

Where are the armies that killed a country
And turned a strong man into a baby
Now (out ?) comes the rabble, they are welcome
I wait in anger and amusement

In my rehearsal for retirement

If I d have known the end would end in laughter
I d tell my daughter
It doesn t matter

Farewell my own true love, farewell my fancy
Are you still with me love, though you failed me
But one last gesture for your pleasure
I ll paint your memory on the monument
In my rehearsals for retirement