

HEARTBREAK MILONGA

Music by Erling Kroner - Lyrics by Finn Nielsen
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The walks are very slow
there's nothing you can't touch
with you smile
before my eyes.

I can start don't need
mountains to the skies
ev'rybody knows
it's the first day

with sun
and tender lights
over the bay.

I don't want to go
there's something in your smile
asking why,
turning the sky.

The naked taste of no-where
in shattered window sills
got to get up soon
with the soft moon.

||:Don't talk,
but close your eyes
over my day. :||

Crossed by blue milongas
you know my ways in any town
so let me stay

before it's autumn once again
so white a whisper
like bells of dawn

Caressing string of hearts born in blue
||: I nearly got to know your love for me. :||

Finn Nielsen, 1983

STRADA ANFOSA - Song For Laura

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Strada anfosa:
Winding road without signposts or destinations

Look at yourself
as the last chorus unfolds
like a song without summer
silenced voices and coming worlds -

Right here
it's raining in San Telmo
a dive away
in minor thirds

But beautiful
La strada anfosa
sings the lonely town
when there is no one
waiting there for you

The fabulous smiles
of ages ago
American Tango
at the end of the road

Moonlit candombes
the feast of the Goat
Soothing is the scent of vanilla
that stirs your voice
in search of a new land
Helplessly homebound

recitado:

*y La Muerte no tendrá poder
por causa de
Ciríaco Ortíz, Laurenz, Vallejo, Pichuco, Onetti,
Pugliese, Piazzolla, Cortázar, Saluzzi
and so many others - y tantos, tantos otros -*

Finn Nielsen, August 10, 2006

LATINATE LAMENTS - tango desesperado

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It's not the pale moonlight that haunts me
But the crying shame
That the sky isn't a sky
That the blue isn't the blue at all
That so much beauty before my eyes
Cannot be true
Like the soft shoulders that
Surround you, astound you, found you
Like lashes reaching for the moon-
It isn't a birth of a song at all
But diaries in disrepair
To kick it off-

Where do they all come from
The girls from Luján
As midnight falls again and again
With sticky fingers
as the moon comes tumbling down
All dressed up in home-grown pesos
And mountains to roam
So much beauty, daring that can't be true
Vos comprás un carmín
Y es por La Virgencita
Que en procesión se mece-
A shoulder to lean on,
A shadow, a glance beyond repair-

A breath away
Nothing more than a heart
Nada mas que un corazón
To give away
On deserted beaches
Waiting for the future lovers
The sweet smell of detour
That surrounds nothing more than no one-
As I'm cruising this paradise
In a tango in despair

Recitado:

Cruzando por ese paraíso
en un tango – desesperado

Finn Nielsen, August 20, 2007