

## **Tiziano Ferro**

# **"One-Hundred And Eleven"**

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You say you're moved by anything  
A child smiling to the mist of dawn  
And you say your dreams are a little thing  
You find'em turned into paper in the morning  
Between the boredom and the magic of a dull day  
During a lonely nightwalk  
Going through the difficulties of people who smile and  
cry  
There are people like you who skim divinity

They'll tell you you're not the same  
Cause they can't recognize you  
They'll tell you you're not as sweet as you used to be  
Cause love knows how to hide  
But you...  
Talk dream dance  
Keep on singing  
Give your love non-stop  
And write it while you believe it  
It's one-hundred and eleven  
kilos of fantasy

And you say that, that song of mine moves you  
The one dealing with sex and love  
In its 4 minutes you listen and open your heart  
And you dream about feeling normal, you too  
Between the red lights and the smog of a grey day  
Your breakfast at the bar, absentminded and lonely  
You listen to the encoded messages in your heart one  
morning  
On the underground rails of city angels

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Cause if an individual can let you appear as a saint  
Tell him you always want to remain a cat  
And TV is everybody's empty drink  
Go your own way  
If others look at your face suspiciously  
It's because they don't know much about respect  
And they all wish to see you rolling  
Let them talk...  
Let them talk...

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