

# Fares Karam: *El Tannoura*

## Omkvæd

Eh Le b'tasir tanoura?  
Le b'tasir tanoura?  
B'ilhat hayoun il shabab  
Heye bi hala maghroura.  
Heye bi hala maghroura.

Why does she shorten her skirt?  
Why does she shorten her skirt?  
The boys follow her  
She is conceited.  
She is conceited.

## Vers 1

Labitla Kahb il hali  
Howa gharbi wi shamli  
Tanouret'ha jibra wa nus  
Wa blouset'ha miltlal lel.

The high-heeled shoes suit her.  
The northern and western breezes  
Her skirt is very short, a handspan and a half.  
And her blouse is see-through.

La lel la lel la lel.

La lel la lel la lel.

Kul mat'khefet bi mashet'ha  
ham tahala tanouret'ha  
Gharet minha waj il bahar  
Wa janet la ma shafet'ha

All fear her when she walks.  
She is shortening her skirt.  
The ocean waves are jealous of her  
And they go crazy when they see her.

Hali hali hali

Myself, myself, myself

Shofet riye shayekh shub  
Wal khityara farfoura  
Wal khityara farfoura

I see old men becoming young again  
And old women looking young again  
And old women looking young again

## Omkvæd

*Som første omkvæd.*

La lel la lel la lel  
Hali hali hali

La lel la lel la lel  
Myself, myself, myself

## Vers 2

Asir ma bi hemma  
La baya wa la tima  
Bet'hur is alb I shabab  
Low dabou, akher hemma

The shortness doesn't worry her  
Nor her father nor her mother  
She breaks the boys' hearts  
And if they melt, that's the last of her concerns.

La lel la lel la lel

La lel la lel la lel

Kul ma watou, bit hali  
Kulon b'yisrokh "ya dtilli"

The lower they go, the higher she gets  
They all scream, "My goodness!"

Allah bi'waefilou  
Raita yislam hal tali

God waits for her  
He wishes to praise this beauty.

Hali hali hali

Myself, myself, myself

Imshi hal il moda hay  
Heyi helwi wa mahzoura  
Heyi helwi wa mahzoura

Walking in this style  
She is pretty, but forgiven for her looks  
She is pretty, but forgiven for her looks

### **Omkvæd**

*Som første omkvæd.*

### **Vers 3**

Dinyi narou shahlani  
Heyi mana setlani  
Tanoura, hal maylain  
Mayil bi haki tani

The weather is very hot  
She is not concerned  
The skirt on both sides  
One end speaks to the other end

La lel la lel la lel

La lel la lel la lel

Imshe wa b'hes b'khasra  
Katna malaket hasra  
Wa blouset'ha mala zow  
Wa klet irbah mekhtasra

She walks, and you feel in her hips  
She is the modern queen  
Her blouse has no buttons  
And three quarters of it is off

Hali hali hali

Myself, myself, myself

Id'huki Ana bi leh'ha  
Mish hati hal tanoura  
Mish hati hal tanoura

I laugh and blame the August heat.  
It's not the skirt's fault.  
It's not the skirt's fault.

### **Omkvæd**

*Som første omkvæd.*