

# 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