

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

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how many times, swan  
we got cold  
you uncorked your wine  
how far we drove drunk  
on a car of paper charms  
light drawing sun cartoons  
sunday fairs and red balloons  
how far we seemed to fly  
calling life a sugar spoon  
pain was a bird to fight  
sending feathered sticky kites  
through the night

spring saw us leaving  
thinking to slide down a moony river  
but reaching just a cardboard sea  
the promised wonderland

cross the drums  
battle sounds  
soon we lost  
our paper wings

knew the thirst  
knew the pain  
learned to walk

to the man  
trying to stand  
we composed  
our best songs

iron shoes  
tramped on us  
mad fanfare  
of dirty tunes

then we knew  
taste of dust  
learned to fight

to the man

shaking fists  
we composed  
our last songs

new every morning  
our poems will turn with care  
like the sunflowers  
cause we know the taste of time  
how far we drove swan  
from our fading paper town  
far from your sticky moons  
shiny kites and red balloons  
your nowhere wonderland ...

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