

# Olaria Olara

## Daniel Kahn & The Painted Bird

Olaria, Olara!

Snow is falling, la de da! Snow is falling on the ground and I am dreaming, and my mind flutters far away from home! Snow is falling on our roof and on our ceiling, and our dying little dog is letting go.

Olaria, Olara!

In your arms, awoo la la! Little Oliver the orphan boy is smiling, and then little Adolf Hitler pets his hair. On his finger he has put a pretty diamond, and they fly away embracing in the air.

Olaria, Olara!

Beat the black drum, ra ta ta! Oh, the children love the pretty little horses, and the little soldiers with their wooded guns. Little vampires in my little verses(?) on the roof are staying up to see the sun!

Olaria, Olara!

Violins and tra la la! And weâ€™ll all get together at the banquet, I hope all my compañeros make the trip! And weâ€™ll all share a bottle and a blanket, and weâ€™ll drink the last bitter sip!

Olaria, Olara!

Round and round we cha cha cha! The Marquis de Sade is dancing with a hippie, and the burglar(?) and victim are in love, and the minister gets married to a gypsy, and the virgin loves Beelzebub. Everythingâ€™s far away and getting better, and the snow is falling from above, everyone is going round and round together and my girl is full of happiness and love.

Olaria, Olara!

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