



Artist : Nana Mouskouri
Album : Forever Young
Genre : Pop Rock
Year : 2018
Tracks : 15
Playtime : 01:01:22

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02. Love Is A Losing Game (03:58)
03. Sa jeunesse (04:47)
04. Forever Young (04:48)
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01. In The Ghetto (03:13)

Interprètes : Jacky Tricoire, Guitar

Mac Davis, Composer, Author

Roland Romanelli, Accordion

Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist

Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums & Percussion

Roland Guillotel, Recording Engineer

Karim Medjeb

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Mac Davis

Lyrics : Mac Davis

As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his mama cries
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need
It's another hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
People, don't you understand
The child needs a helping hand
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day?
Take a look at you and me
Are we too blind to see
Do we simply turn our heads, and look the other way?
Well, the world turns
And a hungry little boy with a runny nose
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his hunger burns
So he starts to roam the streets at night
And he learns how to steal, and he learns how to fight
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
Then one night in desperation
The young man breaks away
He buys a gun, he steals a car
He tries to run, but he don't get far
And his mama cries
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
Face down on the street with a gun in his hand
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And as her young man dies (in the ghetto)
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
Another little baby child is born
In the ghetto (in the ghetto)
And his mama cries (in the ghetto)
(In the ghetto)
(Aah-aah)

02. Love Is A Losing Game (03:58)

Interprètes : Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Amy Winehouse, Composer, Author
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussion
Roland Guillotel, Recording Engineer
Karim Medjeb
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Amy Winehouse
Lyrics : Amy Winehouse

For you I was the flame
Love is a losing game
Five story fire as you came
Love is losing game
One I wished, I never played

Oh, what a mess we made
And now the final frame
Love is a losing game
Played out by the band
Love is a losing hand
More than I could stand
Love is a losing hand
Self-professed profound
Till the chips were down
Know you're a gambling man
Love is a losing hand
Though I battled blind
Love is a fate resigned
Memories mar my mind
Love is a fate resigned
Over futile odds
And laughed at by the gods
And now the final frame
Love is a losing game

03. Sa jeunesse (04:47)

Interprètes : Charles Aznavour, Composer, Author

Jacky Tricoire, Guitar

Roland Romanelli, Accordion

Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist

Editions Raoul Breton, MusicPublisher

Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums & Percussion

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Charles Aznavour

Lyrics : Charles Aznavour

Lorsque l'on tient
Entre ses mains
Cette richesse
Avoir vingt ans
Des lendemains
Pleins de promesses
Quand l'amour sur nous se penche
Pour nous offrir ses nuits blanches

Lorsque l'on voit
Loin devant soi
Rire la vie
Brodée d'espoir
Riche de joies
Et de folies
Il faut boire jusqu'à l'ivresse
Sa jeunesse

Car tous les instants
De nos vingt ans
Nous sont comptés
Et jamais plus
Le temps perdu
Ne nous fait face
Il passe

Souvent en vain
On tend les mains
Et l'on regrette
Il est trop tard
Sur son chemin
Rien ne l'arrête
On ne peut garder sans cesse
Sa jeunesse

Avant que de sourire et nous quittons l'enfance
Avant que de savoir la jeunesse s'en fuit
Cela semble si court que l'on est tout surpris
Qu'avant que le comprendre on quitte l'existence

Lorsque l'on tient
Entre ses mains
Cette richesse
Avoir vingt ans
Des lendemains
Pleins de promesses
Quand l'amour sur nous se penche
Pour nous offrir ses nuits blanches

Lorsque l'on voit
Loin devant soi
Rire la vie
Brodée d'espoir
Riche de joies
Et de folies
Il faut boire jusqu'à l'ivresse
Sa jeunesse

Car tous les instants
De nos vingt ans
Nous sont comptés
Et jamais plus
Le temps perdu
Ne nous fait face
Il passe

Souvent en vain
On tend les mains
Et l'on regrette
Il est trop tard
Sur son chemin
Rien ne l'arrête
On ne peut garder sans cesse
Sa jeunesse...

