

Original translation from Hebrew

Seventy years on the road  
I'm travelling and gazing  
At what has been and what's become  
And how my soul still yearns  
From Masada of the sunrise  
And Jerusalem of our prayers  
From the beaches of the Galilee and Akhziv  
From the parties of Tel Aviv  
My father prayed and dreamed  
Of living in the land of Israel  
Now my child asks me  
What's the story of Israel?  
Here is home, here's the heart  
And from you I'll not depart  
Our forefathers, our roots,  
And we are the flowers, the tunes  
A tribe of brothers and sisters  
The same town, the same street  
Twelve sons of Jacob  
Collecting our travels  
In a backpack of memories  
Man is the imprint of his native land  
Carving lines in the palm of his hand  
Between the prayers and vows  
The scents of citrus groves  
And in my mother's eyes  
I'll always find a place inside  
While on the guitar I play  
An ancient tune which shows the way  
Here is home, here's the heart  
And from you I'll not depart  
Our forefathers, our roots,  
And we are the flowers, the tunes  
A tribe of brothers and sisters  
Since Genesis its all been woven together,  
Patches, patches of the story  
Like two words - to connect  
With a poet's golden thread  
I'm from here, I belong  
And every friend is my brother  
You are the one who in my heart beats  
I'm the west and the east  
Here is home, here's the heart  
And from you I'll not depart  
Our forefathers, our roots,  
And we are the flowers, the tunes  
A tribe of brothers and sisters  
Here is home, here's the heart  
And from you I'll not depart  
Our forefathers, our roots,  
And we are the flowers,