

Aggio girato pe' mille città  
senza me ferma'  
a londra, 'a francia, 'a spagna, 'a tunisia stongo a casa mia  
so' nato abbastio 'o puorto e che vvuo' fa'  
ll'aggio vista ggià  
a ggente ca vene e sene va  
senza cchiù turna'  
pe' denaro ammore o pe' curiosità  
pe' fuji' d'a guerra o nu se fa truva'  
senza nomme e senza età  
si me vuo' a casa mia ll'aggio trovata ccà  
we're satellites of souls  
beaming and receiving  
replacing world of stories  
that you've been omitting  
cut through the wire that you  
find yourself trapped in  
here's where i be and here's where i'm living  
larger then judgements of what i am  
simple complex like dna strand  
freedom of movement and thought make the man  
so i'm stepping over yonder to learn what i can  
cannot be held under your itchy finger  
thoughts are dead 'cause you pulled the mental trigger  
don't know where i'm from so i'll tell you "go figure"  
i was there before you and you were before see

because we're all cut from the same tree  
people talk about wanting to chuck the immigrants out and i say  
"ok fine" that also means i'm going to take my tea gonna take m  
y potatoes  
gonna take my gunpowder what you gonna be left with □ you're le  
ft with  
absolutely zilch maybe a little bit of grass that you can munch  
on like a cow.