

She stole my accordeon

Vannacht is 't gebeurd
vannacht bin ik opgestoan
als in enne droem
bin ik nar onder gegoan
hiel vurzichtig van de trap
hiel dicht neave de moor
toen ik in de kamer kwaam
drong 't hiel langzaam tot meej door

she stole my accordeon
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well, that pretty little woman
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't waas neet d'n ierste kier
't waas neet d'n ierste nacht
dat ik langoet in miene sloap
teage eur haj gezagd
als d'r wir met accordeons
of met deure woord gegoeid
'nim maar alles van meej af,
miene muziek die kriegde nooit'

she stole my accordeon
she stole my accordeon
well that pretty little woman
she stole my accordion

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ik woord wakker en ik keek
ik woord wakker en ik zaag:
ik waas d'n ienige in bed
di tusse de dekens laag
genne trui, genne lange boks

genne moeie broene rug
ik dreide meej um, veel wir in sloap
mar mienne droem kwaam neet mier terug

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that pritty little woman
she stole my accordeon

[Muziek R. Fuller, tekst: Jack Poels]

[single 'She stole my accordeon', HKM 1998]