

Sarit Hadad**"Come On, Go Home Moti"**

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Go out and dry in the sun
I don't want you here in the borigness
All that was between me and you last night
Turned around to be awful suddenly
I thought it will be the Garden of Eden
You thought you caught a wave
And it is needed to tie you with a rope
Other wise you will not be faithful at all

We had a short love
But you turn out to be trouble

[Refrain:]

Come on, go home Moti. Bye Bye and thanks.
And don't call me I will not answer
If you call me from down stairs I will call the police
So get your self a life you have no other choice

I will send your belongings in the mail
To the girl friend you will find next week
You have made a degree in making me upset
Like a bludger that doesn't have a job
I gave you my heart like in a surgery
And you rejected the transplant
And if both of us will talk openly
You have no right to say a word

We had a short love
But you turn out to be trouble

...

We had a short love
But you turn out to be trouble

[Refrain:]

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And don't call me I will not answer
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So get your self a life you have no other choice
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