

Πάλι καινούργια βάσανα
πάλι καινούργια ζάλη
τέτοια κοπέλα έμορφη
μάννα μου δεν είν' άλλη

Οταν την πρωτογνώρισα
μέσα σε τόσο πλήθος
τότες αυτή μου έδωσε
μια μαχαιριά στο στήθος

Επίστεψα στα λόγια της
στους όρκους, στα φιλιά της
και τα φιλιά της τα 'κρυψα
βαθειά στα σωθικά μου

Μα όλα ήταν ψεύτικα
οι όρκοι, τα φιλιά της
μου 'δωσε πίσω την καρδιά
και πήρε τη δικιά της

Pali kenouryia vasana
pali kenouryia zali
tetia kopela emorfi
mana mou then in' ali

Otan tin protognorisa
mesa se toso plithos
totes afti mou edhose
mia maheria sto stithos

Epistepsa sta loyia tis
stous orkous, sta filia tis
ke ta filia tis ta 'kripsa
vathia sta sothika mou

Ma ola itan pseftika
i orki, ta filia tis
mou 'dhose piso tin kardhia
ke pire ti dhikia tis

New sufferings again,
mother, I've never seen such a beautiful girl

When I first saw her, in the middle of a crowd,
A knife passed right through my chest

I returned to her words, her oaths, her kisses
and I hid her kisses deep in my heart

But it was all fake. the promises, the kisses
she gave me back my heart, and took hers back.

(loose translation)

Such new troubles, new heartaches. Mama, I just met the most beautiful girl.
When I first saw her, in the middle of a crowd, a pang, a knife, struck my heart
I keep going back to her sweet words, her promises of love, her kisses which I lock
deep in my soul. But it was all lies— the promises, the kisses. She handed me my
heart, and took hers away with her.