no; if you forget to take out the surgical tongs, whistling I'll say to you:

"fi fi fi fi fi fi fi, I owe you some tongs, fi fi fi fi fi fi fi, I've got them in my belly". Long live the melting-pot of tongs, long live the melting pot of bellies. Look how many unsolved problems we have, but we have a heart as big as a house. Italia yes, Italia no, Italia gnamme, let's make some spaghetti. Italia tob, Italia crot, the land of the date plums. A pizza eaten alone, a pizza eaten with some friends, a total of two pizzas and this is what Italia's all about, fulafifi, fulafifi, long live Italia. Squerellerellesh, cataraparupai, Italia is perfect.

Perepepe nainainainai.

A pizza eaten alone, a pizza eaten with some friends, a total of lots of bribery and corruption but Italia doesn't want to play along. Italia yes, Italia no, scurcurrillo currillo. Italia yes: uÃ©, Italia no, spereffere fellecche. UÃ©,

uÃ©, uÃ©, uÃ©, uÃ©....

Because the land of the date plums
is the land of the date plums!!

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