20260120 - Vitti alle Olimpiadi Milano Cortina 2026





📣 VittRos Sera 📣

the intelligent newspaper

"We are not just badges... We are People." ***The article is long, but you can jump directly to the conclusion!***



January 29, 2026: 1st shift!

Today we start! 😀 How exciting! I'll get dressed very early at home... I have to report to Assago at the Milano Fleet Depot for the first time! My shift starts at 4:30 PM. I'm going by car, because I'm a bit nervous 😦, excited 😝, thrilled 🥳 and I don't really know where to go...



Everything new, everything to learn... they say to take public transport, especially the Metro, but I'm afraid I won't find the place... then I want to understand, my shifts

start early in the morning, at 6:30 AM! And sometimes they end late, at 1:30 AM!

I wonder if there will be public transport at that time! Anyway, to make a long story short, I leave early, practically right after eating...🍽️ shortly after 2... I get a bit lost as usual... and I manage to get to Assago, I drive around near the forum, I think my place is nearby, huh? I try to enter the forum parking lots... umm that doesn't seem like the place to leave the car.



I turn back, I enter a parking lot, a guy asks me where I'm going and if I have permission to park! How should I know? huh... I show him my Volunteer badge for Milano Cortina 2026, driver role. He says it's fine: I can enter, but he doesn't give me any information on where to go. So I park near the tunnel to go to the Forum and head there.
I don't find anything, just a crowd of people, some in volunteer uniforms, quite busy, going everywhere. I feel a bit embarrassed, then I ask the people standing under a tent... it's not them!
Ugh... it seems I took the wrong direction! The Depot and the driver management are on the other side of the tunnel! I retrace my steps, get my car back, and park it randomly a bit further away in a fairly empty parking lot... with many fleet cars... and I start walking with the forum behind me...
I see other volunteers, good! I see a guy getting into a car, I ask him if he knows where the Milan Fleet Depot is, he tells me he's a Depot manager! Fantastic! Who better than him can know where my place is, my car, my role and give me all the information...

I head off following the directions, passing among the parked fleet cars. Beautiful, shiny, colorful, new! Some nice cars, which I would have really liked to drive, others utilitarian, others vans, nice ones too! 🤩

I arrive where the offices are, outside a row of about ten chemical toilets, like those on construction sites, not very nice, but okay, it's a contemporary setup... so it's good that they're there! 😎
I think it's strange that on two non-contiguous toilets there's a piece of paper indicating that one is reserved for women... is it possible that the male/female ratio is so unbalanced! Huh...

Finally I enter! Lots of people... there are barriers to queue volunteers for check-in, all in Volunteer uniform...






MILANO CORTINA 2026





Good, I found my place, this will be my base for the entire period I am a volunteer!
Three girls take my details... first day, everything needs to be registered, but no problem, not even for the double surname!
Then I go ahead, another department, here they assign me the car, I wonder what they'll give me... and will it be the same one every day? Huh... we'll see... everything to discover!

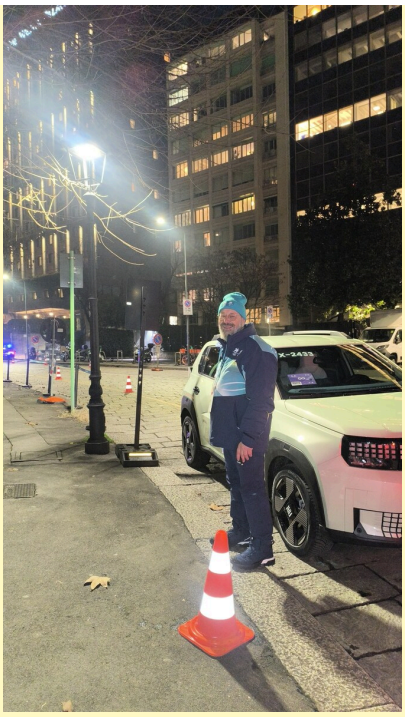
They ask for my license! But how can they assign me the role of driver and ask for my license??? 👺 Couldn't they have thought of it earlier, and registered it in my account? Aren't the IT systems synchronized? Is everything duplicated? I feel like proposing database normalization, perhaps distributed, with geographic redundancy! 🤔

I receive an email saying I can pick up lunch... in a sort of canteen under the tent... it feels like a village festival...
But it's 4 PM... I don't even feel like having lunch at that hour! How will I last until 1 AM! So I pick up the lunch bag 🥡 and hide in the relaxation area... and write some code for vittrosviaggi... I'm such a nerd!

