

Certainly Rocca in his stinkin' uniform
Settles matters with Chianti, sitting in La Scala
Scrawling on a piece of the wall, stresses it word by word
He sells pills to dirty imbeciles.

He sets off, lookin' for viruses
So that his easy hand makes the strings sound
He says: ''I believe, but not everyone''
He talked with an acid head, flyin' home.

Rocca counts stars or looks inside the soul
He's going to give a nipper for the old Europe
He congeals in silence, just like a rock,
When from the heights speaks to him miss Bush.

He prowls in the mountains, escapes bears
He watches France from the top of a hill
He stinks and says: ''I f... the bottle, ''
Too often he shoots at people and strikes at his skull!

Rocca repels the attacks of gloomy sad fools,
He... makes their souls so happy
He says, when it ends, for sure he'll come here
To make an exception: to shoot at you, at you!

He cannot understand, the Junta hate him,
Rocca haunts policemen with a rubber banana,
He's organisin' the flock and bringin' crates of beer
His lady's reprimandin' him, no, no, no,
Rocca got too much!!!

He's like steel, hard like a motherf...er,
But he's gonna live not long,
Wake up sucker!