

# Après Moi

Regina Spektor

I must go on standing  
You can't break that which isn't yours  
I, oh, must go on standing  
I'm not my own, it's not my choice

Be afraid of the lame  
They'll inherit your legs  
Be afraid of the old  
They'll inherit your souls  
Be afraid of the cold  
They'll inherit your blood  
Après moi, le déluge  
After me comes the flood

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Февраль. Достать чернил и плакать!  
Писать о феврале навзрыд,  
Пока грохочущая слякоть  
Весною черною горит.

Fevral dostat chernil i plakat,  
Pisat o Fevrale navzryd,  
Poka grohochushaya slyakot  
Vesnoyu chornoju gorit.

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I must go on standing

You can't break that which isn't yours  
I must go on standing  
I'm not my own, it's not my choice

I must go on stan-stan-ding-dong  
You can't, can't break that, that  
Which isn't, isn't yours, yours

I must go on stan-stan-ding-dong  
I'm not, not my own, own  
It's not, not my choice.