I go to see the car... first I have to find it... I bet it'll be a Panda... ugh...
There it is... my god, what is it? It's made of Lego! No, no, but that texture instead of the grille... it really looks like it's reminiscent of Lego bricks!



And that sign on the windshield and the writing? Huh, they stick it on the car after it's been tested, fresh from the factory, and they didn't think to remove it... but I'll remove them!
Ummm, better take a picture and go ask, I saw they all have them...!
The check-in guys and the volunteers, as soon as they hear I want to remove them, they get horrified! These are the codes that authorize the car, that recognize it as an organization car, and allow it to circulate in the center of Milan! Other volunteers who had worked in previous days told me literally: "What, we spent the day putting authorization signs on the cars and you want to remove them! You want to throw away all our work!" Ummm 😉 thank goodness I waited a moment before acting for once...!
Anyway, I'm there, not knowing what to do, even a bit bored, and I get an assignment... actually the person in charge sends me a message to ask if I've seen the assignment... Goodness me! Who saw or heard anything! Huh, I look at the Olympic driver app and see I have to go to Milan in Piazza della Repubblica at the Olympic Family Hotel! Good, I'll rush there... a close friend from university lived in the square. I'm happy to go back!



I arrive, and I don't understand, the app says I've arrived, but where is this Olympic Family Hotel? I expected the hotel's canopy with the brand on top, but nothing... and there's no one to ask... some police cars under a hotel, nice, huh, moreover on the other side of Via Panfilo Castaldi from Carla's house... huh... better leave, before they tell me something!

I drive around the block, pass my high school... what memories! and return to Piazza della Repubblica... this time there's a volunteer's Ulysse... and the Olympic Family Hotel is right there! Near Carla's house! What a prank! Why not put the real hotel name? Huh... Anyway, my task is to wait... for someone to come out and want to be taken somewhere... from around 7 PM until 11:30 PM waiting in the cold, but the uniform protects... and Avanti (my cigars) keep me company, then I chatted quite a bit with an eighteen-year-old guy, what an age! who works as a contractor for the Olympics to keep the parking lot free for us... and then with the manager of that area, a Filipino, we talked about chicharon and balut (typical Filipino street food), I wonder how they are spelled!

And it's not true that I was bored, I met a lot of people, all enthusiastic... that's the beauty of it!
And this enthusiasm followed me for at least another 3 days, at home!
😀 😂 🙂 🥳 🤪 🤠 🤗 😎

February 05, 2026: 2nd shift!

Second day! Still emotions... but I already know how it works. Registration and then car assignment, wandering in the parking lot, in the dark looking for my work tool...





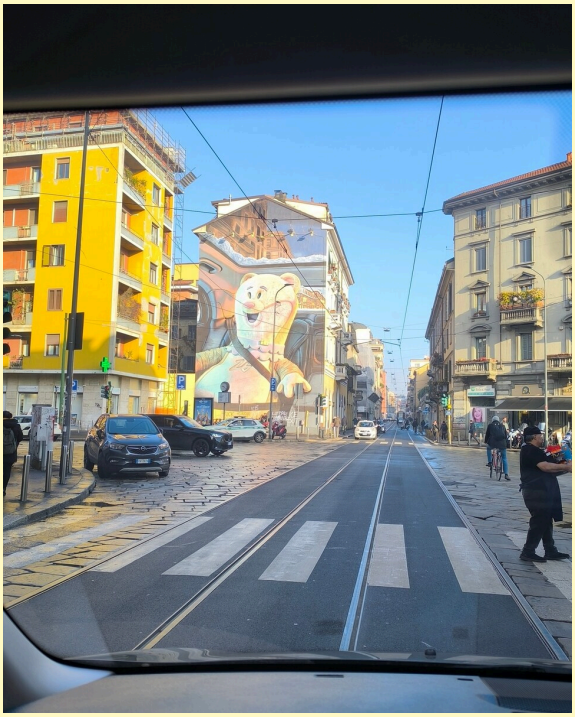
but I see that my new friends, the other drivers, don't go to the queue right away, but go to the relaxation room, besides the check-in guys aren't ready yet, so there's no point in waiting here watching them open their bags!

