Tollarop, A Street With a Melodious Name

A street with a melodious name,

Tollarop, tollarop, tollarop.

Why does the sun suddenly come and remind me

With a salty drop?

And what does it remind me of,

The sun, a tear, or the wind?

A street with a melodious name,

The name is blotted out, as if blind.

And only my eyes remember

My mother's grey-sunny head

On a street with a melodious name,

Tollarop, tollarop, tollarop.