

# KIOSK Lyrics (English Translations)

## Haven't You Seen Him? (Oono Nadidi?)

Oh! the autumn rain  
You fall from the sky,  
You bring a sea of tears and pour it on yellow leaves  
You have hundreds of stories, thousands of myths,  
Tell me, haven't you seen him?

Oh! the black gypsy cloud, full of sorrows, full of sighs  
You cover the sad and crying face of the moon  
You pass through the fields and rivers,  
The cobalt blue summit of the mountains  
Tell me, haven't you seen him?

Oh, the wave of the distant sea  
Tall and clean and proud  
In your heart the pearls of stars and lights  
From the foot of the streams you go to the cradle of the rocks  
Tell me, haven't you seen him?

He had songs and instruments in the chime of his laughter  
A world full of secrets and tales in the depth of his gaze  
The steep thirst for flight was under his feet  
Tell me, haven't you seen him?

Oh the spring wind, the song of awakening  
You pass through the gardens and the scent of the blossoms  
You share the secret of the fields and the desert  
You befriend river and sea  
Tell me, haven't you seen him?

Oh the dancing snow flake  
Descending from the sky  
You settle slowly on the windows and the gutters  
The cloth of the city becomes white, the color of light and hope  
Tell me, haven't you seen him?

Oh the wandering night stars,  
In this cold winter you show the way to the lost gypsies  
Oh the grapes of the sun (name of constellation)  
Oh the golden psis (name of a constellation)

He had songs and instruments in the chime of his laughter  
A world full of secrets and tales in the depth of his gaze  
The steep thirst for flight was under his feet  
Tell me, haven't you seen him?

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## **Forbidden (Mamnooe)**

Stupidity is called bravery / Idiocy is the definition of honesty  
Silliness is being smart / The values of society are a joke  
Insult is called guidance / Veil is called decency  
Virginity is women's only asset / Marriage is a monetary transaction  
There is nothing more to say / When both silence and cries are forbidden  
Move away from here, man! Standing here is forbidden  
(Photography from government buildings is forbidden, the Baha'i faith is forbidden,  
private TV stations are forbidden, a gathering of more than four people is forbidden,  
education for Afghan children is forbidden)

Interest defines betrayal / Innocents are forced to confess  
Suffocation is called monitoring / The truth is just another rumor  
To move up the ladder, you need to be retarded / Kissing ass is a qualification  
Life is hijacked by politics/ Politics is a gridlock  
There is nothing more to say / When both silence and cries are forbidden  
Move, don't say these words in front of elders / Speaking here is forbidden  
(Open kitchens are forbidden, YouTube, Twitter and Facebook are forbidden, tattoo for  
footballers is forbidden, bearing a resemblance the president is forbidden, licking ice  
cream in public is forbidden)

Honor killing is an act of nobility / When lipstick is a threat to the national security  
Men's penises are assets / When the women are second-class citizens  
Hallucination is called tact / Arrogance is courage  
The nation is otherwise known as "the enemy"/ And every day it's the same story  
There is nothing more to say / When both silence and cries are forbidden  
Move away from here man! Standing here is forbidden

(Mixed-gender kindergartens are forbidden, the "House of Cinema" is forbidden,  
Mousavi having a heart seizure is forbidden, assisting earthquake victims is forbidden,  
owning dogs is forbidden, women smoking hooka is forbidden, playing by the pool is  
forbidden, the satellite dish is forbidden, Gonabadi dervishes are forbidden, playing with  
water guns is forbidden, women singing for men is forbidden, eating in public during  
Ramadan is forbidden, actors shaking hands in foreign festivals is forbidden, heavy

metal is forbidden, showing musical instruments in public is forbidden, women's attendance in football stadium is forbidden, single men in restaurants are forbidden, mannequins are forbidden, due to the mourning ceremonies the seaside is closed!)