04. Forever Young (04:48)

Interprètes : Bob Dylan, Composer, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist

Ram's Horn Music, MusicPublisher
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussion
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Bob Dylan
Lyrics : Bob Dylan

May God bless and keep you always
May your wishes all come true
May you always do for others
And let others do for you
May you build a ladder to the stars
And climb on every rung
May you stay
Forever young
Forever young
Forever young
May you stay
Forever young
May you grow up to be righteous
May you grow up to be true
May you always know the truth
And see the lights surrounding you
May you always be courageous
Stand upright and be strong
And may you stay
Forever young
Forever young
Forever young
May you stay
Forever young
May your hands always be busy
May your feet always be swift
May you have a strong foundation
When the winds of changes shift
May your heart always be joyful
May your song always be sung
And may you stay
Forever young
Forever young
Forever young
May you stay
Forever young

05. Lili Marlène (03:53)

Interprètes : Norbert Schultze, Composer, Author
Hans Leip, Composer, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussion
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Norbert Schultze
Lyrics : Hans Leip

Vor der Kaserne vor dem großen Tor
Stand eine Laterne
Und steht sie noch davor
So wollen wir uns da wiedersehn
Bei der Laterne wollen wir stehen

Wie einst
Lili Marleen
Wie einst
Lili Marleen

Unsre beiden Schatten sahen wie einer aus;
Dass wir so lieb uns hatten
Das sah man gleich daraus
Und alle Leute sollen es sehen
Wenn wir bei der Laterne stehen

Wie einst
Lili Marleen
Wie einst
Lili Marleen

Schon rief der Posten: Sie bliesen Zapfenstreich;
Es kann drei Tage kosten!
Kam'rad, ich komm ja gleich
Da sagten wir auf Wiedersehn
Wie gerne würd' ich mit dir gehn

Mit dir
Lili Marleen
Mit dir
Lili Marleen

Deine Schritte kennt sie
Deinen schönen Gang
Aller Abend brennt sie
Doch mich vergaß sie lang
Und sollte mir eine Leids geschehn
Wer wird bei der Laterne stehn

Mit dir
Lili Marleen?
Mit dir
Lili Marleen?

Aus dem stillen Raume
Aus der Erde Grund
Hebt mich wie im Traume dein verliebter Mund
Wenn sich die späten Nebel drehen
Werd' ich bei der Laterne stehen

Wie einst
Lili Marleen
Wie einst
Lili Marleen

(Wenn sich die späten Nebel drehen
Werd' ich bei der Laterne stehen)

Wie einst
Lili Marleen
Wie einst
Lili Marleen

06. Hallelujah (04:23)

Interprètes : Leonard Cohen, Composer, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Leonard Cohen Stranger Music Inc., MusicPublisher
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussions
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Leonard Cohen
Lyrics : Leonard Cohen

Now, I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor fall, the major lift
The baffled king composing hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya
She tied you to a kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

You say I took the name in vain
I don't even know the name
But if I did, well really, what's it to you?
There's a blaze of light in every word
It doesn't matter which you heard
The holy or the broken hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

I did my best, it wasn't much
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you
And even though it all went wrong

I'll stand before the lord of song
With nothing on my tongue but hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah...

07. Lonely Street (03:32)

Interprètes : W.S. Stevenson, Composer, Author
Carl Belew, Composer, Author
Kenny Sowder, Composer, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : W.S. Stevenson / Carl Belew
Lyrics : Kenny Sowder

Where's this place called lonely street?
I'm looking for that lonely street
I've got a sad, sad tale to tell
I need a place to go and weep
Where's this place called lonely street?
A place where there's just loneliness
Where dim lights bring forgetfulness
Where broken dreams and mem'ries meet
Where's this place called lonely street?
Perhaps upon that lonely street
There's someone such as I
Who came to bury broken dreams
And watch an old love die
If I could find that lonely street
Where dim lights bring forgetfulness
Where broken dreams and mem'ries meet
Where's this place called lonely street?
Where's this place called lonely street?

08. Lei Pikake (04:09)

Interprètes : Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussion
Roland Guillotel, Recording Engineer
Barry Flanagan, Author
Karim Medjebeur
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Barry Flanagan
Lyrics : Kiope Raymond

Mapu ia ke 'ala o ka pīkake
I ka o ahehe a ka makani
Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau

'Ako au i neia pua aloha
I poina 'ole la ai a he launa 'ole
Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau

'Ohu'ohu ho'i pili i ka pu'uwai
He lei ho'olei a'e pulama
Aloha ae au i ka pua 'ume mau

Puana 'ia mai ko'u mana'o
He lei pīkake ku'u aloha
Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau

Puana hou 'ia mai ko'u mana'o
He lei pīkake ku'u aloha
Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau

09. (Everything I Do) I Do It For You (04:14)

Interprètes : Robert John "Mutt" Lange, Composer, Author
Bryan Adams, Composer, Author
Michael Kamen, Composer, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Badams Music, MusicPublisher
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Bryan Adams
Lyrics : Robert John "Mutt" Lange

Look into my eyes
You will see
What you mean to me
Search your heart
Search your soul
And when you find me there, you'll search no more

