

Goran Bregovic **"Delicious Solitude"**

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When we have run, we have run
we have run our passion's heat.
When we have run, we have run
Love hither makes his best retreat.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants
the plants will growing.
all but rude, delicious solitude.

When we have run, we have run
The quiet fair, have found thee here.

When we have run, we have run
and Innocence, thy sister dear.
No white nor red was ever seen,
amorous as this green
was ever seen.

All but rude, delicious solitude.
All but rude, delicious solitude.
All but rude, delicious solitude.

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