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## **It Never Rains Here, Morteza (Baroon Nemiad Inja, Morteza)**

It never rains, yet the streets are wet  
The hopeful cows are negotiating with the owners of the sausage factory, Morteza  
It never rains here, Morteza

Only the dead are alive when the living die  
The chessmasters are condemned to challenge chimps, Morteza  
It never rains here, Morteza

Dark nights and a starless skies, the moon never shines here, Morteza  
The deserted fields are endless  
It never rains here, Morteza

They count the nights because the days have no meaning  
The people signal left and then they turn right, Morteza  
It never rains here, Morteza

They are planting trees so they can use the wood for axe handles  
They put the lions in the cage and glorify the picture of a cat, Morteza  
It never rains here, Morteza

Dark nights and a starless skies, the moon never shines here, Morteza  
The deserted fields are endless  
It never rains here, Morteza

It never rains, yet the streets are wet  
The moderate cows are in negotiations with the slaughterhouse manager, Morteza  
It never rains here, Morteza

The cops are thieves when the thieves become cops  
They took our dignity and gave us free food stamps, Morteza  
It never rains here, Morteza

Dark nights and a starless skies, the moon never shines here, Morteza  
The deserted fields are endless

It never rains here, Morteza

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## **Hey Man, Pull Over (Agha! Nigah Dar)**

Between the red of finances and the red of tape  
I'm stuck at a crossroad  
A war path, straight to famine  
The other straight to misery  
I can't move forward, and I can't move back

The good Samaritan could use a job, He could use a hand  
Which should we have chosen, knowledge or wealth?  
Knowledge plows for money, money bows to power  
As power and money spin the world

Hey Man, Pull Over  
Pull Over,  
I'll get out right here...  
Come on, Brother, Pull Over,  
I don't want to be a bother....

Excellency, exalted Speaker,  
Savior of economies  
Our most pressing issue involves women and their arousing boots!  
And this is packaged and labeled as "The Great Plan to Secure Our Society"

Crooks in the village, villains in the city  
Corruption in the books, corruption at the office  
Speaking of corruption, Mr. President, how's your mother?

Mafia of football, Mafia of Oil, Mafia of Music, Mafia of Sugar...  
Your "Sweet Scent of Servitude" campaign is suffocating us  
Civic participation turned to Physical Abuse  
We thought things would improve- but we thought wrong  
They bought the era of Reconstruction and sold off era of Justice  
In the end reform was "reformed"

Hey Man, Pull Over,  
Pull Over,  
I'll get out right here...

Come on Brother, Pull Over,  
I'll get out right here...

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## **Love For Speed (Eshgh e Sorat)**

The power of love or love of power  
Modernism versus tradition forever  
Living in the evil axis  
Speed freaks in jalopy taxis  
Why feel any pain and suffer  
When pills and powders' all on offer  
Nothing for lunch or dinner to make  
Then let them eat Yellow Cake  
Multiple choice elections left to chance  
Holy matrimony by loan and finance  
Scraped up the very last dime  
Sent it straight to Palestine  
Guaranteed success or money back  
Underground music or cultural attack  
No need for cardiologists  
Just facelifts by cosmetologists  
Immoral zealots, fanatic factions  
Chinese-style economic expansions  
Religious democratic droppings  
Pizza with Ghormeh Sabzi toppings  
Barefoot children on the street  
Chelo Kebab all you can eat  
Smuggling women to Dubai  
Our noble men turning a blind eye  
Blood transfusion with an H.I.V flavor  
Bird Flu virus or the new life saver  
Cholera hits and one takes a bow  
Another man dies from Mad Cow  
Foreign currencies are reserved  
Border movements all observed  
Tried everything in our ability  
Still no financial credibility  
Oil dependant economy is hooked  
Incentive vacations overbooked  
Philosophical cinema in fusion

Cross-over musical confusion  
Clandestine lovers and attractions  
Chinese-style economic expansions  
Religious democratic droppings  
Pizza with Ghormeh Sabzi toppings  
Meat stew served in posh cafes over artistic rants  
Meditation classes just to get into each others pants  
Break your fast, charity food served up  
Zereshk Polo with ketchup  
Life in virtual reality  
Amusement park University  
Our national soccer heroes  
Can't kick their over-inflated egos  
Counterfeit medication  
Addiction as a recreation  
A nation dressed up in fashion  
Artificial industrial passion  
Long distance system of education  
Sell questions of entrance examination  
Interest rates or finance charge  
By choice or force but by and large  
Immoral zealots, fanatic factions  
Chinese-style economic expansions  
Religious democratic droppings  
Pizza with Ghormeh Sabzi toppings

