

Hildegard Knef, Christina, Dt.

Christina
Is there something wrong with you today?

Christina
Why have you turned your face away?

Just your smile, just your eyes are enough to show the gift you've made to me, for that in your face

Christina
Was the sandman in your dream last night?

Christina
Did the evening come before the light?

Did I cry as I sang to you softly and you slowly closed your eyes? Let it be that the problems I had

Christina
When we walk across the mountains of our home

Christina
When we pick the edelweiss that grows alone

Catch the wind as it breezes its gentle breath through your golden strands of hair, caressed in the

Christina
Die dem Fremden sagt: Ich bin Christina

Christina
Die den Fremden fragt: Und wer bist du?

Paint a star, paint a sun, paint a dream which so long ago I knew, for here in my face is a picture of

Christina