

Don't ask me

Don't ask me, sweetheart, for the love we had before.

I knew you were the source of my happiness;
I didn't need other worries when I had you to worry about.

It was you who made the world look so young
What else is there for me but your eyes.

If ever I find you, I'd have the destiny in my hand.
This was not to be, though I'd wanted it so much.

The world has many other woes, besides our love,
many other delights besides our togetherness.
Dark suspicions of centuries
are woven into the rich fabric of life.

Bodies, smeared in dirt and blood,
are sold everywhere.

I can't say why my eyes turn to this
I know you're still beautiful, but what can I say
the world has many more woes, besides our love,
many more delights besides our togetherness.

Don't ask, sweetheart, for the love we had before !