

Song Go home Rakli

Pusomori:

I don't think you can take it
You've got too used to your bed
A house, a ker not a vardo
Dry roof over your head

Go home, go home rakli, go home gorja girl

[Sung] Gorja Girl

Kaven:

Everything so black and white
Either Romani or rakli
A poshrat for a sister
You couldn't wait to get rid of me

Gorja world is not my home
My Roma world has moved on
How am I supposed to choose
Where there's no place where I belong

Romani or rakli
Romani and rakli
Romani and rakli
Romani or rakli

Pusomori:

Every year I left a token
Underneath our Patrín tree

Hoping you would pick it up

My sister returned to me

You wanted to settle,

Interjection Kaven [spoken] – You sent me away, from everything I knew, I had to make a new life, what did you expect?

Pusomori:

I waited you don't come.

And the year before, and before that

I am not waiting now... I'm gone.

Go home, go home rakli, go home gorja girl

[Sung] gorja girl

Kaven:

Who you calling gorja [non-Romani] girl

I was born a romani

I'm as gypsy as you are

Unless you haven't noticed,

We have same mother you and me

Dialogue:

Pusomori:

If you are so gypsy how come you didn't keep the meetings our atchin tan?

Every year I left a diklo for you on the Patrin tree

Kaven:

I was a kid, you sent me off to live with the gorja, of course I didn't come, I had to leave it behind, do you think that was easy for me, what do you think it would have been like, if anyone found out I was a gypsy?

Pusomori

Romani or rakli

Romani and rakli

Pusomori;

What about...half chat

Kaven:

Didicot

Pusomori:

Mixed blood

Kaven:

Poshrat

Pusomori:

Half breed

Kaven:

Fucked up

Pusomori:

Dinlo [Idiot]

Kaven:

I may be a half chat dinli, but you should never have sent me away

Pusomori:

Well, it didn't work did it, little black blood, you're here today