Granada

Al Martino

Granada, I'm falling under your spell
And if you could speak what a fascinating tale you would tell
Of an age the world has long forgotten
Of an age that weaves the silent magic in Granada today

The dawn in the sky greets the day with a sigh for Granada
For she can remember the splendour that once was Granada
It still can be found in the hills all around as I wander along
Entranced by the beauty before me
Entranced by a land full of sunshine and flowers and song
And when day is done and the sun starts to set in Granada
I envy the blush of the snow clad Sierra Nevada
For soon it will welcome the stars
While a thousand guitars play a soft Habanera
Then moonlit Granada will live again
The glory of yesterday romantic and gay.

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