

# Fabrizio De André - Il Ritorno Di Giuseppe

Tom: C

<sup>Am</sup>  
Stelle, già dal tramonto,  
<sup>C</sup>  
si contendono il cielo a frotte,  
<sup>Am</sup>  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
luci meticolose  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
nell'insegnarti la notte.

<sup>Am</sup>  
Un asino dai passi uguali,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
compagno del tuo ritorno,  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
scandisce la distanza  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
lungo il morire del giorno.

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

<sup>Am</sup>  
Ai tuoi occhi, il deserto,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
una distesa di segatura,  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
minuscoli frammenti  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
della fatica della natura.

<sup>Am</sup>  
Gli uomini della sabbia  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
hanno profili da assassini,  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
rinchiusi nei silenzi  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
d'una prigione senza confini.

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

<sup>Am</sup>  
Odore di Gerusalemme,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
la tua mano accarezza il disegno  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
d'una bambola magra,  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
intagliata del legno.

<sup>Am</sup>

"La vestirai, Maria,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
ritornerai a quei giochi  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
lasciati quando i tuoi anni  
<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
erano così pochi."

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
E lei volò fra le tue braccia  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
come una rondine,  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
e le sue dita come lacrime,  
<sup>C</sup>  
dal tuo ciglio alla gola,  
<sup>Dm</sup>  
suggerivano al viso,  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
una volta ignorato,  
<sup>Dm</sup>  
la tenerezza d'un sorriso,  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
un affetto quasi implorato.

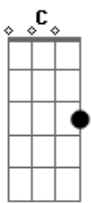
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
E lo stupore nei tuoi occhi  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
salì dalle tue mani

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
che vuote intorno alle sue spalle,  
<sup>C</sup>  
si colmarono ai fianchi  
<sup>Dm</sup>  
della forma precisa  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
d'una vita recente,

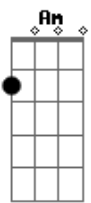
<sup>Dm</sup>  
di quel segreto che si svela  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
quando lievita il ventre.

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
E a te, che cercavi il motivo  
<sup>E7</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
d'un inganno inespresso dal volto,  
<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
lei propose l'inquieto ricordo  
<sup>B</sup> <sup>E7</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
fra i resti d'un sogno raccolto

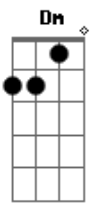
## Acordes



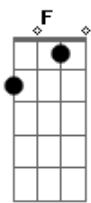
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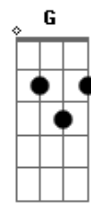
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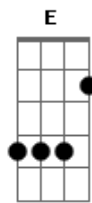
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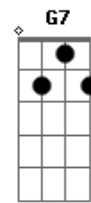
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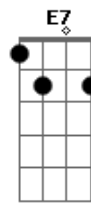
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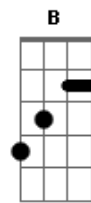
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