

Fairuz, A Hadir Il-bosta

By the roar of the bus we traveled
From the village of himlaya to the village of tannurin
And i remembered you, alia
And remembered your eyes
And god forgive you, alia
What beautiful eyes you have.

On our way to the mountains from the heat we almost died
Some ate lettuce others munched on figs
One had his wife with him, and god
How ugly his wife was
Lucky are the passengers on their way
To tannurin
They take everything in stride
But they don't know, alia
What beautiful eyes you have.

Way up we went and we hadn't even
Paid our fare
Sometimes we calmed down the rattling door
Sometimes we calmed the passengers
The guy found out his wife was getting dizzy
I wouldn't put it past him
To let her go up alone
And if you could only see your eyes, alia
How beautiful they are, your eyes
Driver if you'd just close that window
The air, o driver
The air will make us catch cold
The air o driver.