

## **P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi)**

### **"From Under"**

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a lover collecting ladies  
a poet connecting raindrops  
a rock'n'roll star, a gambler's seven  
a saint on a train to heaven  
if you don't like your number  
trying to get out from under  
providence comes and offers sweetly  
swallow the dream you like

some buy a dream crutch to survive  
somebody says, "don't sell me lies" ...

so providence kindhearted lady  
sent round all her salesmen  
with toy revolutions and more ...

cadillac gurus  
old jesus new circus  
blind fifties revivals  
the wind up pelvis band  
keeps on playing  
still someone's saying  
"don't sell me lies"

so providence called her last friend  
heroin the charming ocean  
patient enough for every problem  
silent enough to drown so many good friends

providence of illusion  
providence whore of fat kings  
leave them alone!

lady you'll never get them  
lady you'll never win  
they are miles from your zoo

even sad  
even dying of sadness  
they are the winners  
beautiful winners  
they are the land of your fall ...

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