Granada

Katherine Jenkins

Granada, I'm falling under your spell,
And if you could speak, what a fascinating tale you would tell.
Of an age the world has long forgotten.
Of an age that weaves a silent magic in Granada today.
The dawn in the sky greets the day with a sigh for Granada,
For she can remember the splendor that once was Granada.
It still can be found in the hills all around as I wanderr along.
Entranced by the beauty before me,
Entranced by a land full of sunshine and flowers and song.
And when day is done and the sun starts to set in Granada,
I envy the blush of the snow-clad Sierra Nevada.
For soon it will welcome the stars while a thousand guitars,
Play a soft habanera.
Then moonlit Granada will live again the glory of yesterday,
Romantic and gay.

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