

# Jaromir Nohavica, Petersburg (ENG)

When the night falls over Saint Petersburg I'm overcome by woe  
That old stray dog never took the bread crust I gave him long ago  
Tonight my true love and prince Igor shall be wed  
A glass of vodka, a pistol to my forehead  
That old black raven lurks on Saint Petersburg  
The Devil cursed my soul  
The birds are blinded by the gleam of twilight  
That burns a color red  
My soul surrendered to the luring vastness  
Of the open steppe  
Nothing compares to my lone and painful sorrow  
You will be blamed when you see me dead tomorrow  
You will be blamed when,  
Nadezhda, they will find a bullet in my head