Barcelona

George Ezra

Barcelona,
I still long to hold her once more, oh,
My boots of leather,
From Europe
I gather you know, know,Every time you have to go
Shut my eyes and you know
I'll be lying right by your side
In BarcelonaA native man sang in a foreign tongue,
I still ache to know the song that he sung,
BarcelonaEvery time you have to go
Shut my eyes and you know
I'll be lying right by your side
In BarcelonaEvery time you have to go
Shut my eyes and you know
I'll be lying right by your side
In Barcelona
Barcelona
BarcelonaEvery time you have to go
I shut my mind and you know
I'll be lying right by your side
In Barcelona

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