

Jaromir Nohavica, Petersburg (ENG)

When the night falls over Saint Petersburg I'm overcome 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