

Yugoslavia

[t.A.T.u.](#)

Nad vechernim Dunaem raznositsya
Belyi tsvet, belyi tsvet, belyi tsvet.
I na pamyat' melodiya prositsya,
Proshlyh let, Proshlyh let, Proshlyh let...
No rasstayali ptich'imi stayami,
Nashei pesni prostye slova.
Ty uhodish' v ogon' Yugoslaviya!
Bez menya! Bez menya! Bez menya! Za noch' pod svintsovim gradom,
Za to chto menya net ryadom,
Ty prosti sestra moya -
Yugoslaviya!
Za smert' pod dozhdem vesennim,
Za to chto ne stal spaseniem!
Ty prosti sestra moya -
Yugoslaviya! Chernoglazoi devchonkoi rasteryannoi,
Ty stoish' na drugom beregu.
No dobrat'sya do etogo berega
Nemogu, nemogu, nemogu.
Nad vechernim Dunaem raznositsya
Belyi tsvet, belyi tsvet, belyi tsvet.
I na pamyat' melodiya prositsya,
Proshlyh let, Proshlyh let, Proshlyh let... Za noch' pod svintsovim gradom,
Za to chto menya net ryadom,
Ty prosti sestra moya -
Yugoslaviya!
Za smert' pod dozhdem vesennim,
Za to chto ne stal spaseniem!
Ty prosti sestra moya -
Yugoslaviya!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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