## Jaromir Nohavica, Petersburg (ENG)

When the night falls over Saint Petersburg Im overcomed by woe That old stray dog never took the bread crust I gave him long ago Tonight my true love and prince Igor shall be wed A glass of vodka, a pistol to my forehead That old black raven lurks on Saint Petersburg The Devil cursed my soul The birds are blinded by the gleam of twilight That burns a color red My soul surrendered to the luring vastness Of the open steppe Nothing compares to my lone and painful sorrow You will be blamed when you see me dead tomorrow You will be blamed when, Nadezhda, they will find a bullet in my head