At 6:30 AM, more or less, we return to check-in and the room is full! Oh well... patience, we queue and chat...

When it's my turn, they give me the transparent bag with the car keys, the service phone, the credit card for fuel and then off to the lot to find the car...



Umm... I wonder if this is it! Will there be a queue to get it! Who wouldn't like it! I find my car: it's a nice Ulysse van, mouse gray color... not bad!



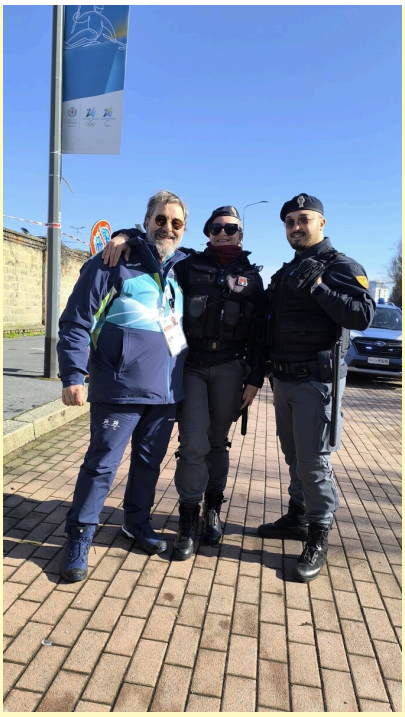
I get the assignment: OVM... huh, what is that??? anyway I leave... Milan is beautiful and prepared for this event... I've never been to the city before, even the buildings have prepared for the party!

When I'm in the area, I can't follow the road the GPS would make me take! There

are barriers and traffic flow is only in the opposite direction to what I want to do! I make a couple of turns and then manage to reach my parking spot on the other side, the OVM parking lot! and I discover that the acronym means Olympic Village Milan! What a shame, I didn't know... or maybe I didn't remember... probably they explained all the acronyms in the courses... maybe I got distracted!

There's a crowd of people, and also police, traffic police, and important people in civilian clothes, with the organization's badge...

I park temporarily in a spot I think is for me, there are TX signs, temporary no-parking signs with the municipal ordinance printed to justify the no-parking... but just in case, I get out and go to ask the police officers, they don't know, they say there's chaos because the President of the Republic is arriving today, and they advise me to ask the traffic police. When I get to them, one of the important people in civilian clothes, aggressively confronts me as soon as I start talking, tells me I can't be there, and that if I don't leave, he'll have the van towed by the traffic police, that there are municipal signs that "clearly state that parking is prohibited for the entire period of the Olympics"! But I'm from the Olympics! He must be some manager with a craving for attention, who doesn't recognize volunteer uniforms!




POLIZIA



Anyway, I walk away, discouraged, I'm even afraid of being arrested, and I start talking to others, a volunteer like me, but who is currently there as a security guard, responsible for some depot nearby, he says no, that my spot is exactly there, that he'll take me there now and make himself heard... I'm a little scared and would like to drop it, then the message from my supervisor arrives saying that my parking is correct and it's right there... so I park better and go to socialize, to participate in the party!
I get photographed with the police officers, we're friends now!







Important people arriving! Who do you think they are! And with Maseratis!



And who do you think is the Maserati driver...!

I think it's Mayor Beppe Sala! Is he driving the Maserati SUV?

Instead, this one on the right is my friend Andrew, a collector of Olympic pins



the Olympic Village Milan!

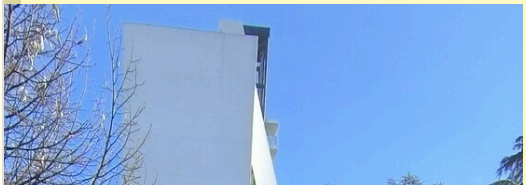


The Presidential motorcade!











ure skating coach... from Turin!





