

## **Franco Battiato**

# **"Il Ballo Del Potere"**

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I want to see you as a dancer  
Like the desert gypsy women  
Whit candelabras on their heads  
Or like the balineses  
On their holidays  
I want to see you as a dancer  
Like dervishes tourneurs  
Who twist around around their back-bones  
To the sound of ankle bracelets of Katakali  
The walls are turning turning all around us  
As we are dancing  
Dancing  
The walls are turning turning all around us  
As we are dancing  
And radio Tirana's playing  
Music fro Balkan  
For Bulgarian dancers  
With bare feet they dance on burning embers  
In the oriental island  
In sunny summer dance halls  
Couples of old folks are dancing  
To a rhythm in seven-eight  
The walls are turning turning all around us  
As we are dancing  
Dancing  
The walls are turning turning all around us  
As we are dancing  
In the rhythm of the heath  
-the key  
Of old tribal magical rites  
Kingdoms of the Shamans  
And rebel players on the road again  
Down across the plainlands  
In sunny summer dance halls  
Couples of old folks are dancing  
A classical Viennese waltz

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