

Breviary of Love (Breviář lásky)

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Gypsy music sets me on fire,
sets me yearning.
My heart feels like mad and my feet start burning.
When violins are wildly, I feel romantic
and I dance a while because the rhythm makes me frantic.
And I dance a while

One day a handsome violinist got me on high.
Promised me he'll get me the moon from the sky.
He said you know I'm just the person you need
and the breviary of love I gladly teach you to read.
And the breviary of love I

Since that night a lot of waters

flown beneath the bridges
washed the way old memories and left its marks and ridges.
I know how to cast my name now catch a good breathe
And love's breviary I know how to read.

Gypsy music thrills me still and sets me iron in.
My heart feels like mad and my feet start burning
If that violinist's back to come back to me,
Once again the breviary of love to get ready read.

Na na naaaa...

Since that night a lot of waters...