

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 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