

# Sarit Hadad

## "Come On, Go Home Moti (Yalla Lech Habaita 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:]

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  
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

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