

Goran Bregovic

"Me Lene Popi"

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Ena dio tria
Me lene Popi, san ti giagia mu tin kaliopi
Ach, na me legane Kiveli
Mu pigeni pio poli afto to lamda me to i
tessera pente eksi! Me lene Popi!
Ki oso ki an drepome gi'afto mia mera tha se pandrefto

Ha ha. Mi gielas. Hthes to ipa sti mama, ki aku, tis
ksefige ena ma!
pu na to po ke ston baba, aftos tha mini me to ba!

Pio tragudi na su stilo, na ne kokino san milo
ke analafro san ena filo.
Sta malia su na kathisi san puli na kelaidisi
ke glika-glika na se filisi
ena tragudi gia na to vazis tin ora pu diavazis

Efta ohto enia.
Gia sena dinome ke vgeno diavazo grafo ki arosteno
ke meno moni mu sto spiti m'ena glikuli piretuli
kapu triandaefta ke ena, mono na skeftome esena
Gia sena ginome Ellada, ke afrizo san portokalda
gia sena kano toso dromo, ke kathe nixta megalono
Athina, Patra, Lefkosia ke ksafnika Kiparisia
Thessaloniki, Giannena, me dio papuchia panina

Pio tragudi na su stilo, na ne kokino san milo
ke analafro san ena filo.
Sta malia su na kathisi san puli na kelaidisi
ke glika-glika na se filisi
ena tragudi dihos leksis, esi na tis dialeksis

Gia sena kano toso dromo ala pote den s'andamono
stus brahus, hanome sto plithos stin Kalogreza pali,
tzifos
ke perno treno, perno plio ki ena palio leoforio
pu trmbalizete ke tremi pote apo ki, pote apo do
mehri na staso, lei, stin lera Odo
Aftografo parakalo!
Ki ena fili sto metopo ki apohtisa ena trito mati
pu anigi mono tin tetarti ala kanenas den to vlepi

ftu ki ap'tin arhi
Ena dio tria!
Me lene Popi ki oso ki an drepome gi'afto
Mia mera tha se pandrefto

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

One, two, three.
My name is Popi.
Like my grandmother, Kalliopi.
Ach, if they would have named me Kyveli,
that would suit me better, with the lambda and the i.
Four, five, six! My name is Popi!
And no matter how ashamed I am, one day, one day, I
will marry you.

Haha ! Don't laugh. Yesterday, I've told my mother, and
listen, she only let out a 'ma'.
If I told my father, he would only say 'ba'!

Which song shall I send you, that's red as an apple and
light as a leaf.
On your hair, to sit on and to sing as a bird,
and to kiss you sweetly-sweetly,
a song to "wear" while you are studying.

Seven, eight, nine,
For you, I dress up and go out, I read, I write and I
become sick.
and I stay home alone with a sweet little fever.
somewhere around thirty seven and one.
Only to think of you.
For you, I become Greece and bubble like lemonade.
For you, I walk such a road and every night I grow up.
Athens, Patra, Lefkosia and suddenly Kyparissia.
Thessaloniki, Yannena, with two canvas shoes.

Which song shall I send you, red as an apple
and light as a leaf.
On your hair, to sit on and to sing as a bird,
and to kiss you sweetly-sweetly.
A song without words, for you to choose them.

For you I walk such a road, but never I meet you
on the Rocks I get lost in the crowd and again in
Kalogreza, wrong !
And I take a train, I take a boat and an old bus,
that seesaws and trembles to and for, till I arrive at, as
it says, Iera Odo.
Autograph, please !

And a kiss on the forehead and I acquired a third eye
that only opens on Wednesday but nobody can see it.

Again from the beginning.
One, two, three !
My name is Popi, and no matter how ashamed I am,
one day I will marry you !

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