


Omorfi kai paraxeni patrida

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O - mo-rfi___ kai pa - ra-xe-ni pa - tri - da 0 -

5 Fine



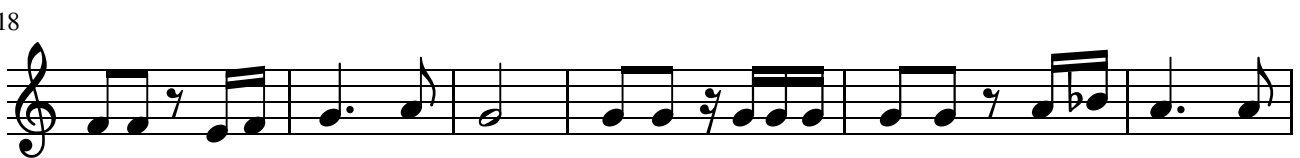
san af-ti pou mou 'la-che den ei - da. O_____

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Ri-chnei na pia-sei psa-ria pia-nei fte - ro - ta, sti-nei stin gi ka-

18



ra-vi kipo sta ne - ra, klai-ei fi-lei to cho-ma xe-ni - te - ve-

24 D.C.



tai, me - nei stous pe-nte dro-mous an-trei - ev - e - tai.

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osan afti poy moy 'lache den eida.

Richnei na piasei psaria planei fterota
stinei stin gi karavi kipo sta nera
klaiei filei to choma xeniteuetai
menei stous pente dromous antreievetai.

Omorfi kai paraxeni patrida
osan afti pou mou 'lache den eida.

Kanei na parei petra tin eparata
kanei na ti skalisei vgainei thamata
mpainei s' ena varkaki planei okeanous
xesikomous gyrevei thelei tyrranous.

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osan afti pou mou 'lache den eida

Beautiful and strange country

I've never seen another country
so beautiful and strange as the one fate gave to me.

She throws the net to catch fish and she catches birds
she builds a ship to the earth, a garden into the water
she cries, kisses the ground, migrates
she ends up alone and reaches manhood.

I've never seen another country
so beautiful and strange as the one fate gave to me.

She grabs a stone, she throws it away
she chisels it and makes miracles
she gets into a small boat and reaches oceans
demands a revolution and wants tyrants.

I've never seen another country
so beautiful and strange as the one fate gave to me