

Dala Dala

NOA

I have to breath
I have to stop and breathe
other wise I'll buckle at the knees.
otherwise I'll freeze.

I have to count to ten,
Wachad, Tnen,
then once again
oh god, there isn't time
Achat, U-Shtayim
three, four,
my heart, the door.
Sahar Sheh Ala
the rising moon

Dala Dala Ya Rashal
slowly, slowly my love
La Yismaouk Ali
so they don't hear you!
Wiyetaleuk Al Chebus
for if they do they'll throw you in jail
Wiyesamsemu Chali
and my throat will be slit!

I have to run
I know I have to run
I can hear the beating of the drum
but my legs are numb

I have to count to ten...

love and death
the sweetness of your breath
the perfume of your skin
death and love
the water and the flames
the echo of our names
the promise in your eyes for which I yearn

Dala Dala...