Don't tell me it's not worth tryin' for
You can't tell me it's not worth dyin' for
You know it's true
Everything I do
I do it for you

Look into your heart
You will find
There's nothin' there to hide
Take me as I am
Take my life
I would give it all, I would sacrifice

Don't tell me it's not worth fightin' for
I can't help it, there's nothin' I want more
You know it's true

Everything I do
I do it for you

There's no love
Like your love
And no other
Could give more love
There's nowhere
Unless you're there
All the time
All the way, yeah

Look into your heart, baby

Oh you can't tell me it's not worth tryin' for
I can't help it there's nothin' I want more
Yeah, I would fight for you
I lie for you
Walk the wire for you, yeah, I'd die for you

You know it's true
Everything I do
Oh I do it for you

Everything I do, darling
And we'll see it through
Oh we'll see it through
Oh yeah

Yeah
Look into your heart
You can't tell me it ain't worth dying for
Oh yeah

I'll be there, yeah
I'll walk the wire for you
I will die for you

Oh yeah
I would die for you
I'm going all the way, all they way, yeah

10. Dis quand reviendras-tu ? (04:50)

Interprètes : Beuscher, MusicPublisher

Barbara, Composer, Author

Jacky Tricoire, Guitar

Roland Romanelli, Accordion

Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist

Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussion

Roland Guillotel, Recording

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Barbara

Lyrics : Barbara

Voilà combien de jours, voilà combien de nuits
Voilà combien de temps que tu es reparti
Tu m'as dit cette fois, c'est le dernier voyage
Pour nos cœurs déchirés, c'est le dernier naufrage
Au printemps, tu verras, je serai de retour
Le printemps, c'est joli pour se parler d'amour
Nous irons voir ensemble les jardins refleuris
Et déambulerons dans les rues de Paris
Dis, quand reviendras-tu?
Dis, au moins le sais-tu?
Que tout le temps qui passe ne se rattrape guère
Que tout le temps perdu
Ne se rattrape plus

Le printemps s'est enfui depuis longtemps déjà
Craquent les feuilles mortes, brûlent les feux de bois
À voir Paris si beau dans cette fin d'automne
Soudain je m'alanguis, je rêve, je frissonne
Je tangué, je chavire, et comme la rengaine
Je vais, je viens, je vire, je me tourne, je me traîne
Ton image me hante, je te parle tout bas
Et j'ai le mal d'amour, et j'ai le mal de toi
Dis, quand reviendras-tu?
Dis, au moins le sais-tu?
Que tout le temps qui passe ne se rattrape guère
Que tout le temps perdu
Ne se rattrape plus

J'ai beau t'aimer encore, j'ai beau t'aimer toujours
J'ai beau n'aimer que toi, j'ai beau t'aimer d'amour
Si tu ne comprends pas qu'il te faut revenir
Je ferai de nous deux mes plus beaux souvenirs
Je reprendrai la route, le monde m'émerveille
J'irai me réchauffer à un autre soleil
Je ne suis pas de celles qui meurent de chagrin
Je n'ai pas la vertu des femmes de marins
Dis, mais quand reviendras-tu?
Dis, au moins le sais-tu?
Que tout le temps qui passe ne se rattrape guère
Que tout le temps perdu
Ne se rattrape plus

11. Hey Jude (05:13)

Interprètes : John Lennon, Composer, Author
Paul McCartney, Composer, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussion
Roland Guillotel, Recording
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Paul McCartney
Lyrics : John Lennon

Hey, Jude, don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better

Hey, Jude, don't be afraid
You were made to go out and get her
The minute you let her under your skin
Then you begin to make it better

And anytime you feel the pain,
Hey, Jude, refrain
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders
For well you know that it's a fool
Who plays it cool
By making his world a little colder

Nah, nah nah, nah nah, nah nah, nah nah

Hey, Jude, don't let me down
You have found her, now go and get her
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better

So let it out and let it in,
Hey, Jude, begin
You're waiting for someone to perform with
And don't you know that it's just you,
Hey, Jude, you'll do
The movement you need is on your shoulder

Nah, nah nah, nah nah, nah nah, nah nah yeah

Hey, Jude, don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her under your skin
Then you'll begin to make it better, better, better, better, better...
oh!

