

## **Eugenio Finardi** **"Warsaw"**

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Closing time is hours past  
The buses and the trams suspended  
Even drunks are off the streets  
And call-girls' phones are disconnected  
And they've shut the bakeries  
They've boarded up the printing presses  
And they've put on silencers  
So you will never know how many  
Were caught after curfew...

You know roadblocks ring the city's center  
Night patrols are on the highways  
Waiting at the exits and  
Along the backroads in the country  
And they've shut the dailies down  
They've taken over all the networks  
And they'll monitor the news  
So you will never know how many  
Were caught after the curfew...

Crowded buses will meet the dawn  
The same old faces getting on  
But look around  
You'll see a few are gone  
But don't you wonder out loud  
'Cause you don't know who could be in that crowd  
just waiting for a comment you might make  
only listening for a word said by mistake  
and tomorrow night they'll be awake

and they'll fix it so you're

caught after the curfew  
caught after the curfew at night...  
(Grazie a Rosanna per questo testo)

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