

Divine Comedy, The "Count Grassi's Passage Over Piedmont"

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Below the Po rolls slow from Alps to Adriatic Sea
Blow old bellows, blow
Take us where you will
Padua, Genoa, Corsica, Catalonia, O Segovia
O unfathomable firmament.

That we should set a course between the two
Clinging only to our orb of blue and red
Like Romanovs to a Faberge egg
Push Sisyphus, push
Heave our sphere into the heavens.

If I'm to die then let it be in summertime
In a manner of my own choosing
To fall from a great height
On a warm July afternoon
Liverwurst, Battenburg, Emmenthall, Syllabub,
Muscadet
Throw it all away
We need more height
O Newton, release this apple from its earthly shackles
And live to fight another day.

Go back from whence you came the swallows cry
You've corrupted and befouled the ground you walk
upon
And now you come to poison the skies
Please friends, forgive this brief intrusion.

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