

OLD FIRES, NEW LIGHTS

By the blue sea lies my Bol,
Sun is warm, the day is bright.
White stones shine along the shore,
My heart feels safe and calm at night.

Zlatni Rat touches the sea,
Wind and waves begin to play.
Young and old all stop and smile,
Watching beauty every day.

In my grandpa's little tavern,
Stories fill the air around.
Wine is resting in the barrel,
And happy laughter makes a sound.

On the wall an old net hangs,
Time moves slow, the moments stay.
With a song and friendly talk,
Even worries fade away.

When the wine warms grandpa's voice,
He starts singing, soft and clear.
Young and old all sing together,
Joy is something we all hear.

"Take good care," my grandpa says,
"Of the land, the vine, the sea.
The world is full of pretty places,
But Brač, my dear, is best for me."

But tell me, grandpa, where's the tavern now?
No fire, no circle, no warm glow.
The table's cold, the room is bright,
Something important feels not right.

The world is changing fast,
Fireplaces fade away.
People talk through little screens,
And forget to laugh and play.

Children look at phones all day,
Faces glow with screen light,
But they miss the simple joy
Of a song shared every night.

Once, time was slow, it had a taste,
With smoke and figs and wine to share.
Now moments fly with every swipe,
And fade away like they're not there.

But the old world is not gone,
It is waiting, strong and true.
In a story, song, or smile,
It still lives in me and you.

Let's choose to talk and care,
Sing together, hand in hand,
Don't get lost in screens and light,
Live like people with hope in sight.