

# Chad Mitchell Trio, Moscow Nights

Nje slyshn fsad dzhe sharakhj  
Fsjo zdjesj zamjirl&ocute; da utr  
Jsljip znli vy kak mnje daragj  
Padmask&ocute;vnyje vjechir  
Jsljip znli vy kak mnje daragj  
Padmask&ocute;vnyje vjichir

Stosh ty mlaja sm&ocute;trjish iskas  
Njska g&ocute;lavu naklanj  
Trdna vskazatj i nje vskazatj  
Fsjo shta na sjrttse u minj  
Trdna vskazatj i nje vskazatj  
Fsjo shta na sjrttse u minj

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"Not even a rustle can be heard in the garden  
Everything has grown quiet till morning  
If only you knew how dear to me  
Are these evenings around Moscow  
If only you knew how dear to me  
Are these evenings around Moscow

Why, darling, are you looking at me askew  
Leaning your head low  
It's hard to express, but not express  
Everything that's on my mind  
It's hard to express, but not express  
Everything that's on my mind"