**Transcript**

Lucio Dalla, “L’anno che verrà” (1979)

English translation: <https://lyricstranslate.com/en/lanno-che-verr%C3%A0-coming-year.html-0#songtranslation>

Dear friend, I’m writing to you so that I can distract myself a bit

and since you’re very far away, I’ll write to you louder.

Since the time you left, there’s been a big novelty:

The old year is over by now

but something here still isn’t right.

We rarely go out at evening, including days off

and there are people who put sandbags near their windows,

and we spend whole weeks without talking,

and those who have nothing to say

still have some time left.

But television said that the new year will bring a transformation,

and we’re all waiting already:

it’ll be Christmas three times a year, and holiday all day long,

every Christ will get off of the cross,

birds will come back too.

There will be food and light all year long,

dumb people will be able to talk too,

while deaf people already can.

And we’ll make love, everyone as they like,

priests will be allowed to get married too,

but only at a certain age,

and without too much trouble someone will disappear,

maybe they’ll be the people who are too sly,

and idiots of any age.

You see, dear friend, what I’m writing and telling you,

and how glad I am

to be here in this moment,

you see, see, see, see,

see, dear friend, what we have to make up

to be able to laugh it off,

to keep hoping.

And if this year would pass in an instant then,

you see, my friend,

how important it becomes

for me to be here too, in this moment.

The year that’s coming will be over in a year,

I’m preparing myself: this is the novelty.