

**Muddy Waters** (R.Formignani)

Once upon a time, in a little town  
on the side of the great river , there was a small house  
a boy lived there, alone with his guitar  
he worked hard the cotton, and he sang the blues  
  
When the river grew, the house went underneath  
in the muddy waters, in the flooded river  
When the river grew, the house went underneath  
in the muddy waters, in the flooded river  
rit.  
  
This is the story of a boy with the guitar that sang the blues  
he left for the big city to play and sing the blues  
they called him Muddy Waters

**Play For The Revolution** (R.Formignani)

Revolution , contestation  
the generation yes I like it  
But when I talk, with the guys  
Nowadays don't believe in them  
I remember, too many people  
in the square in all the streets  
with the flags and the Axes  
to protest for the liberty  
the really important thing for the guys  
is to have a dream and fight together  
Play for the revolution

**Now We are Them** (R.Formignani)

Every day I sing the blues  
and the time is like the wind  
that bring back emotions  
  
and the memories are alive  
to when we were fearless  
and life was like a game  
  
easy days have gone  
even if easy they were not  
but our minds were free  
and what our fathers said  
is now more real than ever  
because now we are like them  
  
Life is like a game  
before it's their turn  
and then ours

**Free Man** (R.Formignani)

When I drive, In the night  
I see the light of all my life  
And the music, It helps me see  
All the things I must be  
It's like , a voice  
that says, to me  
You must do this because  
You are made for this  
  
In my life I want to be all the time simply free  
And the music is the thing it helps me to be free

**Hippy** (R.Formignani)

I remember the seventies  
Very nice in your automobile  
The Long hair and the guitar  
all the time singing a song  
necklaces and cigarettes  
The boys loved your elegance  
rit.  
Many people many guys  
Every time every day  
they come everywhere  
to hear you sing a song  
white shirt and black sunglasses  
the girls loved your style and charm  
remember you in the seventies  
Very cool in your blue jeans  
the music was a flooded river  
entering all young hearts  
necklaces and cigarettes  
The boys loved your elegance  
Many people many guys  
Every time every day  
they come everywhere  
to hear you sing a song  
the white shirt and black sunglasses  
the girls loved your elegance  
I remember the seventies  
Very nice in your automobile  
The Long hair and the guitar  
all the time singing a song

**Dirty and Rude** (R.Formignani)

When I was a young boy, I was trying to play my guitar  
When I was a young boy, I was trying to play my guitar  
And my brother told me, You are much too dirty and rude  
Now every day I play my guitar, and people tell me I'm good  
Now every day I play my guitar, and people tell me "you damn good, boy"  
but I say inside of me, that I always have to grow  
now the guitar is my life, and also my work  
now the guitar is my life, and also my work  
and I play it every day, with the passion of the first time  
So now I often remember, the first time i played the guitar  
So now I often remember, the first time i played the guitar  
And my brother told me, You are too much dirty and rude

**Ramblin' on my mind** (R.Johnson)

I got ramblin', I got ramblin' on my mind  
I got ramblin', I got ramblin' all on my mind  
Hate to leave my baby, but you treats me so unkind  
I got mean things, I got mean things all on my mind  
Little girl, little girl, I got mean things all on my mind  
Hate to leave you here, babe, but you treats me so unkind  
Runnin' down to the station, catch the first mail train I see  
Runnin' down to the station, catch the old first mail train I see  
I got the blues about Miss So-and-So and the child got the blues about me  
And I'm leavin' this mornin', with my arm' fold' up and cryin'  
And I'm leavin' this mornin', with my arm' fold' up and cryin'  
Hate to leave my baby, but she treats me so unkind

