

## Klimt 1918

# "We Don't Need No Music"

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Ti vedo  
Assurgere imprecisa  
Chiara in volto  
Le lacrime ti fanno ancora male  
Sul viso marzo, inconcludente fine  
But now the sun shine cold  
And we don't care about  
Our deep blue lips  
And we'don't need thin words, yes  
To celebrate my love stand still  
You, just drop your sand  
Brown eyes and pray  
To hear me say:  
To many days I spent for you,  
I cried for us

Turn on  
The files  
They stand in your room  
Gramophone tells of a cry

Your mouth  
Your breathe  
They weep on glass pain  
Spring time comes in darkness you name

Shout up  
Dream on  
No I feel no gain o girl  
Touch my feverish brown

For you  
For you  
No music, no pain, o love  
Sever the line that divides

Still need a music  
Nobody knows it

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