“Shevet Achim V’achayot”

70 years in the car
I travel and look
What was and what will be
And how my soul still yearns

From sunrises at Masada
To forest baths of Jerusalem
From the beach of the Kineret and Achziv
To the parties of Tel Aviv

Today my children ask
What’s the story of Israel

CHORUS:
Here is home, here is heart
And you I will not leave
Our ancestors, our roots
We are the flowers, the melodies
A tribe of brothers and sisters

And in the eyes of my mother
I will always find my place
On the guitar I play
An old melody that directs us

From scratch everything is sewn
Patches, patches of the story
With the golden needle of a poet

I am from here, I belong
And every friend of mine is like a brother
You are the beating of my heart
I am East/West

Here is home, here is heart
And you I will not leave
Our ancestors, our roots
We are the flowers, the melodies
A tribe of brothers and sisters