

## 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...