

**Fairuz****"A Hadir Il-Bosta"**

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By the roar of the bus we traveled  
from the village of Himlaya to the village of Tannurin  
and I remembered you, Alia  
and remembered your eyes  
and God forgive you, Alia  
what beautiful eyes you have.

On our way to the mountains from the heat we almost  
died  
some ate lettuce others munched on figs  
one had his wife with him, and God  
how ugly his wife was  
lucky are the passengers on their way  
to Tannurin  
they take everything in stride  
but they don't know, Alia  
what beautiful eyes you have.

Way up we went and we hadn't even  
paid our fare  
sometimes we calmed down the rattling door  
sometimes we calmed the passengers  
the guy found out his wife was getting dizzy  
I wouldn't put it past him  
to let her go up alone  
and if you could only see your eyes, Alia  
how beautiful they are, your eyes  
Driver if you'd just close that window  
the air, O driver  
the air will make us catch cold  
the air O driver.

Thanks to razvan

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