



Gvanim

Et shirenu katavnu
al petek kachol
Ach ish lo sha'al leshem ma
Ve'et shar hashirim
shematzanu bachol
Rashamnu bidyo aduma
Uven kol hashirim shechipasnu lashav
Gilinu echad belavan
Ve'oto sheme'az
ne'elam velo shav
Ahavnu be'elef gavan

Le'itim kesheba shuv
hachoref lalev
Ovrin al panenu shirim
Yerukim yerukim kmo sade melavlev
Baboker la'or hem chozrim
Le'olam lo neda et tziv'am ahshone
Shel kol hashirim ba'olam
Ki hae'eve sheba ve'elenu pone
Tzove'a shachor et kulam

We wrote our songs on a blue paper
And no one asked why
And the rest of the songs
that we found in the sand
We wrote with red ink
Among all the songs we've
looked for in vain
We found one in white
And the one that disappeared
and never came back
We've loved in a thousand shades

Sometimes when winter comes
back into the heart
Songs pass in front of us
Green like a blooming field
In the morning they return to the light
We will never know the different
colours
Of all the songs in the world
Because the evening that comes to us
Paints them all in black

ISRAEL