Lisboa

Men Eater

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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