

# Before Departure

## Ekayim

Farewell, my friends  
Farewell, my dear ones  
If I was rude  
Forgive my weakness  
Goodbye, my friends  
Goodbye to evening parties  
Remember me  
In the spring  
To work for your bread  
Soon you must leave  
Remember your families  
And work for your children  
I don't need much  
And the older I become  
I realize  
My friendships  
Will carry me over  
In a course of distance  
In a cause of sorrow  
Friends that last  
Will dance one more time  
With me  
I don't need much  
But this I need

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