

Broken Old Bridge

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The broken old bridge stands alone
Across the highway, that cuts the plain.
Grass grows through its broken walls
worn away, by years of rain.

At night we feel the old bridge shake
As the cargoes pass beneath us
The mist rolls slowly in their wake
Like waves that split beneath us.

La la la la...

The old men always say round here
No one knows, where the bridge will take you
When its shrouded in the cold damp mist
And crippling fear, will hold you

They say that you may well return
But you won't return the same.
And we will wave our frozen hands
As the cold wind calls your name

La la la la...

They say that you may well return
But you won't return the same
And we will wave our frozen hands
As the wind speaks out your name

in dov

e' pê che i pont
i s'purta d'là da nó
nench se incion
u n'e' sa brisa in dóv

d's-ciota i pasa zet
i tir ad nebia o un fil
d'un'acva vérda e stila
ch'u s'i ved e' fond

e nó a cve so
(dida-giazul)
a fê d'segn a cvi
ch'i s'pérd 't e' vent

dove

*pare che i ponti
ci portino oltre noi
anche se nessuno sa dove*

*di sotto passano muti
i tir di nebbia o un filo
di un'acqua verde e sottile
da vedersi il fondo*

*e noi quassù
(dita-ghiaccioli) a far cenno a quelli
che si perdono nel vento*

where

it appears that the bridges
take us beyond ourselves
though no one knows where

beneath us the trucks
pass silently or a thread
of water, thin and so shallow
you can see through it

and we stand up here
(our fingers frozen)
waving to those
that are lost in the wind