

The Tailor

Great applause, tonight, I feel it's dedicated to me too,
life spent behind the scenes, among costumes and work-room.

Mother ready to leave, in her silk shawe:

"The Reich sold us a land, we're going to start a new life in it!"

Yellow star striched on her coat, suitcase with her name written on it,
hands holding a receipt for "twenty kilos of personal belongings".

While she's leaving for the station, from the theatre's hall the officers shout,
calling for an "encore".

I know we'll soon meet again.

Those who are so fond of the "Don Carlos" opera, cannot possibly hate us more than
they actually do.

In the empy theatre I think of my past,
Grammy's sweet fairy tale,
the evening spectacles on the desk,
green exercise book filled with your violin notes.

Our farewell was for good,
the railway line led to a dead end worse than God's hell.

Brothers excaped from the camps told us the truth.
One day in winter I bought my freedom.

A shadow among the shadows of this life,
you return, mummy, in your silk shawe,
you walk around the ruins of the old theatre.
Forgive for running away, but I don't regret being alive.

In the back stage of the new theatre I live my life,
newspapers clippings and needle in my fingers,
a type written note from the Production,
the magic coming to life of costumes.
The voices of my children climbing the stairs
and Judith at the door, waiting to play with them.
It's a new life I thank God for, but
your last letter is locked away

Lyrics and Music: Emanuele Scataglini.

Translated by: Giovanna Olmi.