

Goran Bregovic "Pou Na 'Sai Twra, Anna (Don't Give Up Anna)"

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Kane kuragio, Anna.
Palepse ta hronia.
Anna mu, me tis aliotikes sunithies
tis aliotikes kinesis
Ihes poli kalus tropus
fenotan oti isun apo alo kosmo
Omos esi ekanes o ti boruses
gia na min to dihnis
den perifronuses ti ftohia
ala ute se goiteve idietera
ola se sena itan diaforetika
To domatio su me ta spania andikimena
sigura ixes kalitero gusto apo mena
erhosun ke m'evriskes
to krevati mu, to stithos su
Anna, mikri prostihi kiria
ke kato ap'ta parathira, bregmenos dromos
o ihos tu trenu, to surupo
ke to domatio mu Anna
kremasmeno ston aera
san portokali.
kane kuragio, Anna.

Pu na 'se tora?
Pios kseri pos pernas...
pu na 'se tora? Ach, pos andehis?
Horis na ehis afto pu agapas
ke dihos n'agapas afto pu ehis...

Kseris Anna, emis i dio
itan grafto na sinandithume
Ti na kserun? Pos borun na kserun i ali?
Sinomiliki, mikri eromeni mu
Thimase? ekatomiria stigmes,
stigmes pu oso pane ke ligostevun
echi opos kapii tis leilatun
brosta sta matia mas, kathe mera

Adika palevo na tis kratiso, adika.
kilane vuva ke fefgun
pros ti megali thalasa.
Perasan tosa hronia

den forao pia to fititiko mu bufan
ke discolevame na sinithiso
afto to kalorameno kustumi
Den perifrano to hrima
ala ute me goiteve idietera
Mozart, Rekviem, Agnus Dei, Yesterday

Apopse tha'rtho sto proto su oniro
Mi gerasis Anna, mi gerasis
Pes psemata ston andra su
skise tin prosklisi, akirose to dipno
Akubise me, opos tote, me to gonato su
kato apo to trapezi
Apopse, Anna.
Sto kalitero ksenodohio
Apopse.
Sto proto su oniro.
Kane kuragio Anna.

Pu na 'se tora?
Pios kseri pos pernas...
pu na 'se tora? Ach, pos andehis?
Horis na ehis afto pu agapas
ke dihos n'agapas afto pu ehis...

Mi gerasis Anna, mi gerasis
Giati den tha'ho pia kanenan
ke tipota na me kratisi neo
Monos mu epimeno akoma edo
Parolo pu arhise pali na vrehi
Echi opos vrehi panta sta nisia
Oktovri mina.
Thimase?
Thalassa apo molivi ke uranos apo pefka
apomakres, anakates fones
I foni tis miteras, tu filu, tis koris
tu adelfu, tis eromenis
tis sirinas tu pliu
Ruha lefka, viastika mazemena
ligo prin ti vrohi
enas sindomos peripatos
akoma...eki. Dipla sti thalassa.
Ki istera... telos, telos.
Kane kuragio Anna.

Pu na 'se tora?
Pios kseri pos pernas...
pu na 'se tora? Ach, pos andehis?
Horis na ehis afto pu agapas
ke dihos n'agapas afto pu ehis...

Kane kuragio, Anna...

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Kane kouragio Anna,
fight with time
My Anna, with the different habits
the different moves
You had very good manners

It was obvious that you were coming from another
world
But you were doing everything you could
in order not to show it
You didn't condemn poorness
but it didn't attract you as well
Everything in you was different
Your room with the rare objects
the letters, the gifts
You bet that you had a better taste than mine!
You were coming to find me
My bed, your breast...
Anna, little dirty lady
And outside (down) the windows, a wet road
the sound of the train, the nightfall
And my room, Anna
hanged in the air
like an orange
Kane kouragio Anna

Who knows where you are now
who knows how you are doing
Who knows where you are now. How you can do
without having what you love
and without loving what you have...

You know Anna, for the two of us,
it was written (in the destiny) to meet
What could others know? How could they know?
My coetaneous, little lover
Do you remember? Millions of moments
moments that become fewer and fewer
as some foray them
in front of our eyes, every day
Hopelessly (!) I fight to keep them, hopelessly (! again)
they trickle slow and they go
towards the big sea
So many years have passed
I don't wear my student jacket anymore
and I can hardly get used
to this well needed costume

I don't condemn money
but it doesn't attract me so much
Agnus Dei, Yesterday

Tonight I will visit your first dream
Don't get old Anna, don't get old
Lie to your husband
Rip the invitation, cancel the dinner
Touch me, like that time, with your knee
under the table
Tonight, Anna
In the best hotel
Tonight
In your first dream
Kane kouragio Anna

Who knows where you are now
who knows how you are doing
Who knows where you are now. How you can do
without having what you love
and without loving what you have...

Don't get old Anna, don't get old
because I won't have anybody and anything
to keep me young
I am alone, still insisting here
although it has again started to rain
as it always rains in the islands
during October
Remember?
A sea made of lead and a sky of pines
Remote, mixed voices
The voice of the mother, of the friend, of the daughter,
of the brother, of the lover
of the siren of the ship
White clothes, removed quickly
just before the rain
The light was lost with them
A short walk
still...there. Next to the sea
And then...the end, the end
Kane kouragio Anna

Who knows where you are now
who knows how you are doing
Who knows where you are now. How you can do
without having what you love
and without loving what you have...

Kane kouragio Anna...

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