

Idan Raichel

"Chalomot Shel Acherim [Other People's Dreams]"

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Shanim kulam borchim,
shanim kulam chozrim,
Rodfim achrei hashemesh,
Shvuim betoch ma'agalim,
kulam mesubachim,
Az mah at od cholemet,
Shanim hem mastirim,
shanim kulam yodim,
Even mitapechet,
Baleilot uvayamim kulam kvar medabrim,
Lama at od nisheret...

Adif larutz laeish,
lidrosh lo livakesh,
Mimah at mifachedet?
Ein ma lachsov shehu omer,
ein zman yafeh yoter,
Hevi et hayom...

Shanim hem shoalim,
shanim lo makshivim,
Somrim hakol babeten,
Ze mitztaver v'ze gover
v'ze basof gomer,
Al mah at medaberet,

Adif larutz laeish...

Yotzei sheat tamid shoteket
Aval bifnim ze bo'er v'nisraf hakol,
Kol hamilim she ne'almo
Timtze'i otan bachalomot shel acherim...

Shanim hem niftachim v'nisarim sgurim,
neachazim baruach,
Kol ason rodef acher,
ze ba ze medaber,
Chozrim l'petza hapatuach...

Adif larutz laeish...

Yotzei sheat tamid shoteket...

Shanim kulam borchim,
shanim kulam chozrim,
Rodfim achrei hashemesh.

OTHER PEOPLE'S DREAMS

For years everyone flees,
for years everyone returns,
Chasing after the sun,
Prisoners inside cycles,
everyone is involved,
So what are you still dreaming of,
For years they all hide it,
for years they all know,
A stone is turned over,
In the nights and the days everyone is already talking,
Why do you still remain...

Better to run to the fire,
to demand rather than to beg,
From what are you scared?
There's nothing to think about that he says,
there's no time more beautiful,
Bring the day...

For years they ask,
for years they don't listen,
Keeping everything in the stomach,
It piles up and it gets stronger
and in the end it finishes,
What are you talking about,

Better to run to the fire...

On the outside you are always quiet,
But inside it burns and consumes everything,
All the words that disappear
You will find them in the dreams of others...

For years they are opened yet remain closed up,
held by the wind,
Every tragedy chases differently,
it comes it speaks,
They return to the open wound...

Better to run to the fire...

On the outside you are always quiet...

For years everyone flees,

for years everyone returns,
Chasing after the sun.

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