

Jaromir Nohavica, Jongleurs

Wandering jongleurs roam
Through the snow covered plains
On a old battered plate of stone
They have breakfast made of rain
With a little monkey dancing on their shoulders Life has made them just a little older.
Wandering jongleurs roam through the snowy plains
By the forge at the edge of town
The snow melted away
The gentle blacksmith comes around
And invites them to stay
The straw is both a pillow and a cover
And soon they cuddle up to one another
For the show must go on the following day
The jongleurs are back on the road
The jongleurs are back on the road
A ball bounces with such grace
Down the churchs stairs
The man with an angel face
Bends steel in the air
And fair maid Marina will put you in a trance.
As she dances for us Odins pagan dance
And tomorrow afternoon theyll leave without a trace
The jongleurs are back on the road
The jongleurs are back on the road.
A wagon made of maple wood
Rattles slowly down the road
That red and restless human blood
A crest that life bestowed
All that we crave for lies within our reach
Pass the seven kingdoms pass the seven seas
Upon this winter land the sun is gleaming in the snow