

## The Big Chief Fart-In-The-Wind

In the first day  
of the third moon  
I saw roll  
a big balloon  
and I heard troll  
the prairie dog:  
"Wake up wake up  
don't sleep like a log  
he's coming he's coming!"  
"Is coming who?"  
I said "for Manitou!"  
and all the buffalos  
making "Mooh"  
"The Little Big Man"  
answered "the Double Breasted  
Berlusconi Coat  
who for three days rested  
with Long Knife Stupid Georgie  
and after a night of bible orgy  
rides in the grass  
with a fire water glass  
and his gun girl  
Teeth-Of-Pearl Calamity  
Gianna for the enemies  
in reality a true gehenna"  
"And where is he going?"  
"He's going to the Congress  
Pale Faces among  
for a speech very strong...  
But shut-up !  
He's coming now  
singing a song  
to his Spiked-Pussy pin-up"

## Berlusconi's song

Yppiah eh yppiah hoo  
the cow boy  
I can do  
and I can very enjoy  
with the horse  
and the gun  
against the posse  
of Saddam  
and all the dirty  
Taliban  
with the stetson  
and lazo  
yppyah eh yppiah hoo  
with the steaks  
and barbecue  
and the silver lonely star  
like Wyatt Earp and Holiday  
we will ride all the day  
and in honour of my Bush  
will my name  
be Berlush  
B&B we will be  
in this huge O.K corral  
that the world is for us  
for Aznar and Tony Blair  
but we are the best pair  
and when like a regal hart  
my Georgette makes a fart  
this for me is the sweetest smell  
since I'm very honest friend  
at his side until the end  
even in the ass-hole of hell  
where the Devil on the barbecue  
yppiah eh yppiah hoo  
german traitor cooks and cooks  
with this fag of Chirac  
and with all their damned books  
we don't need to read anything  
when we are under attack  
of the darkness black kings  
like the judges and congressmen  
like Syria and Yemen  
and all those crazy men  
that don't want war for oil  
or the other countries spoil

Georgie's prick is always hard  
but mine is little smart  
and the perennial his erection  
shows us the right direction  
for the progress for the freedom  
and so I trust in his wisdom  
that sometimes I enter alone  
in the shabby poor saloon  
where the girls lack tone  
full of smoke and gun-slingers  
that call me Berluscoon  
like in my country at high noon  
that rack me with the fingers  
that strike me with the spoon  
that piss on me under the moon  
but I laugh with all my teeth  
sore and aching in the street  
because I'm sure he'll come back soon  
my hero my Double W  
yppiah eh yppiah hoo  
to help his italian boy  
the most faithful of his cow-boys

## Tequila Boom-Boom

I am Tequila Boom-Boom  
the queen of the saloon  
I dance I sing I strip  
and all the hearts I rip  
of all these border's hard men  
bounty-killers and gun-men  
fur hunters and gamblers  
gold-diggers and ramblers  
of these people so hairy  
I am the little fairy  
my legs and my chest  
are famous in the West  
they are the magic stick  
that I have to prick  
the last humanities gleam  
in this baseness big stream  
where slowly they are sinking  
I am their last beam  
when dancing and singing  
I give them the rose of a dream  
the sweet mirage of a love  
wheeling their desert above  
and they grow into children again  
without corruption or stain  
when getting up they are yelling olé  
for Tequila Boom-Boom  
the most beautiful flower of Santa Fé

## The bounty-killer Donald Rum'sfilled

I'm the Bush's right hand  
the best dealer in this land  
one two three  
and your death I will see  
four five six  
blood and dust I will mix  
seven eight nine  
your life is only mine  
and if I arrive until ten  
will fall down all the men  
clubs diamonds hearts and spades  
all the living will be shades  
I am a real graveyard  
for any bad bastard  
that will dare to raise  
against the law that I praise  
the right of whom is strong  
to do right and even wrong  
to be master of all the world  
as mighty God that's our Lord  
and it's better you don't move for nuts  
or I'll hang you up by your guts  
and to you and your mom's health  
alone silent dark and stealth  
down the gullett a long pull  
eating two balls of a bull  
in the best dive of the slum  
drinks your Donald filled of rum

## **Eugene O'Nails, gravedigger**

...a corpse is a corpse is a corpse on this earth I am the broom of God that under the carpet is hiding the filth that men do with knives revolvers swords and bombs a corpse is a corpe is a corpse with some plankets of wood shovel hammer and a sackfull of nails I am the last architect to build a house to rest a corpse is a copse is a corpse for whom that in battle are dead for the brave the reckless the craven for those who were men all now equals in death a corpse is a corpse is a corpse and for the little boys seized suddenly by a whirl along with marbles and toys a corpse is a corpse is a corpse the horse the cow and the dog torn to pieces all the sinless earthly creatures and the houses the buildings the streets only rubble where I am walking along and in my sack the nails are jingling a corpse is a corpse is a corpse for the universe their merciful song...

