

# Spain

## Ann Hampton Callaway

I can remember the rain in December  
The leaves of brown on the ground  
In Spain I did love and adore you  
The nights filled with joy were our yesterdays  
And tomorrow will bring you near me I can recall my desire every reverie is on fire  
Can I get a picture of all my yesterdays?  
Yesterday I can say  
I get a kick every time they play that Spain again I can remember the rain in December  
The leaves of brown on the ground  
Our love was a Spanish fiesta  
The bright lights and songs were our joy each day  
And the nights were the heat of yearning I can recall my desire every reverie is on fire  
Can I get a picture of all my yesterdays?  
Yesterday I can say  
I get a kick every time I see you gaze at me I see moments of history  
Your eyes meet mine and they dance to the melody  
And we live again as if dreaming  
The sound of our hearts beat like castanets  
And forever we'll know their meaning I can recall my desire every reverie is on fire  
Can I get a picture of all my yesterdays?  
Yesterday I can say  
I get a kick every time I see you gaze at me

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