

Hassan Al Asmar

"Kitab Hayati Ya Ain"

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Ùfðªð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ðª ðùšð§ðªù%. ðšð§ð¹ùšù† ù...ð§ ð¹ù ðª ð²ùšù¹
 ùfðªð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ð§ðª

the book of my life(he means story) there is no book such as mine
 el farhi fih satrin wel ba9i kollou azab

ð£ù¹ð±ð§ù,ù¹ ù†ù... ù¹ð£ð³ù%. ù¹ð§ù,,ðð¹ð± ù...ù† ð¹ù...ð¹ù%.
 its papers are grief and tragedy and its ink is made of my tears
 el hebri men dam3i

ð§ù,,ðð¹ð± ù...ù† ð¹ù...ð¹ù%.
 its ink is made of my tears

ùfðªð§ðª ðð²ùšù† ùfù,,ù¹ ù...ð£ð§ð³ù%.
 a sad book full of tragedies

ððð§ù†ù%. ù ù%. ð²ù...ð§ù† ðºð¹ð§ð± ð£ð§ð³ù%.
 he betrayed in the past ,he's betrayer and cruel
 el farh satir ghalat maktoob

ù,,ù...ð§ ð§ù,,ð²ù...ð§ù† ùfð§ù† ùšù¹ù... ù†ð§ð³ù%. ùfð§ù† ùšù¹ù... ù†ð§ð³ù%.
 when the past were forgetting ,were forgetting one day
 kitab ezzaman gowwah hammi

ù...ù† ðºùšð± ù...ð§ ùšð±ðù... ù¹ùšð³ù...ù%.
 without having pity on me

hay3eesh hazin we ysebha hazin
 ù¹ù†ð§ù† ð¹ù,,ùšðð ð¹ù...ð¹ù%. ù¹ð¹ù...ù%. ð¹ù...ð¹ù%. ù¹ð¹ù...ù%.
 and he took my tears and blood for granted

ð§ù,,ðμù ððð ð¹ð§ð¹ðª ðμù ððªù†ð§
 the page of the Æçge melted
 men eddemoo3 lama 9aritha
 ð£ð³ðªðððμð±ðªù†ð§ ð§ù,,ð¹ù†ùšð§ ð²ù...ð§ù†
 i underestimated the world before

we men zaman menni khadtaha menni khadtaha
 ùfð¹ù ð§ù,,ðùfùšù... ð£ðμð¹ð¹ð§ð¹ðð
 the check of the doctor became a habit
 we men 3iayda li 3iyada

Ù`Ù`fÙ,, Ù`Ø§ØØ` Ø£Ø±Ù`ØÙ,,Ù` Ù`ŠÙ,Ù`Ù,,
 every one that i went to says
 ata3t albi biziyada ah beziyeda
 Ø`Ø`Ù,, Ø§Ù,,Ø`Ø`Ù`ŠØ` Ø±Ù`ØØª Ù,,Ù...Ù`ŠØ©
 instead of going to the doctor i went to "miyya"*(an ignorant women treats with herbs)
 we khadt kolle el adwiya
 Ù`Ø§Ù,,Ù`fÙ,, Ø£Ø§Ù,,Ù` Ø¹Ù,,Ù% Ø-Ø±ØÙ%
 every one said about my hurts
 makhatehoosh fel kolliya ya 3inaya
 Ù`ŠØ§Ø`Ù†Ù`ŠØ§ Ù`±Ø§ØªÙ% Ù`fØªÙ`ŠØ± Ù`±Ø§ØªÙ%
 oh my world give me a lot
 mayhemmish 9eblet hyati
 Ù...Ù†Ø§ Ø£ØµÙ,,Ù% Ù`Ø§Ø©Ø` Ø¹Ù,,Ù% Ø£Ù,,Ø£ØØ²Ø§Ù†
 i got used to the sadness from the begining
 we dam3 fi 3yooni lilati ya hayati
 Ù`ŠÙ`ŠØ-Ù% Ø§Ù,,Ø`Ø`Ù`ŠØ` Ø¹Ù†Ø`Ù% Ø£ØÙ`fÙ`ŠÙ,,Ù`
 the doctor comes to me so i tell him the story
 y9ool salamtak ad3iloo
 Ù`Ù,,Ù...Ø§ Ø£Ù,,Ù`Ù,,Ø© Ù`fÙ`ŠÙ Ø§Ù,,ØØ§Ù,,
 and when i ask him what's wrong with him
 yekhabi demoo3oo fi mandiloo aah bad3iloo
 Ø¹Ø°Ø§Ø` Ù`Ù±Ù... Ù`ØªÙ`ØªØ© ØªÙ`ØªØ©
 suffering and grieves and little by little
 wadi nihayet el hadoota
 Ø`Ø`Ù...Ù`Ø¹ Ø¹Ù†Ù`ŠØ§ Ù`Ø£ØØ²Ø§Ù†Ù%
 with the tears of my eyes and my sadnesses
 eddonya radhiya we mabsoota aah mabsoota

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