## How Be Long, chinese railway worker

The white men ale vely clazy  
is light my indian fliend  
Falt-In-The-Wind  
they want to lide all the woldd  
with theil blast steal holse  
and we the pool chinese people  
the last Celestial Empile's heils  
bent on the lails  
like many snails  
with closs-ties and nails  
we wolk evely day  
flom july until may  
and we place and we spike  
endles low of ants  
with oul dilty pants  
sweat dlopping flom  
oul folehead  
with the only plospect  
a bowlful of lice  
that's oul plice  
and woln by fatigue  
we fell asleep between the lice  
but closed the eyes  
begins oul tluе life  
dleaming ealth as paladise  
gleen gleen gleen  
a huge plailie vely gleen  
whele all the men ale equal  
chinese indians blacks and whites  
ale blothels and ale fliends  
without boss Bush  
or this vainglolious Bellush  
but the dleams ale like the kites  
loosing loosing in the sky  
little bell make dling  
is daylight and we ale thin  
with oul dilty pants  
endless low of ants  
we must go to wolk  
we ale the folgotten folk  
and we place and we spike  
with closs-ties and nails  
like many snails  
bent on the lails

## Calamity Gianna

Oh body mio  
I am your guard  
to keep you far  
from the Cayenna  
there is Calamity  
Calamity Gianna  
your body-guard

Oh body body body  
oh body mio

If you'll be cuckold by your wife  
don't worry I have my little knife

If the Authority wants to steal your Mediaset  
of bombs I have an entire set

If the Judge wants put you in prison  
I'm sure will start a bloody season

Oh body body body  
oh body mio

Guns revolvers winchestér  
to your security will be the stairs

Uzi klash dynamite  
I'll follow you in all your sites

Plastic bombs bazooka and gas  
are the best walls for your cheery ass

O body body body  
oh body mio

Trust in your Calamity'



and you can rest in tranquillity'  
like in your villa in Italy'

Oh body body body  
oh body mio

The commuinists the dirty those reds  
in all the world hatched a plot  
and even with the Devil I'm very sad  
I threw myself in one's lot

Guns revolver winchestér  
uzi klash dynamite  
plastic bombs bazooka and gas  
but the world must be for us

O body body body  
oh body mio

If they don't want  
we will do  
a very big patatràc  
like in Naples  
with the tric tràc  
with the pizza  
and baccalà  
with olive-oil  
and mozzarella  
and when it rains  
without the umbrella  
but the sun  
in the sky is coming  
and all the people  
with me is singing:

O body mio  
I am your guard  
to keep you far  
from the Cayenna  
there is Calamity  
Calamity Gianna  
your body-guard

## Five Star General Colin Bowel

Where is my Dove? I can't wash myself with another soap not Colgate not Cadum I need my Dove it's a very awkward situation if I don't find it I will be late to go to the Congress for the public declaration of that little italian peddler that Berlusmoney that swindler with his suitcase full of documents about uranium about Africa about Niger only scrap paper only trash like this filth on my hands but where is my Dove? this lavatory is a real mess no I don't want Palmolive I know which kind of balm to give to clean the dirtyness to tidy up the world I need my Dove oh when my planes dove oh my old man napalm my bombs these divine soap bubbles from the sky the blast the fire the rubble and the silence at last but where is my Dove? it's smiling my face in the mirror I am the spitting image of a warrior my full dress fits me like a glove so fuck the Dove! I will go to the Congress with all my medals on my chest and the good Lord above

## Berlusconi's speech to the congress

Dear Sirs and dear Madams I want..

