

## Just movin on

Tania Zolty

I'll never forget  
the tears of the *Tziganes*  
Singing with their hearts  
Under the bright sleeping stars

Broken like the wings  
of a bird in a cage  
Frozen with fear  
no hope to south the haunted rage  
Pouring down on them

***Gadje, Gadje, we just want to sing our songs  
Gelem Gelem, keep moving just keep movin on***

Their dark roaming eyes  
searching where to stay  
amongst the laughs and cries  
just listen to their  
music playing worldwide

Forced assimilation, slavery  
drove them far under ground  
no room for integration  
prohibiting their ways  
no country wants them around

***Gadje, Gadje, we just want to sing our songs  
Gelem Gelem, keep moving just keep movin on  
Gadje, Gadje, we just want to sing our songs  
Gelem Gelem, keep moving just keep movin on***

How can one ignore  
Papusza's poems  
telling the story of her people  
desperate and tired  
A mixture of bloody rain  
soiling the morn of death

No king's men no king's horses will  
ever fix Papusza's world again  
Taking their lives  
burning out their fires  
pushing them back to the trails



Gadje, Gadje, we just want to sing our songs  
Gelem Gelem, keep moving just keep movin on  
Gadje, Gadje, we just want to sing our songs  
Gelem Gelem, keep moving just keep movin on

deportation assassinations  
Feared by many "Pays"  
No room for integration  
Issuing more and more decrees

Opre Rrom'a isi vaxt akana  
En haut, Rrom, Cest le moment maintenant  
Usten sa e sandalesqe Rroma  
Levez-vous de tout le monde les Rroms  
O kalo muj ta e kale jakha  
Le noir visage et les noirs yeux  
Kama va len sar e kale drakha  
J'aime eux comme les noirs raisins  
Dosta!

Gadje, Gadje, we just want to sing our songs  
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Gelem Gelem, keep moving just keep movin on  
Gadje, Gadje,  
Gadje, Gadje,