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## **Green Minibus (Miniboos e Sabz)**

Everything is in its place  
No room for complaints  
Some are robbing  
and some are policing  
One steals , one loots  
What's it got to do with us?  
"Brother, turn around, this is none of your business"  
It's a holiday tomorrow, call Vahik or Masis  
In everyone pockets there are eyedrops  
In their hands a bag of salami and yoghurt and chips  
At the drugstore and pharmacy  
Lined up for Ethanol and cough syrup, and painkillers with codeine

Thank God no one is sick  
Loitering in the mall, harassing everyone in sight  
The town square is going to be full of cops tonight  
This city is in control of thugs, drug addicts and bribe takers  
One is riding a scooter, one a 1000 cc motorbike  
Recycled people in brand new packagings  
Every butcher becomes a doctor with a white apron  
With money you can easily buy anything from human lives, to powders pills and acid  
Beautiful words, ugly deeds  
Making everyone's lives Hell, to get themselves into Heaven  
Who was writing these words on the walls?  
Everyone complaining about the hands of fate  
Excuse me where is Azadi(Freedom) Cinema?  
We don't have either but your trip starts right here  
There is a green minibus waiting for the likes of you  
Forces you to get on the bus, destination is Vozara

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## **Fine Charcoal (Zoghal e Khoob)**

We were young and had a thousand dreams  
Long hair and buffed up self-esteem  
Chasing rainbows, we set out to roam  
Said goodbye and never made it back home  
Pledging liberty and justice for all  
Civilized discourse beyond the wall  
Love and peace, and a new brotherhood,  
Utopia, a care-free lovers' world  
One lost himself among the crowd  
Another one had to get off the cloud  
One concocted snake oil and love potions  
Another sold his soul, to stock options  
Joy got depressed and flew over the Cuckoo's nest  
Blossom withered, and was put to rest  
Liberty talked too much, was sent to jail  
Hope was buried, to no avail  
Faith became doubtful and turned agnostic  
Achilles healed, his blood is still toxic  
Oath denied everything and ran away  
Desire hasn't been heard of to this day  
Why did we have such a fruitless fate?

Why did the Sun burn us with hate?  
Into this abyss all of us were tossed  
Bad company we kept, good friends we lost  
Bad company we kept, good friends we lost

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## **My Bad (Taghsire Man Bood)**

If a war started somewhere  
or someone became poor  
It was my bad  
If there was a shortage of water  
Emmigration was just a mirage  
It was my bad  
If winters were cold and summers were warm  
It was my bad  
If the roads are narrow  
and the streets are dark  
It was my bad  
It was my bad  
If there was an unemployment crisis  
Poverty and homelessness  
It was my bad  
The Arab – Israeli war  
And the Tamil Tigers conflict  
It was my bad  
Identity crisis  
The death of spirituality  
It was my bad  
The Deconstruction of civilization  
It was my bad  
It was my bad (This is a confession)  
It was my bad (I really apologize)  
Politics plagued by populism  
Defeated diplomacy  
It was my bad  
National soccer teams elimination  
Due to playing with emotion  
It was my bad  
If Bin Laden managed to get away  
and Oil prices shot up to the sky



It was my bad  
If you got bored with all these promises  
It was my bad  
It was my bad (Ladies and Gentlemen, I apologize)  
It was my bad (Im very embarrassed)  
It was my bad  
If the plaintiffs are in jail  
but the criminals are out on bail  
It was my bad  
If these are all secrets that everyone knows about  
It was my bad  
If God unwilling, one day I am not among you  
What will happen then?  
Or will it always be my bad even if Im not there?  
There is no other way  
It was my bad  
It was my bad (Traffic) (Environmental pollutions) (passenger airlines crash) (inflation rate)  
I'm really sorry I dont know who to apologize too

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## **Bent Rules Blues (Ghanoon e Kham Shode ye Blues)**

