

Fiamma Fumana **"Walking Song"**

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I tread on the red dust which stains my clothes
I walk on the palm-lined road by the orchard
There is no one around, the truck has vanished beyond
the bend
And the clouds cross the sky, crowded with birds

The backpack is light and the trail shadowy
And the morning sun does not burn
The rhythm of my footsteps is perfect
It reminds me of a music playing inside of me

Once more the road carries me with her
I only miss your footstep marked on mine

One step after another step
One foot after another foot and again
One step after another step
One foot after another foot

The bar in Santiago resounds with music and voices
The girls dance happily on the courtyard's stones
The Italian tourists admire them, leaning on the
counter
All around the night is sweet and full of stars

Emilio has arrived with his guitar
He is talking to Oscar and Carlos
The trumpet draws arabesques
That shine sharply beyond my glass

Once more the road carries me with her
I only miss your footstep marked on mine

One step after another step...

Last night I dreamed of plains in green and brown
And beeches and chestnut-trees dripping the winter
rain
The sky was dark, and the fog wrapped everything
But an inviting light shone at the house's windows

And everything was grey and everything was dull

Like the places where I grew up
Yet in my dream I was happy
As she who is going back to the people she loves

Once more the road carries me back to you
And I listen to my footsteps once more marked on
yours

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