

Rheostatics, Motorino

Martin Tielli

It's a sign.
Pure white thing, believe you me...
Sacrifice all your problems for a motorbike.
Fafafafa-faca bella.

Eh, I'm not gonn-a stay.
I'm just gonn-a go.
Oh, can't you see?
I'm in love.

Donna mio!! Sacrosanct!!
I'll nostro mondo interno e semplice.
Monte Baldo e un sasolin.
O! Face bella!

The pain of feeling too much and knowing too little.
The Autobahn on a motorino.
The Fear of being attacked, then punching too soon.
The canoe that cruised the moon.
The unmovable moon.
Far above the Ravens.
In silent shifting blue.
In my flying canoe.
It's a sign.

Why fry the sane sound of nothing too fast?
It's just a simple drone.
It's just an oooooooooooooooooo.
It's just that sound of the ground that seems to fall around us,
Move our feet and gently pound us.
I've been blessed with the perfect choice.
It's inside.