



تانيا صالح
TANIA SALEH

الجيل الجديد L'Jilou L'Jadidou-The new generation

تانيا صالح / عصام الحاج علي Tania Saleh / Issam Hajali

نحن الجيل الجديد
سمعتنا بالخصيصة
ما في شي طالع بإيدو
هيدا الجيل الجديد
عارف كل المسائل
عن حالو منو سائل
طالع لبيو عاقل
جيلو هدية ععيدو
تاريخو عم بيعيدو
هيدا الجيل الجديد
وبآخر هالزاروبه
رح يخلصوا الإيام
مش باقي معنا ضروبه
ولا باقي انسجام
عم فتش عالبداهه
بركي بلاقي النهايه
الذنبى كلا تسلايه
الله حر بعبيدو
تاريخو عم بيعيدو
هيدا الجيل الجديد
هالسكراف اللي جامعا
تحتو أربع حيطان
صرفنا كل اللي معنا
من حب وإحترام
يل قاعد بالضواحي
متابع كل النواحي
لا صريخك ولا نواحي
شي مره رح يفيدو
تاريخو عم بيعيدو
هيدا الجيل الجديد

We are the new generation
We have a dirty reputation
There's nothing we can do about it
We are the new generation
We have the latest updates
Don't care about our own
Patient, like father like son
A reward will certainly come
We are history repeating itself
We are the new generation
At the end of this tunnel
We'll be running out of munitions
No more tricks left to shoot
Or means of communication
I'm looking for the beginning
Maybe there I can find the end
Existence is just a pastime
God's creations are his own
We're history repeating itself
We're the new generation
The roof that has united us
Locked us within its walls
We spent all the love we had
No good feelings to recall
To those who live in the suburbs
And to those in the middle
Neither your shouting nor my weeping
Will ever solve the riddle
We're history repeating itself
We're the new generation.

01

This was the first song I wanted to sing. It was a lyrical and musical collaboration with Issam H.Ali. The idea came to me after hearing a political discourse speaking about the problems of the "new generation" in Lebanon. The way I saw it was that history was simply repeating itself with the same old sectarian beliefs and the same old passive public attitude.

02

Salwa was a musical collaboration with Philippe Tohmé. The lyrics for Salwa were inspired by "Ya Salwa Lesh Am Tibki", a traditional song we used to sing as young girls, an equivalent to "Marie Had a Little Lamb". I adapted the lyrics to the current Lebanese way of life where truth should never be told and social hypocrisy is the name of the game. Salwa is an innocent girl who refuses to make any concessions, she is forced to live in a country where you see no evil, hear no evil and speak no evil.

Salwa يا سلوى ليش عم تبكي؟

تانيا صالح / فيليب طعمه Tania Saleh / Philippe Tohme
يا سلوى ليش عم تبكي
عم ببكي عالحيقة
قومي تنرقص دبكي
وعلي صوت الموسيقى
هالعمر بيمضى بتكة
ما تستني ولا دقيقة
يا سلوى يا سلوى
يا سلوى ليش عم تبكي
الحقيقة اللي قدامك
بعمرك ما تقوليها
الكلمة اللي عراس لسانك
يا بلعيه يا بلعيها
ما ناقصنا معلومات
منجكي بتلات لغات
وساكتين ما احلانا
يسواك ما يسوانا
الحقيقة مرة يا بنتي
وانت قليك حنون
لا سمعت ولا قشعت
خليك بلا عيون
ولما تشوفي شواز
حطي فيزا عالجواز
وقلي اذا قدرت
وين نحنا ووين إنت
يا سلوى يا سلوى
يا سلوى ليش عم تبكي
يا سلوى يا سلوى
يا سلوى ليش عم تبكي

Salwa, why are you weeping?
I'm weeping over the truth
Get up, let's dance the Dabké
And turn the music loud
Life can pass in a flash
Don't let a minute go to waste
Salwa, Salwa
Salwa, why are you weeping?
The truth so plain before you
Should never ever be spoken
Swallow the word on the tip of your tongue
You can also swallow your tongue
We're not short of information
We are a trilingual nation
Comfortable in our silence
Better be silent than dead
The truth is so sour, my child
But so sweet is your heart
No hear, no see
Your eyes are of no use
If you notice anything wrong
Put a visa on your passport
And leave while you still can
I wish I could do the same
Salwa, Salwa
Salwa, why are you weeping?
Salwa, Salwa
Salwa, why are you weeping?



The story of the Middle East has been an endless saga of instability, inequality and constant turmoil. This is where I come from. I liked the idea of writing a song about the Arab leaders and their part in the story. The Arab world is continuously in decline mainly because of its corrupt regimes. With the global powers taking advantage of this fact to impose their interests, the people have no choice but to sit and watch and wonder who's to blame. But "good things come to those who wait"...and resist.

