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Latcho Drom

By Tony Gatlif

From North-West of India, nearly 1000 years ago for still unknown reasons, the gipsies furrowed the roads of Europe, of Egypt, of North Africa. During this long trip out of the borders of India, the gipsy terms, halab, Tzigane, gipsy, gypsum were given to the ROMANIAN people.

In the desert, the carriage advances slowly.

It takes me along towards my family.

To cover my feet of sheets of tree

The bride is beautiful

I have washed the dishes

I have done my bed

only without you?

It has only you there

Oh my eyes

I cry.

Dora Gilded, I see your face

Your image

Come to see the moon Come to see the moon!

It is not expensive!

Here, time to live returned.

To live in freedom.

There in Timisoara

people go down in the street

They shoot at people.

the mountain is green

the forest too.

the chance from goes away.

You want that I play the music

for three parts?

the life is so far

And death if meadows.

God has us condemned with the wandering.

We left very far.

We fled from misery and hatred.

We leave towards Germany

Towards Germany

We leave.

like other Gipsies, we are like that, wandering.

Our manner of living, nobody will change it.

it is to you a stork

Of Isabelle the Catholic

We were victims

Some evenings

like many other evenings

I find myself envying
the respect you give your dog.