

01 - Titolo: Non Siamo Solo Badge

Spoken Intro (low voice):

*No California sun today.
Just wind between the cars...
and something burning in the chest.*

Verse 1:

*I'm sitting on a folding chair,
on concrete, steel, and winter air.
No golden coast, no palm-tree light,
just a badge and a restless night.*

*I don't need a bottle in my coat,
I've got a promise in my throat.
When the city calls, I answer strong—
we keep the moving world moving on.*

Pre-Chorus:

*And when you ask me where we go,
I point ahead and I say "let's roll."
One more ride, one more mile—
we'll get there, friend... just smile.*

Chorus:

*Hemingway and Charon,
at parking lot K—
ferrying dreams and volunteers
along the Olympic way.*

*No ocean breeze, no whiskey flame,
but the fire still feels the same.
Volunteer heart on fire and free—
Milano-Cortina 2026!*

Verse 2:

*Some wave you through, some guide the lines,
some bring you coffee, kill the time.
Different faces, same heartbeat,
same cold hands, same warm street.*

*We're not headlines, we're not gold,
but we're the story getting told.
From early dark to morning light,
we carry people into night.*

Bridge (build):

*Hear the engines, hear the crowd,
hear the quiet under loud.*

*If you lose your way, take my hand—
we're building hope across this land.*

*Final Chorus (bigger, with "hey!"):
Hemingway and Charon— (hey!)
at parking lot K— (whoa!)
ferrying dreams and volunteers
along the Olympic way!*

*No ocean breeze, no whiskey flame,
but the fire still feels the same.
Volunteer heart on fire and free—
Milano-Cortina 2026!*

*Outro (chant):
Two-zero-two-six! (hey!)
Two-zero-two-six! (whoa!)*

02 - Titolo: Hemingway & Caronte

*Intro (spoken, deep emotional voice)
There is no California sun here.
Only wind between the charging stations.
But the spirit... the spirit is on fire.*

*Verse 1 (Italian)
Sono seduto su una sedia pieghevole
tra asfalto e cielo grigio.
Non c'è il sole della California,
ma c'è un fuoco che non è finto.
Ho un badge che vale un romanzo,
un turno scritto sul cuore.
Non porto whisky nella tasca,
porto spirito olimpico e onore.*

*Chorus (Italian – powerful)
Hemingway e Caronte
nel parcheggio K!
Traghetto sogni e volontari
da qui fino a là!
Non c'è mare, non c'è whiskey,
ma c'è fiamma dentro me.
Volontario fino al cuore,
Milano-Cortina 2026!*

*Verse 2 (English)
I'm sitting on a folding chair
between cold asphalt and grey sky air.*

*No California sun above,
but something burning — Olympic love.
A badge that feels like a book to write,
a shift that carries quiet light.
No bottle hidden in my coat,
just spirit rising in my throat.*

*Chorus (English – big stadium energy)
Hemingway and Charon
at parking lot K!
Ferrying dreams and volunteers
along the Olympic way!
No ocean breeze, no whiskey flame,
but something stronger just the same.
Volunteer heart on fire and free,
Milano-Cortina 2026!
Final Chorus (Mixed, explosive)
Hemingway! Caronte!
Side by side we stand!
Volontari per sempre,
hand in hand!
Milano! Cortina!
Let the brass band play!
Spirit of the Games forever —
2026, hey!*

03 - Titolo: Charon (Early Dylan Version)

Verse 1:

*I was sitting on a folding chair
where the cold wind likes to stay,
no California sunlight there,
just a stubborn kind of day.*

*I had a badge upon my chest
like a page I couldn't hide,
no bottle, just a beating heart
and a road with people inside.*

Chorus:

*Hemingway and Charon
in parking lot K,
carrying tired souls across
at the break of day.*

*No ocean, no whiskey,
no bright Hollywood scene —*

*just volunteers and winter air
and the flame in between.*

Verse 2:

*Some folks are lost, some folks are late,
some laugh to shake the fear,
and every ride's a little bridge
that pulls the Games in near.*

*They talk about the medals
and the cameras in the snow,
but I'm watching quiet courage
in the way the strangers go.*

Chorus (repeat)

Harmonica break (instrumental, 8–12 bars)

Verse 3:

*If the world is just a parking lot
and the sky is turning grey,
I'll still be here with open hands
to guide you on your way.*

*And when the lights are fading out
and the city turns to sleep,
I'll write it down in simple words—
the promises we keep.*

Final Chorus:

*Hemingway and Charon
in parking lot K,
carrying dreams and volunteers
along the Olympic way.*

04 - Title: Last Shift at Parcheggio K

*Woke up early with the dogs again
Bed half-made, but that's alright
Seneca running like the world ain't ending
Like the road still needs a ride.*

*Sono al Parco con i cani,
il letto è mezzo fatto ma va bene così,
il vento passa tra le colonnine,
e io mi sento ancora qui.*

*They said, "We're done, no more turns to take"
Too many hands, too many wheels*

*But I was standing there with the engine warm
And something real.*

*Mi hanno detto “non c’è più turno”
ma io ero pronto a partire,
Caronte senza fiume adesso
non ha smesso di sentire.*

 Big Chorus (Born To Run style)

*Hey!
The parking lot goes quiet
but the engine in my chest still runs
You can cancel all my shifts
but you can’t cancel who I’ve become.*

*Hey!
If the river runs dry tonight
I’ll find another shore
Caronte doesn’t disappear
He just drives a little more.*

*I lit a cigar in the morning wind
Grappa burning in my chest
Writing stories between white lines
Trying to give my best.*

*Ma io non sono solo un badge
non sono un numero in più
sono quello che ti accompagna
quando non sai dove vai tu.*

 Final Chorus – bigger, brighter

*Hey!
The parking lot is silent
but I hear tomorrow calling me
Yellow lights come shining on
like a small eternity.*

*Hey!
Ultimo turno o no
I’m still ready to drive*

*Caronte cambia fiume
but the man inside survives.*