And this lady is from Canada! You can tell, right?





And Cristina, a check-in volunteer! From China!







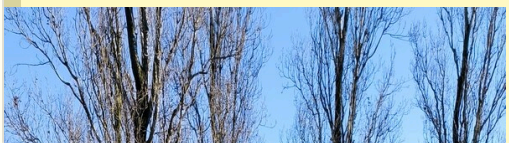
And then when I finish my shift, I get photographed with the car I would have liked to drive today! Sorry Ulysse, my beautiful mouse-gray van!









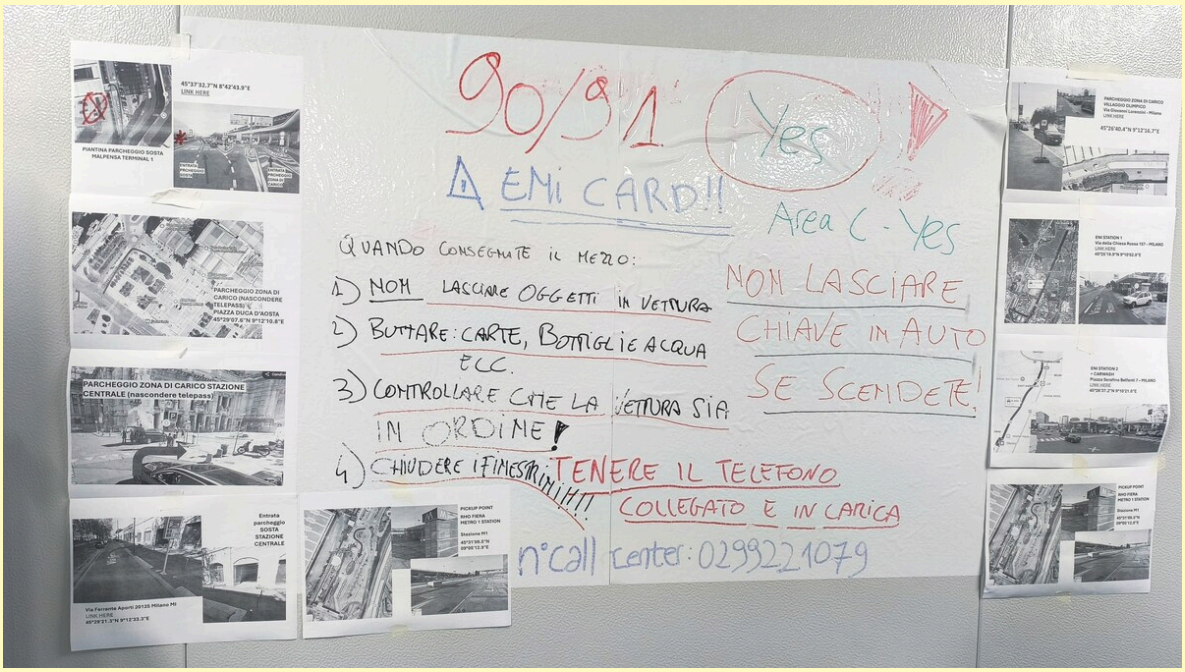






a row, waking up before dawn! Ugh, and it's raining! I leave home at 5:50 without an umbrella! I think... you never see a volunteer with an umbrella... a bit like the Alpini! they're not water-soluble! I arrive at parking lot P7, it should be the one for us, about a hundred spots reserved for volunteers on the 6:30 shift, and surprise! The guard at the barrier sends

everyone back! Even volunteers on duty... a last-minute circular prohibits P7 on February 6, 10, 16! Oh well... patience... they tell us to go to the Metro parking lot... where??? I drive around a bit and realize it's practically at the entrance to the Forum, okay I arrive and pay 2 euros, damn! and it's raining even harder and I've taken off my jacket hood! I decide to damn the non-water-solubility and grab the umbrella that's always in the car... and now? How do I get to the depot? Huh... more or less... I go up on the overpass, cross the main road, and have the clever idea of going down the lawn in parking lot P7... ahhhh! the grass is soaked, and most importantly, very slippery! Other volunteers who left their car at the Metro like me comment, laughing a bit: it's not a day for taking strange shortcuts... meanwhile, in P7 there are some cars... I remember I'm an Alpino, a Lieutenant... what's 800 meters in the water for someone who did 6 months of Alpine Military School (SMALP) in Aosta!
I arrive at the depot and try to check in, it doesn't work... but by now I know the drill and I tell



the volunteer: I know, it's a problem, it doesn't read the QR code... it's been like that on other days too... but he, the technical volunteer, the same one, knows how to fix it... pass him the ball!

