

P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi)

"Just Look Away"

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Scraping his bow
The old violinist plays out of tune,
Blues on his fingers.
The people hurry by
As he plays upon his corner,
Sometimes throw a coin
And if they see the pain in his eyes
They just look away.
Old men in the park
Spitting at the world
Just count the hours
Faded flowers
Left up on the shelf,
Trying to keep warm
In an overcoat of memories,
Soon be dead.

Scraping for fuel
This crazy old world is quite out of tune,
Too many trumpets
The people hurry by
All looking for a corner
And if they meet a friend
Who asks them to repay some old favour,
They just look away.

Old men in the dark
Sitting on the world
Play cards with words,
So absurd,
The devil's harmony.
Each man to himself
In a well cut suit of selfishness,
Just looks away.

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