

Blue is the colour of my mind
Chris Rundle & Giovanni Nadiani

We watch, the wind bend the grass
And feel, the day slowing down.
As clouds, drift across the fields
And head, towards the town.

*Blue is the colour of my mind
As I leave this day behind
Blue is the colour of my mind
With no place left to find.*

Lying, where we can feel the earth
Draw, the aching from our bones.
And for a while, we forget the pain
For which, no joy atones.

*Blue is the colour of my mind
As I leave this day behind
Blue is the colour of my mind
With no place left to find.*

Now, we can tell ourselves
This day, will also end.
And we, will cast ourselves like dust
spread thinly by the wind.

*Blue is the colour of my mind
As I leave this day behind
Blue is the colour of my mind
With no place left to find.*

[Senza titolo]

nó tot cvel ch'a vlen
l'è stêr a cvè incóra un pô
in sta dmenga dochmezdè
svincé da un vent
ch'e' va e ch'e' ven
in sdé cun i pi schelz
slunghé ins l'érba
a gvardêr in so
al nuval biâncchi pasturoni
a travarsê ona par ona
e' blù pés di nöst' pinsir
a sintis adös
sta curent tevda
ch'la s'sfrega j oc asré
e la stracona di nöstar dè
a sghinlês veja d'int agl'ös
e par 'na vóltia inluvis
ch'e' seia acsè
nench che dè
cun e' vent
a supiêr int la porbia
a spargujês arzir
't un étar mond

[Senza titolo]

*noi tutto ciò che desideriamo / è stare qui ancora
un po' / in questa domenica pomeriggio / sfiorati
da un vento / che va e viene / seduti coi piedi scalzi
/ allungati sull'erba / a guardare in su / le pigre
nuvole bianche / a traversare una per una / il blu
pesante dei nostri pensieri / a sentirci addosso /
questo refolo tiepido / che ci accarezza gli occhi
chiusi / e la stanchezza dei nostri giorni / a
scivolarci via dalle ossa / e per una volta illuderci /
che sia così / anche quel giorno / col vento / a
soffiare nella polvere / a spargereli / in un
altro mondo*

[untitled]

all we want
is to stand here a little longer
this Sunday afternoon
brushed by the wind
that comes and goes
sitting bare-footed
stretched out on the grass
looking up and watching
the lazy white clouds
one by one drift across
the heavy blue of our thoughts
feeling this warm gust
that caresses our eyes
with the tiredness of our days
slipping away from our bones
and to fool ourselves
that this is how it is
on that day too
with the wind
blowing up the dust
spreading us lightly
in another world