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 meI 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 againI 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 yearningI 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 meI 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 meaningI 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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