

Franco Battiato, Poor Country

My poor country! Crushed under the abuses of power
By scoundrels who never heard of shame,
Who think they are mighty and are pleased by all they do;
And everything belongs to them.
Among our rulers how many utterly useless fools!
This country is devastated by sorrow...
But doesn't it disturb you just a little
To see all those cold bodies on the ground?

It will not change, it will not change...
No-it will change, maybe it will change.

But how can we forgive the brutes of the football stadiums
And the hyenas of the press?
The peninsula of pigs is sinking into the muck.
I'm a bit ashamed, and it grieves me
To regard a man as a beast.
It will not change, it will not change..
Yes-it will change-you'll see it will change.

I'd like to hope that the world will return to a more normal state,
In which we can peacefully contemplate the sky and the flowers,
And never talk again of dictatorships,
If we could just have a bit more time for living..
Meanwhile Spring is coming in late.