

Shahin Najafi

"Sarina"

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You rest in your own bed, You eat and sleep, timely
You go to school, Having a high chance to live,
You can't deny it, honey! Just take it easy!
A father is always there to support you
A tender mother whose heart just beats because of you
Someday, you'll grow up
And you'll find how the life breaks you down, take it easy, honey!
Be grateful for what you own, You're a painter, and life is your color and brush
So, it'll turn into what you wish
Don't let that ominous owl to whisper on the roof
Try not to cry, Your pretty face, not to turn red of shy
To experience is your right, honey!
But there are some one-way roads in life
Be careful of your relations
Be afraid of those man-like wolves
Only a bare soul, Deserves your naked body
Take care of the virginity of your soul, honey!
It's not like the hymen, to be sewed
Know and read, not to be deceived
Hold your head high, not to be obedient
The veil can't confine you, You determine the limitations
Life is a prison whose turnkey is you!
Is it possible to chain up a mountain?!
See your uncle, Sarina!
His flower is now only a thorn, My life-story is just a tragedy, Sarina!
Oh Sarina, Sarina, Sarina!
Don't frown at that flower-seller girl, With a flower in hand, asking you to pay for
Don't turn your back on her, thinking she differs
Surely, there is a difference, honey!
She's a poor girl, from downtown
Her life is full of poverty, fear and darkness
Her father is addicted, honey!
You can see on her cheek, The sign of her father's cold slap
She's only 9, with no chance to study
She feels the bitter taste of labor
The flower drooping in one's hand, The flower you pay for, unwillingly,
It's not just a flower but a piece of bread
For her, maybe, not to be punished at home
Don't ask who to blame for?!
Someday, you'll see, It's a long story, honey!
Don't ask!
The earth is full of those working hard, and those wealthy ones, full of obsession
have built their own palaces by the hands of workers
And so many sacrificed their life to this end
You can't tell this story to the others
They'll laugh at you, The badness is their habit
You, paint your own painting
Let them to live for their own, just be yourself
See your uncle, Sarina!
His flower is now only a thorn, My life-story is just a tragedy, Sarina!
Sarina, Sarina, Sarina!

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