

## **Franco Battiato**

# **"Tramonto Occidentale"**

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In the frontier villages they  
Watch the trains pass by so slowly  
And roads are deserted in Tozeur.  
From a house far away  
Your mother observes me  
And she remembers me  
For my very special ways  
Then for just a moment my longing  
To live at another pace begins to waken in me.  
Still they pass, still very slowly  
the trains for Tozeur.  
In the churches, God-forsaken,  
Shelters are being prepared and new ships,  
For trips among the stars  
In an old empty mine,  
Vast stretches of salt  
And a memory of me  
Like into a magic spell;  
Then for just a moment my longing  
To live at another pace begins to waken in me;  
Still they pass, still very slowly  
The trains for Tozeur.  
In the frontier villages  
They watch the trains pass by  
For Tozeur

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