

## Jeff Buckley "Yeh Jo Halka Halka"

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at a glance from the cup-bearer  
i gulped the whole cup of wine in one  
draught and thus got intoxicated.

o'divine mercy pardon my slip from  
grace as my eagerness for wine  
drinking pushed me in committing  
this error.

i could i dare to drink without  
permission! it was only a wink from  
my sweetheart which prompted me to  
do so.

o'holy man don't scoff at my apparent  
irreligiosity, i am the one with  
his knack of chit-chat coaxed the  
divinity in granting me permission to  
drink.

dark clouds are hovering near and  
bring along the musicians'  
captivating notes.

who has spread her hair in the rainy  
season because the breeze is pregnant  
with sweet fragrance?

larks dance in the open tunes  
played by the clouds as they are  
bringing along their own playing  
instruments.

the eyes of my sweetheart are so  
bewitchingly red that even the best wine of the tavern  
pales in  
comparison.

being coquettish my sweetheart  
sometimes comes very near to me and  
at other time goes far away. but all the  
time she is close to my heart.

since the day my eyes met her lovely  
ones i am in perpetual state of slight  
intoxication.

her residence in my heart is  
comparable to a ray of light  
penetrating the pitch of darkness.  
this state of slight intoxication.

your love and your bewitching  
eyes have induced me to become  
a drunkard.

the whole universe is in a state  
of drunkenness; the day, the night,  
the dawn, the dusk, everything  
is perpetually intoxicated.  
even the wine cup and wine  
bottle are drunk. And this is all a  
result of your bashful eyes.

o'lovely cup-bearer although your  
repository contains all sorts of wines,  
but i am only fond of the wine that  
drips from your drowsy eyes.

this state of slight intoxication.

i don't know how to say prayers nor  
do i know the rites of ablution. i just  
prostrate myself before you whenever  
i see you, because your worship and  
your love is my life.

right from creation i am the slave  
of love, and i don't care for belief  
or disbelief.

my sweetheart, since i have found  
you and have become the worshipper  
at the alter of your love i don't require  
a mosque to prostrate myself and say  
my prayers.

this slight state of intoxication.

even on the day of judgement when i  
am resurrected the scars of your love  
will be manifest on my body and your  
picture clinging to my heart.

my extreme love of you has so  
elevated me spiritually that who ever i  
bow my head it appears as if holy  
kaaba is in front of me.

it does not behoove you to jeer and  
mock your disappointed lover.

for god sake o'lovely one turn  
away your alluring eyes otherwise i  
will totally lose control of my heart.

i pray to god that like me you also fall  
in love with someone and then  
having been rebuffed in dejection you  
also roam about and lament the loss of your heart.

to fall in love was a joke for me, but it  
has turned into a serious affair and  
now i am getting the punishment.

while i am awaiting the loss of  
my heart why are you laughing  
and making merry? What have  
you gained out of it?

raise your hands in prayer for me and  
be thankful of my friendship because it  
is i who has sharpened your charms  
thus turning you lovely being into a  
killer.

o'darling of my heart bestow a glance  
of your lovely eyes at me, i am the  
same halfdead anwar who as mentor  
and guide taught you to display  
captivating manners and charm  
the people with your conversation.

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