By now I'm an expert, or I think I am! so I take a photo of the notice board with the messages: we can use the priority lane for bus 90/91, wow! 😄🤠 and then there are photos of the TX parking spots, where we have to wait for assignments... so I recognize them!

I go to get the car, another Panda! Ugh... will they ever give me a Maserati???? 🤣😂 My parking spot is still the Milan Family Hotel, Piazza della Repubblica... ahahahah! I know this place, it feels like home, it will be a good day, a chat with the

manager Justin and a lot of talking awaits me! But...! the parking lot is full and Justin tells me to wait for about an hour at the ATM parking lot on Via Vittor Pisani! Okay, but where is it? Huh, nearby... the GPS takes me... I enter... some happy guys to see me! They let me park and then tell me the price! I believe they were happy! When did they ever expect to earn money from volunteers...! I leave, find the right parking lot, on the 3rd underground level... oh my... I have to stay here for an hour? No way! I go outside and have breakfast, a fantastic bar, I really liked it, a foreign waitress, dark-skinned, but with straight hair, so not African, too dark to be Indian... who knows, I usually strike up a conversation, and today I didn't! Huh... and the owner (?) was nice too... he let me smoke at the outdoor tables for my hour of waiting...

I return to the parking lot and say to Justin: hi Justin, I'm going to socialize!





Federica Pellegrini! When I tell Elena! And the Ambassador of Monaco to the United Nations!
I didn't recognize Pellegrini, so I chatted friendly for a while and then asked her: But, who are you??? And she: **Federica Pellegrini!!!** 😱 but you are a legend... I read your book... if I had known, I would have brought it for you to sign...
Damn! What a faux pas! Luckily I told her I had her book...!

The torchbearers!!!




M058


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MILANO CORTINA 2026


MILANO CORTINA 20



Justin arrives and interrupts my pleasantries with the ambassador... I thought I was a diplomat too...!
Okay, I have to take two Spanish ladies to the Ice Skating Arena... at the Forum, near the depot... when I arrive, I circle around the various roundabouts three times because I can't find the right entrance, then I find it... strange, there's a hotel, but also a huge parking lot with a large lawn...
Since it's around 11:30 AM and I haven't received a new assignment yet, I decide to go to the depot to get the bag with food... At the tent, they tell me I need the email with the code for lunch; I'm prepared, it was the same yesterday, and a check-in volunteer accompanied me, so... I go back to the check-in room, they tell me: you need the email, the email will arrive, you have to come at the end of your shift... well.. my shift ends at 3:30 PM, starting at 6:30 AM; I'm entitled to an hour break for lunch, so I want my bag! Unfortunately, I get so agitated that one of them decides to accompany me and get me the bag... and unfortunately, I had already sent a slightly exaggerated message to my supervisor! What a kind person... he came out into the courtyard to smooth things over, and offered me to eat there right away in the tent... but I prefer to go to the parking lot where I was before, sitting in the car with the door open and the lawn in front! Because in the meantime, the day has transformed, there's fantastic sunshine and it's nice to be outdoors! Who wants to be under a tent???? and before leaving, I go to check-in to apologize... what a shame!

I return to Piazza della Repubblica to my friends and do a dance with my friend Sarah, from Guatemala:





I received the return assignment a while ago, but I'm still chatting, then around 2 PM I return to the depot, passing through the Olympic Torch route! What a crowd! Fantastic... and I imagine they are there for me, I feel like leaning out the window and blessing! 😇🤣 Luckily I restrain myself...



