

Soundarcade

"Colloquio Con Il Vento"

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...my mother
... she had a very good voice
Very good voice
And after the war there weren't all those things
And what we used to sing
How we used to sing
It was really madness
Real madness...

I want to talk with the springs wind
That comes from the place I can't be
I want to talk not just to bend my head
And while being silent I'll turn my ear to him

Wind you fly over white apple gardens
Over the dark fir-trees that blossom in fire red color
Over the fields of flowers, over the silver green rye-
fields
And that's why you throw so many scents in my face

You say my mothers grave is green
The red rose will bloom by her cross soon
You must have brought some dew with you
For suddenly warm moisture pulsates in my eye lids

What about my friend
My beloved distant friend
Did it happen to see him
His window was closed he didn't open it for you
In the same way he never opened his heart for me

And tell me more... no don't tell me anything
I am sorry for all those things that passed and those
that I can't reach
I will close my eyes
You will caress me for all those times I was left without
it

