

**THE NO SMOKING ORCHESTRA
- HOMAGE TO WARTIME BOSNIA**

BEAUTIFUL ALMA

*Here there, for years, I haven't seen a chum of mine
Soldiers gone to the field, he has not returned
My country, a small dam, to the big madness' river
She walks now souk alone, after her a whispering nabe
Beautiful Alma, Beautiful Alma*

*Here there, for years, I haven't heard of him
Soldiers moved to the field, she waved after him
A small town, a big secret, hidden to the people
By the pillow one photo, a look into distances
Beautiful Alma, Beautiful Alma*

*As I watch her walk the souk, and smiling at the suitors
So lone, so pretty, and proud like the country in front of us
Beautiful Alma, Beautiful Alma*

*As I watch her walk the souk, and smiling at the suitors
So lone, so pretty, and proud like Bosnia in front of us
Beautiful Alma, Beautiful Alma*

(Rendering: M.S. Bosnawi)