

# Lisboa

## Os Poetas

Lisboa, Lisboa  
The sorrow of your days gone by  
Now the hinterland of lovers should lay  
Beneath all your vacant skies  
Lisboa, Lisboa  
From Alama's arms to Lisbendade  
Paper lanterns, falling embers  
Quiet cantors sing of sandade  
The ever twilight amber of your alleyways  
Paint the air of evening oh so well  
And strolls about the river bank  
Suggests there's history left to tell  
Aye Lisboa  
A paradise beside the sea  
There's a beauty  
To the absence of tainting all your scenery

Lisboa  
Lisboa e luz boa  
Lisboa e Pessoa  
Lisboa tem Chiado  
Tem A'Yama e Tem Fado  
Da era severa  
D'em tempo que ja era  
Nas ruas de Lisboa  
Eu vou  
Das tuas colinas  
Milagres e simas  
Nas pracas, rainhas  
Flores e Rimas  
Eu vou  
Lisboa  
Ele, I, Esse, Be, O, A

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