

Хоть бейся, хоть тресни,  
но даже и святцы  
толкуют, как в песне:  
"Пора убираться!"

Но если там худо,  
темно и отвратно,  
я скоро прибуду  
оттуда обратно.



**Away!**

Now I out walking  
The world desert,  
And my shoe and my stocking  
Do me no hurt.

I leave behind  
Good friends in town.  
Let them get well-wined  
And go lie down.

Don't think I leave  
For the outer dark  
Like Adam and Eve  
Put out of the Park

Forget the myth  
There is no one I  
Am put out with  
Or put out by.