عالمية Alamieh-Global

تانيا صالح/ عصام الحاج علي/ فيليب طعمه Tania Saleh / Issam Hajali / Philippe Tohme

عالمية نفس القضية Global, human suffering is global
الكل شاف وهرب Everyone looks and turns away
ولامونا واستضعفونا Blaming, accusing, abusing
ودقوا طبول الغضب I wonder who's the next prey
عالمية مئة عمية Global, a hundred per cent global
استكارات وخطب Discourse after discourse
عطشانة خليلي مية Waging the water wars
تبكي نايات القصب And I'm a thirsty wailing Ney
ولين أشكي لمن But how can I complain
نسفولي بيتي اخترب When I don't know who's to blame
طاقة شمسية حية وقوية Believe in solar power
وحدي قناديل اللهب The sun is on my side
أزمة مالية مني وعلي I'm drowning in my debts
وانت سكوتك من ذهب And your silence is golden
عالمية نومة هنية When global powers take a nap
وصاحي ضمير العرب Arab conscience stays awake
بالألمية ميل يا خني Wasting its precious time
حليت ليالي الطرب Dancing the night away
آه يا زين العابدين You're the unfaithful believer
وردك يفتح عالطرب Your flower blooms with artificial light
عالمية... Global...
هيهات يا بو الزلف But how can I complain
قلي عمين العتب When I don't know who's to blame



بلا ما نسمة Bala Ma Nsammi

Bala Ma Nsammih-Let's not name him

تانيا صالح / شربل روحانا Tania Saleh / Charbel Rouhana
بلا ما نسمة Let's not give him a name
باتت كل الأسامي All names are overused
بلا ما نرييه Let's not raise him right
خليه يطلع حرامي Grow him to be a thief
ولما منقضا شي ساعة Ring the local radio station
منطلبلو عالإناعة Send him a special dedication
شي غنية تسليه A song with a nice rhyme to help him pass the time
خليه خليه عالطبيعة I really think it's for the best, mother nature will do the rest
بكرا منجبلو دادا When he gets on our nerves
لما بيتقل دمو We'll just get him a nanny
كل ما يبكي تحطلو To shove a soother in his mouth
هالمصاصة يتمو If his screaming gets too loud
تغسلو وتعشيه To wash him, to feed him
تغيرلو وتدشيه To pamper him, to make him burp
وهو مش داري بشي It doesn't matter who does the job
خليه خليه عالطبيعة I really think it's for the best, mother nature will do the rest
بكرا ببيلش يحكي Before we know it he will be talking
يفكر لخالو He'll be thinking on his own
لاكتب ولا دفاتر No need for books or pencils
لشو نشغلو بالو Spare him of this heavy load
ولما يبصير واعي And when he grows older
منزّلو الأوعي Throw a sun over his shoulders
منجبلو خرزة زرقاء With a blue pin for good luck
وضمان إجتماعي And a social security number
بلا ما نسمة... Let's not give him a name...

"Let him come out a thief, it is better for him". With the minimum wage in my country, you can't afford to send your kids to school, feed them or dress them properly. Our social security aid and every other governmental institution have become saturated with corrupted thieves. Almost every Lebanese woman I know has a foreign aid worker in her house to take care of her kids while she's away. This song is about a couple anticipating the birth of their child in the midst of this social jungle.

I loved the nostalgic tune that came out of Issam's guitar and the touching words that came with it. This song became the only love song in the album. It's a simple song about an Oriental girl waiting for her lost love to come back.

خلصو الدفاتر

عصام الحاج علي

حببيي خالصو الدفاتر
وما قدرت كلك شي
حنيني مجنون مسافر
والزمان الغريب بدربو ماشي
كل عمري خايقة من حنانك
شو حلو حنانك
كل ما بعد عزو يوم
بيجي يوم كلو لوم
تياخذني لعندك
انت اللي حرقت الطرقات بعيوني
حتى ما إقشعك
ومن يوما بعدا بتركض مجنوني
وانت بعدك مطرحة
عم ترجع عبال خواطر
عن سما ما إلها حدود
وقمر بعيونو ناظر
تطلوا العيون السود
حببيي لبست الأساور
وحنيت وتار العود
وزيّنت الحرير قناطر
وكتابي مفتوح على كلامك
كل عمري خايقة من حنانك
شو حلو حنانك
ألف ليلة وليلة ليلة من غرامك
يا ويلي غرامك

