## Michał Milowicz, My Friend the Wind (Michał Milo

My friend the wind will come from the hills When dawn will rise, he'll wake me again My friend the wind will tell me a secret He shares with me, he shares with me

My friend the wind will come from the north With words of love, she whispered for me My friend the wind will say she loves me And me alone, and me alone

I'll hear her voice and the words
That he brings from Helenimou
Sweet as a kiss are the songs of Aghapimou
Soft as the dew is the touch of Manoulamou
Oh oh oh

We'll share a dream where I'm never away from Helenimou Blue are the days like the eyes of Aghapimou Far from the world will I live with Manoulamou Oh oh

My friend the wind go back to the hills And tell my love a day will soon come Oh friendly wind you tell her a secret You know so well, oh you know so well

I'll hear her voice and the words
That he brings from Helenimou
Sweet as a kiss are the songs of Aghapimou
Soft as the dew is the touch of Manoulamou
Oh oh oh

La la la .... Helenimou La la la .... Aghapimou La la la .... Manoulamou