

## Goran Bregovic

### "Pou Na 'Sai Twra, 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'evrises  
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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