

Moscow to Odessa
Russian title: Moskva-Odessa
Music & Text: Vladimir Vysotskii

Once again I'm flying from Moscow to Odessa, --
Yet again they won't let us on the plane.
And just now passed by a stewardess all in blue, like a princess --
Dependable, like the entire civil fleet.

Over Murmansk, there are not clouds at all
And even now you can fly to Ashkhabad
Even Kiev, Kharkov, and Kiev are open
And even Lvov is open, -- but that's not where I'm going!

They told me: "Today don't even hope --
It's no use putting your trust in the heavens!"
And now, once again they've delayed the flight to Odessa:
Now -- the runway has turned to ice.

And in Leningrad -- the rain is pouring off the roof
But why should I fly to Leningrad?!
In Tbilisi -- everything is clear, it's warm there,
That's where tea grows -- but that's not where I'm going.

I here, those from Rostov are taking off --
Yet I need to reach Odessa or I'm dead!
But I need to go to the place which has been closed for three days.
And what's more they've postponed the flight!

I need to go -- where the snowdrifts have piled up,
Where tomorrow more snowfall is expected!..
Yet anywhere else all is clear, all is bright --
It's nice there, but that's not where I'm going..

They don't let you go from here, and there they won't let you in, --
It's not fair -- it makes me sad -- but hey
The stewardess lazily invites us to board,
Accessible, like the entire civil fleet

They've opened even the farthest little town,
Where you couldn't pay enough for me to go.
The closed port of Vladivostok is open,
Paris is open, -- but I'm not going there.

As soon as we take off, the weather will clear -- now they will remove the ban!

The airliner has revved up, you can hear the roar of the turbines...
And I still don't believe it, not for anything – they won't let me in, --
Once again they'll find a bunch of reasons.

I'm going – into the blizzard and the fog.
Where tomorrow more snowfall is expected!..
They've opened London, Delhi, Magadan,
They've opened everything, -- but that's not where I'm going.

I'm right, cry or laugh, if you will, -- but again they've delayed the flight --
And they lead us back to the past
Tall, like a Soviet plane, that stewardess, Miss Odessa --
Looks like the entire fleet

Again they delay the flight until eight!
And passengers obediently say fall asleep...
I'm sick of this, to hell with it, --
I fly to whatever place will take me.