

Yallah

Sahraoui

Rendest rachib, rhud rhip zelp
Borachs un fun dehl noach, shochen zoap Oh oh, oh yeah
Ah ah, oh yeah And your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
To the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explode It is written in the dust
It is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word begins Ah ah, oh yeah
Oh oh, oh yeah In the kingdom of gold
And the stolen chance
You can join the celebration
See the children dance And the bells will ring
And the crowds will roar
And the sand in the glass
Can pour no more Yallah, yallah, yallah, yallah
Yallah, yallah, yallah, yallah Oh oh, oh yeah
Oh oh, oh yeah The rivers will freeze
And the hosts descend
Through the fires and the storms
To the bitter end And the treasures and the gifts
And the words and truths
Will be cast to the heavens
With Oomrah fruit Ah ah, oh yeah
Oh oh, oh yeah And your city will fall
And your corn won't grow
To the silence from the temple
Hear the truth explode It is written in the dust
It is whispered in the wind
From the wisdom of the fathers
Where the word begins

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