



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

01. In The Ghetto (03:13)
02. Love Is A Losing Game (03:58)
03. Sa jeunesse (04:47)
04. Forever Young (04:48)
05. Lili Marlène (03:53)
06. Hallelujah (04:23)
07. Lonely Street (03:32)
08. Lei Pikake (04:09)
09. (Everything I Do) I Do It For You (04:14)
10. Dis quand reviendras-tu ? (04:50)
11. Hey Jude (05:13)
12. Durch die schweren Zeiten (03:55)
13. Jamaica Farewell (03:04)
14. Salma Ya Salama (03:27)
15. Wallflower (03:49)



**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

Rire la vie  
 Brodée d'espoir  
 Riche de joies  
 Et de folies  
 Il faut boire jusqu'à l'ivresse  
 Sa jeunesse

Lorsque l'on voit  
 Loin devant soi

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?	Perhaps upon that lonely street
I'm looking for that lonely street	There's someone such as I
I've got a sad, sad tale to tell	Who came to bury broken dreams
I need a place to go and weep	And watch an old love die
Where's this place called lonely street?	If I could find that lonely street
A place where there's just loneliness	Where dim lights bring forgetfulness
Where dim lights bring forgetfulness	Where broken dreams and mem'ries meet
Where broken dreams and mem'ries meet	Where's this place called lonely street?
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 pikake	Aloha ae au i ka pua 'ume mau
I ka o aheahe a ka makani	
Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau	Puana 'ia mai ko'u mana'o
	He lei pikake ku'u aloha
'Ako au i neia pua aloha	Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau
I poina 'ole la ai a he launa 'ole	
Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau	Puana hou 'ia mai ko'u mana'o
	He lei pikake ku'u aloha
'Ohu'ohu ho'i pili i ka pu'uwai	Aloha a'e au i ka pua 'ume mau
He lei ho'olei a'e pulama	

### 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 the 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  
nauffrage  
Au printemps, tu verras, je serai de retour  
Le printemps, c'est joli pour se parler d'amour  
Nous irons voir ensemble les jardins reflouris  
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 tanguis, 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 Delanoë, 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 es-samar wel ghona koleina	Fi ed-donia el kebira
We beladha el ketira	Salma ya salama	We beladha el ketira
Laffeit laffeit laffeit	Rohna we geina bel-salama	Laffeit laffeit laffeit
Wi lamma nadani hobbi el awalani	Salma ya salama	Wi lamma nadani hobbi el awalani
Sibt kollo we geit we geit	Rohna we Geina bel-salama	Sibt kollo we geit we geit
We fi hodno itramait		We fi hodno itramait
We ghaneit	Fih shagara goua	We ghaneit
Salma ya salama	Guineina 'aliha 'alama	Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama	Ana yamma kont bafakkar fiha	Rohna we Geina bel-salama
Salma ya salama	We basaal yama	Salma ya salama
Rohna we Geina bel-salama	Ya tara mawgouda	Rohna we Geina bel-salama
	We albi mahfour fiha	Rohna we Geina bel-salama
Lessa el-hob safi	Aiwa mawgouda	Salma ya salama
We lessa el-guaw dafi	We albi mahfour fiha	Rohna we Geina bel-salama
We lessa fih amar	Salma ya salama	Salma ya salama
We ba'd el-maghareb	Rohna we geina bel-salama	Rohna we Geina bel-salama
Netlamleim fi areb	Salma ya salama	
We yetoul es-sahar es-sahar	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?
Won't you dance with me?	The night will soon be gone
I'm sad and lonely too	
Wallflower, wallflower	I have seen you standing in the smoky haze
Won't you dance with me?	And I know that you're gonna be mine one of these
I'm fallin' in love with you	days
	Mine alone
Just like you I'm wondrin' what I'm doin' here	
Just like you I'm wondrin' what's goin' on	Wallflower, wallflower
	Take a chance on me
Wallflower, wallflower	Please let me ride you home

Artist : Nana Mouskouri  
Album : **Forever Young (EP)**  
Genre : Pop Rock  
Year : 2018  
Tracks : 4  
Playtime : 00:12:02

01. In The Ghetto (version rapide) (02:55)
02. Hallelujah (version rapide) (03:39)
03. Jamaica Farewell (version rapide) (02:33)
04. Salma Ya Salama (version rapide) (02:53)



**01. In The Ghetto (version rapide) (02:55)**

hors commerce

(c) 2018

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Mac Davis

Lyrics : Mac Davis

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**02. Hallelujah (version rapide) (03:39)**

hors commerce

(c) 2018

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Leonard Cohen

Lyrics : Leonard Cohen

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**03. Jamaica Farewell (version rapide) (02:33)**

hors commerce

(c) 2018

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Lord Burgess

Lyrics : Irving Burgie

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**04. Salma Ya Salama (version rapide) (02:53)**

hors commerce

(c) 2018

Performer : Nana Mouskouri

Music : Jeff Barnel

Lyrics : Pierre Delanoe / Salah Jahine

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