Habibi-My love

Issam Hajali

My love, I ran out of ink and paper
But my words didn't make any sense
My passion is intense
Like a crazy voyager
Traveling in the past tense
I have always feared your affection
So sweet and so true
Every day I spent without you
So aimless and so blue
The ragged road between us
I burned with my own eyes
To avoid seeing you
Waiting in silence
Distant memories keep haunting me
Of an endlessly clear sky
Boy waiting in the moonlight
For the girl with dark eyes
My Love, I'm wearing my silver bracelets
I pulled down the silk shades
I tuned the chords of my oud
And I'm sitting by the arcades
I have always feared your affection
So sweet and so true
A thousand and one nights of love
Is one night spent with you



How can you have a national identity of your own if your education is French, your cigarettes are American and your traditional coffee is a Brazilian import? Even your daily Kafta (a traditional meal) is Syrian. We are a country that doesn't belong to the East and even less to the West. We are lost between the glory of our past and our unknown and unpredictable future.

يا ليل يا عين

Ya Leil Ya Ein

تانيا صالح/ فيليب طعمه

Our education is French
We smoke American cigarettes
Our traditional coffee is Brazilian
Ya leil ya ein
When asked about our identity
About the alphabet we created
We don't have a clue
Ya leil ya ein
Our education is French
We smoke American cigarettes
Our traditional food is Syrian
Ya leil ya ein
Not sure anymore whether yesterday
Has passed or could come back tomorrow
Not sure which is morning or evening
Ya leil ya ein
I wish we could still hear the old tunes
Of Mijana, Ataba and Rosana
Smell the soft mountain breeze
And remember that we're Lebanese

ثقافتنا فرنساوية
وسيكارتنا اميريكية
والقهوة برازيلية
آه يا ليل يا عين
سألونا عالهوة
وعحروف الأبجدية
ما بقا نعرف شو هي
آه يا ليل يا عين
ثقافتنا فرنساوية
وسيكارتنا اميريكية
والكفتة حلبيّة
آه يا ليل يا عين
ما بقا نعرف مبارح
اذا جايي او رايح
ولا عبكرا من عشية
آه يا ليل يا عين
رزق الله عالميجانا
عالعتابا والروزانا
رزق الله على هوانا
آه يا ليلي



يا بابا له

Yabalah

روميولحد Romeo Lahhoud

يا بابا له Yaba yaba lah

يا بابا له yaba yaba lah

يا بابا من شردلي الغزالة Who let my gazelle go

سألت الزين أخذوها لوين I asked the shepherd where did they take her

قال هي هي شردت لحالا He said she wanted her freedom Let her go

بقالي يوم ما شفت النوم I haven't slept for a whole night

وأنا بدور عليها Looking for her all over the fields

قمرها غاب عن الأحباب The moon is out of sight

سواد الليل غطاها Covered by the wings of darkness

دموع العين على الخدين And loved ones are weeping

سكب النار عليها Tears of sorrow rolling down

ويا بابا يا بابا يا بابا lah Yaba yaba yaba yaba lah

يا بابا يا بابا يا بابا lah Yaba yaba yaba yaba lah

يا بابا له Yaba yaba lah

يا بابا له... Yaba yaba lah ...

وين الغزلان يا عربان I ask the Arabian knights

وأنا ابكي دم عحالي Where can she possibly be

زمانني يروح والمجروح Save me from my distress

جروحو تضل يا خالي If you have anything to confess

قولولا تعود إي والله تعود My scar won't heal until she comes back to me

عيونا السود عباي Tell her how much I miss her big black eyes

ويا بابا يا بابا يا بابا lah Yaba yaba yaba yaba lah

يا بابا يا بابا يا بابا lah Yaba yaba yaba yaba lah

07

This is a traditional Lebanese song written by Romeo Lahhoud in the early seventies. It's a celebration of the tribal Arabian nomadic life where people used to be in peaceful harmony with nature. Arabic poetry is famous for its metaphors and a gazelle is the symbol of a beautiful Arabic girl with her graceful body and her typical big black eyes. To me, this song represented the last pure vision of a clean and peaceful Lebanon so I decided to rearrange it with Philippe Tohme with the voice of the original singer, Toni Hanna.

08

A love story is coming to life in the middle of a musical project happening in a troubled city. This song came out as a result of that. It's about an emotional woman and a pragmatic man trying to get along. They're running out of time with so much to be done and so little resources. It's an actual autobiographic diary and a musical illustration of the making of the album.

