

Lyrics Nadador

Cava Asfalto/Dudu Tucci (Track 02)

You seem to me an exploited citizen, a roasted citizen, fucked, shallow, mindless and unthinking.

Very civilized, strictly educated by television, paying with post-dated cheques, somewhat embittered, slightly stunned, on his way to Nowhere.

I limp along dragging my crutch through life in some country's suffocating city

Go my girl, for life is fine, a strand of hair fluttering in the wind.

Under the incandescent sun over Maranhao, I am all confused, almost always cheated, caught between a myriad things and prophets and the nations' proposals.

The end is not nearer than the beginning, this I do not forget and the way out is a vision and my thoughts are like a horse, the way out is a vision and my thoughts are like a horse.

Fix a hole, dig a hole, fix a hole, dig a hole.....

Catholic simpleton, rhetorical good-for-nothing, unfinished diary, computer virus, cheap louse of globalization, nowadays the norm.

Shell of a crawfish, handful of popcorn, mouth of a catfish, king of hell, shell of a crawfish, handful of popcorn, mouth of a catfish, king of hell.

I limp along dragging my crutch through life in some country's suffocating city

Go my girl, for life is fine, a strand of hair fluttering in the wind.

Under the incandescent sun over Maranhao, I am all confused, almost always cheated, caught between a myriad things and prophets and the nations' proposals.

The end is not nearer than the beginning, this I do not forget and the way out is a vision and my thoughts are like a horse, the way out is a vision and my thoughts are like a horse.

You seem to me an exploited citizen, somewhat stunned by the commotions of global diarrhoea, bent slightly out of shape, taken seriously: on the way to Nowhere....on the way to Nowhere.

It is me who collects coconuts, crushes toads, tears out stumps, fixes a hole, digs a hole, of a city made of plaster.

It is me who collects coconuts, crushes toads, tears out stumps, fixes a hole, digs a hole, of city made of plaster.

Fix a hole, dig a hole, fix a hole, dig a hole, fix a hole, dig a hole, fix a hole, dig a hole.....

Global diarrhoea....

Of a city made of plaster, made of plaster.....