

What Happened To The Ceiling?

comme il dit lui-même:

you can't lead a horse to bourbon
but you can sure make him drink

now there's a picture
a drunken horse
reeling down the highway
with the cops hot after him

it's better than mice coming through
the cracks in that bloody wall

ti ricordi quando noi abbracciammo
la luna? eri piccina
oggi non ridi più

you know all that gunk: in vine veritas

think how I'd look to you
if you saw me only with sober eyes

quest' è inutile
perdi già la volontà
di far' attenzione
a le mie canzone

he was so wise in his wisdom
what a crock it all turned out
you didn't really care
if he knew the sun's new plans
but he enjoyed the telling
and you listened

the real excitement
to find that bourbon
stimulates your pulse

il sole sospire quando noi salutamo
con mani rossi matine nuove
e poi tu mi prendi coi detti pieni
di fuoco di passione

and I flip my lid

what skaters' waltz of schmaltz
dragged out this recoco jazz?
take your hand out of my pocket

everything is turning green

don't blame him
he came to this
par une nuit d'amour