حسابك بعدين

Hsebak Deal with you later

تانيا صالح/ عصام الحاج علي Tania Saleh / Issam Hajali

حسابك بعدين I'll deal with you later

حسابك بعدين I'll deal with you later

حسابك بعدين I'll deal with you later

يا مشكل عالرايق You're a calm and peaceful fight

نسيم حنون ومارق Like a warm breeze passing by

وعتاب مديتو دين With borrowed guilt in your eyes

يا حيرة المفاارق Lost in the crossroads

يا ندم الخنادق With an unknown future

يا لوعة النارين And a regretful past

الساعة تنتين It's two o'clock in the morning

وفي عقربين A spider with two legs

يا مقصر العمرين Wasting my time and yours

يدي شريط وحرامي I need a switch and a wire

وصلة تولع لغرامي To re-ignite my fire, to give my heart some power

وصلة رجعة عقلك Connect it to your heart

وفيشة ورا النسيان And save me in your memory

حسابك بعدين I'll deal with you later

عالرأس وعالعين I owe you a favor

يسلم هالايدين Thanks for your time

يا ناظر هالحضاره In this so-called civilization that you've been anticipating

لاقيلي بهالعماره These monumental installations that they've been elevating

شي بيت أو بيتين Can you find me a roof or two

شي لحن أو لحدين Can you find me a riff or two

وحسابك بعدين Tell me if you do and I'll deal with you later

You're a calm and peaceful fight...

Can you please send me the bill

I know it's against your will

I insist, I'll deal with you later



The 7 days of creation, the 7 skies, the 7 sins... The number inspired this. This is about a dispute between two people that caused a mental and emotional re-evaluation of the whole relationship. When it's about love, time seems to stop on the last word spoken. One can spend days doing nothing but trying to figure out what his or her next move should be.

سبعة أيام

Sabaat Iyam Seven Days

تانيا صالح / فيليب طعمه

Tania Saleh / Philippe Tohme

صار لي سبعة أيام

I've been awake for seven days

سهرانة مش عم نام

Trying to figure out a way

وجرب إكتب قصيدة

To write you a poem

ويهرب مني الكلام

But words keep running away

القصيدة مش بإيدي

Inspiration is out of my hands

بيطيرها الهوا

Flying about in the wind

يمكن جنوا القواني

As if rhymes became mute

لما زعلنا سوا

Since our last dispute

صار لي سبعة أيام

I've been awake for seven days

سهرانة مش عم نام

Listening to the radio

ما بسمع إلا أغاني

All I can hear are love songs

بتحكي عن الغرام

No matter which way I go

بيني وبينك مسافة

There's a great distance between us

من الأرض لسابع سما

From the Earth to the seventh sky

حبك من كوكب تاني

Your love is from an alien planet

لغتو ما بفهما

I'm getting lost in translation

صار لي سبعة أيام

I've been awake for seven days

ما حلمت ولا منام

I haven't had any dreams at all

وتهرب مني القصيدة

And words keep running away

ويهرب مني الكلام

I really don't have anything to say

القصيدة مش بإيدي

Inspiration is out of my hands

بيطيرها الهوا

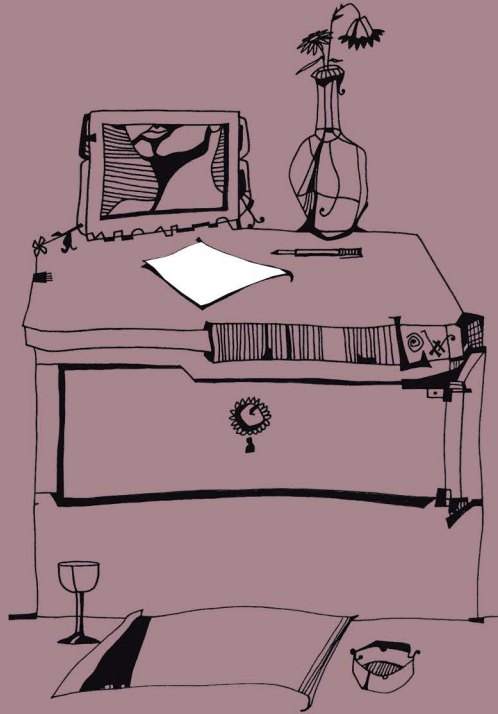
Flying about in the wind

يمكن جنوا القواني

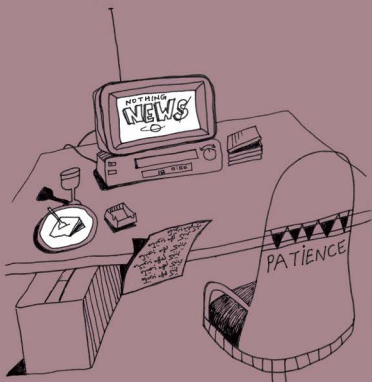
As if rhymes became mute

لما زعلنا سوا

Since our last dispute



174. Jafar
175. Jafar
176. Jafar
177. Justine
178. Katherine
179. Keenan
180. Kelsey
181. Kirk
182. Kirstie
183. Kitty
184. Krista
185. Lachlan
186. Lauren
187. Laurence
188. Le Var
189. Lee
190. Loeza
191. Leonard



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