Now I'm at the depot, I've told the app I've arrived, I'm checking out and I get another assignment: return to the depot, I feel like laughing, I'm already at the depot! Oh well, I'll proceed and the check-out gives me an error... I try to execute the return assignment, because I think it's a kind of deadlock, but it seems complicated, I don't understand the route it wants me to take... damn! After the chaos with lunch, this too! And instead of going to check-in/check-out, I send a worried message to the supervisor... I think it's a joke... instead it must be just a system malfunction, a delay... but thinking badly is very fast! Then I calm down, and decide to go to the office, a guy with magical hands closes my shift, THANKS! and then I ask to apologize to the supervisor, I can't find him, oh well, I'm a wizard at making a bad impression! Then luckily I meet him at the office door and greet him warmly... I hope I've put a plaster on it, but what a blunder!

On my way to get my car at the Metro parking lot, the sun is shining! Fantastic, probably my day has also turned for the better and become beautiful... I think about nice things, sun, butterflies... I go down the lawn... it's dry now anyway. I hear a young English girl's voice behind me, a bit afraid of slipping... I turn around and help her! But in return I want a photo, I feel a bit like a scoundrel! And there are four of them! From Louisiana!
What a nice closing!


USA


USA





February 11, 2026: 4th shift

February 13, 2026: 5th shift

February 15, 2026: 6th shift, role change: DRIVER -> TRANSPORT!

Today a calm shift starts at 10:00 AM, I leave very calmly, we take the dogs for a walk and I arrive here very early at 9:30 AM! And I discover that my shift starts at 10:30 AM, I have to wait at least until 10. I stop outside for a smoke and then when I go back in I ask something that Federica told me the day before that left me a bit perplexed: it seems there's a rumor that I should switch to transport!



But what is transport??? I ask at check-in what this rumor is about.

Nobody knows anything 😳 I ask a few questions: transport is that volunteer who stays here in the car park and helps drivers find their car and get it ready, the Driver's job is nice because I like driving the car but overall it's very solitary, you wait a lot of time in the cold doing nothing!!

Huh, let's try, I ask to switch to transport! Here, we are deciding on the switch:

It doesn't seem bad to me... we work together, as a team, and finally I'll have some colleagues to talk and smile with and say silly things!

I go out for my first transport job: preparing 2 cars that have just entered the fleet (Milano Cortina 2026 car fleet) to be put on the road, basically putting the identifiers on the windshield, and to think that on my first day as a driver I wanted to remove them, it seemed like they obstructed the view! ☺️


X-1
SAS


X-1
SAS
Alfa Romeo







And anyway, what satisfaction when you help a Driver and
they acknowledge that you've done a good job!
And the lot empties quickly! We got almost all the Junior (Alfa Romeo) electric cars out.



A couple of the new colleagues... Matteo and Cristina



At lunch, finally at a table

And this is my group with the Boss in the center!





But with this change I've burnt all the shifts I had as a driver for the Paralympics! Ugh, we'll try to make them up!

February 16, 2026: Shift 7 – Parking K

Today I brought my folding chair from home and sat in the middle of the parking lot, smoking an Avanti cigar, and writing the diary for VittRos Sera!



"The wind blows between the charging stations and I wait for someone to tell me what transport really is.

In Parking K

The sky is not Californian.

It's gray, low, as if someone forgot to turn on the sun.

I'm sitting on a folding chair between an electric charging station and a red car.

I'm waiting for them to tell me what transport is...

Meanwhile, I'm writing...

If I had a flask, it would be American literature.

Instead, it's just a transport shift. Parking K."

By volunteer 2026 Hemingway!

I'm Vitti again, and I'm taking a Ulysse to the car wash, and despite Google Maps, or perhaps because of it, I find myself in a farmhouse in the countryside! Fra from the staff helps me, and I find the car wash, but I don't have the key to pay! Ugh... Another volunteer will come after me and pay double!

I return to the chair to act as Charon, ferrying volunteers to their cars, helping them with the charging cable and wishing them a good shift!

February 18, 2026: 8th shift

February 20, 2026: 9th shift – last shift

Today is the last shift!
Ugh... I hoped my volunteer adventure would last a little longer.

