

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 insieme 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

Musique: Jean-Marc Lobjeois

Paroles: Christophe Mondoloni /Jean-Marc Lobjeois

Cù Alan Stevez