

## Goran Bregovic "Me Lene Popi (My Name Is 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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