Even when it seemed like I was begging for a final group photo... Even when my first manager in the Transport role finished his shift without goodbyes, without photos, without a moment of closure. Perhaps for some it's just work. For me, no.



However, I like the job of Charon. Ferrying Drivers back and forth, organizing cars, bringing order to chaos. Drivers are satisfying. And I take home some nice photos with my check-in colleagues.

Today we rearranged the cars according to the map. One Driver, at the time of delivery, didn't want to move it: he found it there, and there he would leave it. Even though we explained why. Even though Ismail told him. A small, useless tug-of-war.

And as I watched him, I remembered that I too, a few days ago, when leaving the Forum during figure skating practice, had done pretty much the same thing. What a shame. Perhaps we should all do a "backstage" shift before getting angry.

Then the photos.

The "Parkers – Charon": Terry, Giovanni, Matteo, me, and Boss Ismail from Paris. How handsome we look.





A photo in the check-in room.



And finally, the final one, gathering everyone I could find.



Considerations:

It was fun and exciting: first as a Driver, then as a parking attendant.

The peak moment has perhaps passed, and in the last few days there was less to do. Sometimes I even felt like asking for a task, just to stay in the game.

Then they closed the shifts, with a phone call: "to avoid you getting bored".
At least they called me.

Elena found out by showing up in uniform: she was no longer on shift. She should have checked the website. No notification. No warning.

It's not about the lost shift.
It's about feeling a bit invisible.

In such a big event, it's perhaps inevitable to become a cell in a file.
But behind every cell there is someone who has given time, energy, enthusiasm.

A volunteer doesn't ask for money.
Doesn't ask for privileges.
Just asks to feel part of something.

When even a group photo becomes complicated, it stings a bit.

And yet...

We are not just badges.

Faithful companions

Terry, Giovanni, Matteo, Emma, Tarik, Ismail.
The "Avanti" cigar.
The flask of grappa.
Working at VittRos Sera.
Unbridled imagination.

To conclude, I wrote a song in the style of "Born to Run", for me and for everyone: the game isn't over... it just changes.

"And tomorrow we start again somewhere else, go Vitti!"

(Confession: I had the AI help me 😉)

🎹🎸 *SUNO PROMPT – "Born To Run" Version*

Style:
Heartland rock, 1970s arena rock energy, Bruce Springsteen "Born to Run" inspired. Big drums, driving piano, electric guitar with reverb, strong bassline, uplifting final chorus, subtle harmonica in intro/outro.

Mood:
Melancholic but hopeful. End of a chapter, not the end of the story. Winter light turning into sunset glow. Emotional but resilient.

Tempo:
Mid-up tempo (104–112 BPM), driving rhythm, growing intensity toward final chorus.

Vocal style:
Raspy American male voice, passionate and slightly dramatic. Italian lines pronounced with warm American accent, heartfelt but imperfect.

Atmosphere:

Empty parking lot at dusk, wind, yellow lights turning on, sense of movement forward.

🎶 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.

All that is known is that his name is Vtig!!!!!

Vtig with his personal WRX STI, and then again Vtig and his new friend!





🎶 “Song Lyrics” Section

The soundtrack to these days is collected here.
If you want, you can take it with you.

Titolo: Heartland rock "Springsteen vibe"

🎤 ***LYRICS***

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!)

STRUCTURE:
Intro (spoken) → Verse 1 → Pre-Chorus → Chorus → Verse 2 → Chorus → Bridge (build) → Final Chorus (bigger) → Outro shout.

Titolo: Hemingway & Charon 2026 "early Dylan"

🎤 ***LYRICS***

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.

STRUCTURE:

Verse 1 → Chorus → Verse 2 → Chorus → Harmonica break → Verse 3 → Final Chorus.

Titolo: Hemingway & Caronte 2026 "balcanic mood"

🎤 ***LYRICS***

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!

STRUCTURE:
Intro (spoken cinematic) → Verse 1 (Italian) → Chorus (Italian) → Verse 2 (English) → Chorus (English) → Bridge (instrumental dramatic build with accordion and brass crescendo) → Final Chorus (mixed Italian/English, explosive ending)

✍️ UbiOne Kenobi · editor · 09 Aug 2026