

# 10. L'amante bugiardo

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I miei giorni sereni infetti col  
Provo dalle bugie un'aria tor-

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tuo sguardo e col sospir bugiaro  
men- ta- ta da tue fro- di ha- bi- ta- ta

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l'aria tu m'av- ve- le- ni.  
e dal- le fu- rie- mi- e

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Ah, scher- za e non scher- ni- re, ah, mi- ra e non men-  
Ah, giu- ra e non men- ti- re, ah, ta- ci e non tra-

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ti-re. Mà fal-so e men-zo-gner se par-li o ta-ci i vez-di-re.

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zi hai fin-ti e tra-di-to-ri, fin-ti e tra-

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di-to-ri, tra-di-to-ri i ba-ci., e tra-di-to-ri, fin-ti e tra-

di-to-ri i ba-ci.

Translation (my best guess):

## The lying lover

My peaceful days are tainted by your glance,  
and by your lying sigh, you have poisoned my air.

Oh play and don't scorn,  
Oh gaze and don't lie.

But if you speak lies and falsehoods,  
cease your simpering  
and false and traitorous kisses.

A tormented atmosphere is what I get from the lies,  
from your habitual deceptions,  
and from my own furious rages.

Oh, swear to me and don't lie,  
oh be silent and don't betray me.

But if you speak lies and falsehoods,  
cease your simpering  
and false and traitorous kisses.