

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

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harlequin came at night  
bowing to the ghosts of freedom square  
stretching a silver rope  
jester of frozen minds  
and everyone of us  
junkies and ghosts of freedom square  
spoke through his waving hands  
wept on his brother face  
wispered through painted lips  
rusty phrases forgotten lines  
thinking of arrows lost  
shooting them past the pain

and everyone of us  
losers and lost and underdogs  
just scraps of our younger minds  
we danced all around the square  
jumped to his see-through horn  
screaming shouting forgotten lines  
shooting our rage again  
like arrows far past the pain

and when the dogs fast arrived  
baying across the town  
we were there  
all of us  
a million harlequins

and the town  
bloomed alive  
like a beautiful night fair  
and we were there  
all of us  
to be the rite of many ...

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