

# Fratelli

My name is John Kelly, I'm nothing but a simple man  
I'm back in my city, I'm back in my homeland  
In the winter of 65, a guy or someone said to me  
If you really wanna be free, do something for your country  
Take this gun and follow me

I'm back in my city, in this town of broken dreams  
If the people look at me, it doesn't matter what they think  
I'm sick of this sadness, of this sorrow, of this pain  
For your life or for your friends, for the reds or for the  
Fein  
I hope you'll never fight again

Si so imbattuti sempre i mei circhendu di dà  
A falli fughje é mai un ghjornu vedali vultà  
Nunda un po ghjustificà, é parlu d'umanità  
Avé à so identità, esse oghje un populu à salvà

E noi c'imbattimu sempre circhendu di fà  
Senza falli fughje, pruvendu insemi di campà  
Nunda un po ghjustificà, é parlu d'umanità  
Avé so identità, esse oghje una terra à salvà

Other soldiers like me have been on the free Derry corner  
We have dreamed a new country, like the father Mc Dyer  
Sometimes I hear the voices of the friends who fell next to me  
For my life or for my friends, I shall never fight again  
I know that you feel the same

Try to believe and understand  
Take the future in your hands

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*Cù Alan Stevez*