

I don't know what you'd like the most
About these islands
On the Aolian sea
Stromboli and Panarea
Milky silhouette, framed in September
Lying in bed listening to the radio
Sounds outside in the Aolian storm
Wind's been [?] all night
So I read in the half light and drink red wine

Aolian
Aolian [?]

I don't know what you'd like the most
Maybe the rosemary
Or the jasmine
Or the moonlight on the sea
You barely noticed
The light fading
'Til there's only the ice cream scoop
[?] moon and the handsome stars to guide you

Aolian
Aolian majestically

Come down you solitary soul
Help me paint the empty canvas
All the colors of longing
And the silhouettes of lament
How I cherish the longing
The souls yearning
The fascination
'Cause all you need is a little light
and a [?] path to follow
And you need to carry you to me
Is the rolling sea

Why so shy tonight, oh moon
Is the lightning disturbing you
In your rule of solitude
That I wanna share with you tonight

Don't let the emptiness [?] this feeling
'Til we've abandoned all our regrets
'Cause still I think about you often in future and fortune
In the unwoven landscape
And unfurnished oxygen

I don't know what you'd like the most
Maybe the rosemary
Or the jasmine
Or the moonlight, on the sea
But you're the other side of Italy
And you're no good to me