Ops... Since I am very fair: Dear Madams and dear Sirs ladies first of course even if sometimes they are worse all whores we in Italy say but the nipples they have I like so much that always I want to suckle them and touch since I was a little child and to the neighbourhood's cats I gave to eat my white cheery mice after I learnt that the pussy loves the mouse as knows Condoleeza Rice beautiful woman increasing vice when I see her big nigger's lips I dream of my fingers in her slips all italian you know are lovers sangre caliente and trullallà I want one day to propose a funny job to my Condy no condom many blow I am a very witty guy the magician of the jokes I don't know why but:

Dear Sirs and dear Madams I want...

Ops... I know the reason of my merriness I am the Anointed of The Lord not this kind of monster Loch Ness like judges journalists and all these communist shit represent me when I meet my subjects I mean my compatriots that entrusted me with a power so that I took a shower with all this divine oil which deleted all the money that I spoiled all the men that I killed metaphorically of course I am very cultivated I know how to read and not to lose myself in the Elevated and just yesterday when I took the ticket tic and tac oh my sense of rhythm my mood my blues lady be good not like these black hard asses I unite in myself the elegance of Barocco and the wildness of Morocco I am a very musical guy a genius I don't know why but:

Dear Sirs and dear Madam I want...

Ops... I was forgetting: when I took the Elevated ticket tic and tac on your dollar I read -I know how to read it's true like I'm not a blue-collar- with some difficulty I read this magnificent sentence that holds in honour your country that resumes in your bill what in my life hardly I will: In God We Trust because you know the Trust is my religion my God and even my load all my country from the mountains to the sea is a big Trust and this Trust is only for me it's mine for the joy I scream coffee chocolate and canella are my favorite flavours ah ah ah I am a very funny valentine and I can't read -but I know how to read I assure- the speech's line because for the emotion I cry so that tomorrow I will buy to gladden me something a nothing I don't know a diadem of the king because I am a very good guy the Anointed of The Lord I don't know why but:

Dear Sirs and dear Madams I want  
in front of this Assembly  
that my solemn statement be  
with your President  
in all completeley I agree

## Condoleeza Vice

...no Silvio I dont want your hands between my legs how many times I must say that yes I'm black but not a bitch other is my vice not your ridiculous black leather and switch yes my ancestors were slaves but now the whipstock is in my hands many plots in all countries I weave I thank you but I dont need the diamonds that on my dressing-table you leave you can sheath your scrawny prick no sex other is my vice I have a big stick to thrash the world no I am not frigid I am warm but I am excited only by blood no don't put your fingers in your nose it's no use it doesn't affect me your nosebleed other is my vice not a few drops it's larger my scale yes I know the mandolin's song it's not worth it you singing other is my vice only the babies under the bombs screaming are honey to my ears no I am not a bad girl I'm the devil in drag no I haven't a rubber in my bag other is my vice don't cry yes I know you are a very poor guy but no I don't give you my hand for that little job you want other is my vice of course I come but my panties are soaked only when I see all these corpses under the moon that's so romantic to look at a skull that looms between the sand and the dunes but what are you doing stop it other is my vice oh my God how disgusting these gluey drops on my face look at your pants use this hanky of lace I repeat other is my vice...

## Calamity Gianna's lullaby

Ninna nanna  
ninna oh  
Berlusconi  
a chi lo do?

I'll give him  
to Al Capone  
in a vault  
full of money

Sleep and smile  
you'll never go  
little baby  
down by law

If the dirty Double W  
puts his finger  
in your ass  
I'll harass

I'll harass him  
with the lice  
and I'll cut him  
into a thin slice

If the big bossy  
young Bush  
steals your cake  
I will push

I'll push him  
for mistake  
in a shit-full  
swimming-pool

If bad George shiting bull  
wants to lick your lollipop  
your Calamity  
makes "Op!"

Makes "Op!" the times are ripen  
and that bully disappears  
with the stars  
and with the stripes

Sleep and smile  
you'll never go

little baby  
down by law

Ninna nanna  
ninna oh  
Berlusconi  
a chi lo do?

## Little-Big-Hope

When the moon goes to sleep  
and the horizon pales  
when stretches the earth  
touched by the breeze  
on the prairie I can hear  
rustling in the grass  
the song that my granpa  
the wise big chief  
sang to me  
a long time ago

Little -Big- Hope  
you will see

the men  
are good  
the men  
are bad

the good  
will survive  
in our memory wood

the bad  
will stink  
for a while

but after  
be sure

they will disappear  
like farts in the wind

they will disappear  
like farts in the wind

they will disappear  
like farts in the wind