

# Andalucia

## Crooked Fingers

Andalucia when can I see you  
When it is snowing out again  
Farmer john wants you  
Louder and softer closer and dearer  
Then again  
Needing you taking you keeping you leaving you  
In a year and a day to be sure  
That your face doesn't alter  
Your words never falter -- I love you I'll be here waiting later and later  
Hoping the night will go away  
Andalucia castles and christians  
Andalucia come to stay  
You were lost, once before, on a day much like this  
When you'd made up your mind not to come  
And I couldn't persuade you  
Or wait till tomorrow -- or pass the time

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