

Dolby Thomas

"Budapest By Blimp"

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On the corners of boulevards I call your name

Now and again they play our tune

In the grip of a tiny hand over a flame

Pale as the phases of the moon ...

In the cafes and shopping malls I see your face

turn into mist on evening dew

but a book and a photograph just aren't the same

there is a train that's leaving soon

..Budapest by Blimp

Over pillars and palaces I'll hold your hand

Until the fog is lifted

May be better you hold me close than understand

How far away I've drifted

In the face of a tragedy too bleak to know

The death of some grand illusion

All the treasure we pilloried, splendour we stole ...

They never told you that in school

KONNYEBB VOLNA TAN FELEDNI

MINT TAVOZASOM ERTENI

MULTBOL EGY KISZAK ITTOTT LAP

EKODBOL INDUL EGY VONAT

..Budapest by Blimp

..Que je voudrais vous presenter, messieurs et dames

Regardez bien, je vous en prie

Here's a map and a diagram, a shrivelled page

Ripped from the book of history

See the priceless antiquity frozen in time

Built on the ashes of the Jews

And for your curiosity, beauty sublime

Signed in the blood of Zulus

Not really a goosestep, more of a limp

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