

Premiata Forneria Marconi "Paper Charms"

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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 ballons
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
just like the sunflowers
cause we know the taste of time

how, how far we drove swan
from our fading paper town
far from your sticky moons
shiny kites and red ballons
your nowhere wonderland ...

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