

We Don't Need No Music

Klimt 1918

Ti vedo
Assurgere imprecisa
Chiara in volto
Le lacrime ti fanno ancora male
Sul viso marzo, inconcludente fine
But now the sun shine cold
And we don't care about
Our deep blue lips
And we'don't need thin words, yes
To celebrate my love stand still
You, just drop your sand
Brown eyes and pray
To hear me say:
To many days I spent for you,
I cried for us

Turn on
The files
They stand in your room
Gramophone tells of a cry

Your mouth
Your breathe
They weep on glass pain
Spring time comes in darkness you name

Shout up
Dream on
No I feel no gain o girl
Touch my feverish brown

For you
For you
No music, no pain, o love
Sever the line that divides

Still need a music
Nobody knows it