

Franco Battiato, The Trains Of Tozeur

In the frontier villages they
Watch the trains pass by so slowly
And roads are deserted in Tozeur.

From a house far away
Your mother observes me
And she remembers me
For my very special ways
Then for just a moment my longing
To live at another pace begins to waken in me.
Still they pass, still very slowly
the trains for Tozeur.

In the churches, God-forsaken,
Shelters are being prepared and new ships,
For trips among the stars

In an old empty mine,
Vast stretches of salt
And a memory of me
Like into a magic spell;
Then for just a moment my longing
To live at another pace begins to waken in me;
Still they pass, still very slowly
The trains for Tozeur.

In the frontier villages
They watch the trains pass by
For Tozeur