Nah, nah nah, nah nah, nah, nah, nah nah,
Hey, Jude

12. Durch die schweren Zeiten (03:55)

Interprètes : Simon Triebel, Composer, Author

Ali Zuckowski, Composer, Author

Udo Lindenberg, Author

Jacky Tricoire, Guitar

Roland Romanelli, Accordion

Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist

Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums & Percussions

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Simon Triebel / Ali Zuckowski

Lyrics : Udo Lindenberg

Es geht nicht immer geradeaus
Manchmal geht es auch nach unten
Und das wonach du suchst
Hast du noch immer nicht gefunden
Die Jahre ziehen im Flug an dir vorbei
Die Last auf deinen Schultern, schwer wie Blei

Jeden Morgen stehst du auf
Und kippst den Kaffee runter
Deine Träume aufgebraucht
Und du glaubst nicht mehr an Wunder
Mit Vollgas knapp am Glück vorbeigerauscht
Was dich runterzieht, ey ich zieh dich wieder rauf

Ich trag' dich durch
Die schweren Zeiten
So wie ein Schatten
Werd' ich dich begleiten

Ich werd' dich begleiten
Denn es ist nie zu spät
Um nochmal durchzustarten
Wo hinter all den schwarzen Wolken
Wieder gute Zeiten warten

Stell die Uhr nochmal auf null
Lass uns neue Lieder singen
So wie zwei Helikopter
Schweben wir über den Dingen
Und was da unten los ist, ist egal
Wir finden einen Weg so wie jedes Mal

Ich trag' dich durch
Die schweren Zeiten
So wie ein Schatten
Werd' ich dich begleiten

Ich werd' dich begleiten
Denn es ist nie zu spät
Um nochmal durchzustarten
Wo hinter all den schwarzen Wolken
Wieder gute Zeiten warten

Wieder geile Zeiten warten
Ey, lass zusammenhalten
Dann kommt die Sonne durch
Wir sind doch Lichtgestalten
Ey, das weißt du doch

Ich trag dich durch
Die schweren Zeiten
So wie ein Schatten
Werd' ich dich begleiten

Ich werd' dich begleiten
Denn es ist nie zu spät
Um nochmal durchzustarten

Wo hinter all den schwarzen Wolken
Wieder gute Zeiten warten

Wieder geile Zeiten warten
Wieder gute Zeiten warten

13. Jamaica Farewell (03:04)

Interprètes : Jacky Tricoire, Guitar

Lord Burgess, Composer, Author

Roland Romanelli, Accordion

Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist

Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums &
Percussion

Roland Guillotel, Recording Engineer

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Lord Burgess

Lyrics : Irving Burgie

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop
But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Down the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
'Akey' rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year
But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico
But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop
But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

Sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town

14. Salma Ya Salama (03:27)

Interprètes : Pierre Delanoe, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Jeff Barnel, Composer
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Salah Jahine, Author
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
EMI Songs France, MusicPublisher
Fefee, MusicPublisher
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Jeff Barnel
Lyrics : Pierre Delanoe / Salah Jahine

Fi ed-donia el kebira
We beladha el ketira
Laffeit laffeit laffeit
Wi lamma nadani hobbi el awalani
Sibt kollo we geit we geit
We fi hodno itramait
We ghaneit
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama

Lessa el-hob safi
We lessa el-guaw dafi
We lessa fih amar
We ba'd el-maghareb
Netlamleim fi areb
We yetoul es-sahar es-sahar
We es-samar wel ghona koleina
Salma ya salama
Rohna we geina bel-salama
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama

Fih shagara goua
Guineina 'aliha 'alama
Ana yamma kont bafakkar fiha
We basaal yama
Ya tara mawgouda
We albi mahfour fiha
Aiwa mawgouda
We albi mahfour fiha
Salma ya salama
Rohna we geina bel-salama
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama

Fi ed-donia el kebira
We beladha el ketira
Laffeit laffeit laffeit
Wi lamma nadani hobbi el awalani
Sibt kollo we geit we geit
We fi hodno itramait
We ghaneit
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama
Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama

15. Wallflower (03:49)

Interprètes : Bob Dylan, Composer, Author
Jacky Tricoire, Guitar
Roland Romanelli, Accordion
Nana Mouskouri, Vocals, MainArtist
Philippe Pregno, Clarinet, Flute, Saxophone, Harmonica, Drums & Percussion
Roland Guillotel, Recording Engineer
Performer : Nana Mouskouri
Music : Bob Dylan
Lyrics : Bob Dylan

Wallflower, wallflower
Won't you dance with me?
I'm sad and lonely too
Wallflower, wallflower
Won't you dance with me?
I'm fallin' in love with you

Just like you I'm wondrin' what I'm doin' here
Just like you I'm wondrin' what's goin' on

Wallflower, wallflower
Won't you dance with me?
The night will soon be gone

I have seen you standing in the smoky haze
And I know that you're gonna be mine one of these days
Mine alone

Wallflower, wallflower
Take a chance on me
Please let me ride you home