No stopping allowed gotta move on  
Lights are red , can't go on  
All these city streets  
Are either one-way or lead to dead ends  
I'm a second class citizen  
With a third class life and full of debt  
How did this happen in the first place?  
Was it by choice or accident ?  
Choice or accident ?  
My house is walls all around  
They didn't build any windows for me  
Locked all the doors on me  
Won't tell me where they have hid the key  
Where have they hid this friggin key?  
Everywhere is closed on Fridays  
Even the mountains and the sea  
Our week has seven days  
But each day is a Friday

No stopping under any circumstances  
The officer is sleeping, dont honk  
You can wait if you want  
But these lights have been red for a hundred years  
Lights have been red for a hundred years  
Driving under the speed limit  
Is said to be ok  
But for the common good  
Only 0 speed is allowed  
Only 0 speed is allowed  
Some break the law  
Their fine is very high  
But some know how to do it  
Then the law bends for them  
Doesn't break, just bends a bit for them

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## **Dailiness (Roozmaregi)**

Happiness is a fat man, the size of a humpback,  
He's got lots of moola, and a black Cadillac.  
Marriage is nothing, but a lardy lady,  
Cook, cook, cook, in a house so tidy.  
Family is formed by having a few brats,  
Weekend after weekend, doing the same crap.  
Love can only exist, as a daddy's daughter,  
Get married to her! Work? Why even bother?  
That's the meaning of monotony.  
Upside down, inside out, that's the irony.  
Success is passing that entrance exam,  
Bribing your way in, squeezing in, yes Ma'am!  
Fame is managing to grab an autograph,  
from the famous de jour, or any rifferaff.  
News is tabloids! Tabloids indeed.  
this one ran away, that one got married.  
Money is the reason to exist,  
I have, therefore I am. I have not, I never existed.  
That's the meaning of monotony.  
Upside down, inside out, that's the irony.  
Entertainment boils down to a tacky soap,  
Aimless soccer or junk food, tasting like dope.

Damn this monotony.  
Fun is cruising around. That is a treat,  
Going up and down, down and up the street.  
That's the meaning of monotony.  
Upside down, inside out, that's the irony.  
Self worth is nothing but your mobile's model,  
The neighbourhood you live in or your clothes' label..

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## **Love and Death in the time of Facebook (Eshgh va Marg Dar Donyaye Majazi)**

The black list, the hit list,  
the list of Google's world wide web....  
I swerved through the dark corners of the "filter net"  
Finally, I found you on facebook, I "add"ed you—  
and you "ignored" me.  
Hundreds, hundreds of times...  
I didn't falter, I didn't give up  
I updated my "status" so the world would know:  
I am the prey, and you are the hunter! and I'm trying to fall into your trap! Yes, I've been  
all over LinkedIn, MySpace, Orkut, trying to fall into your trap...  
I had the guys from Fars News Agency photoshop my profile picture and make me look  
cool.  
I uploaded romantic pictures of the sunset from "Flickr" to my  
"albums" and captioned them with B.S. from Osho—  
And finally, you "accepted" me  
I followed you like a shadow in the "communities."  
Everything you "linked," I "liked," and I "shared" too  
I "tagged" your name under youtube videos, I "invited" you to "events," I through myself  
against doors and "walls"  
Whether you think of me or not, I'll never forget you  
My eyes are peeled, searching for you. I'll send you "gifts," so that you'll realize—I'll  
never forget you  
You've set your relationship to "It's complicated." That's my cue—I'm the Don Juan of the  
Cyber World!  
I'll "poke" you until you agree to log into skype and "chat" with me!  
Even the cyber army can't stop me...  
Don't stress over your blog or your "hits" on Iranian.com, Balatarin or BBC. From the  
cute links to the political ones— anything goes for me.  
Nothing can stop me- not Jaras, not Roozonline nor Khodnevis.

I care only for Romance!  
I wrote it in "Pinglish" on Behnevis:  
"Oh love, oh love! Your face is nowhere to be seen...  
Oh love, oh love! Maybe they've hacked you...  
Your beloved face is nowhere to be found!"  
I adore your every pixel!  
Don't you click me away!