

Spain

Al Jarreau

Yesterday, just a photograph of yesterday
And all its edges folded and the corners faded sepia brown
And yet it's all I have of our past love
A postscript to its ending

Brighter days, I can see such brighter days
When every song we sang is sung again
And now we know, we know this time it's for good
And we're lovers once again, and you're near me

I can remember the rain in December
The leaves are 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
And I get a picture of all our yesterdays, yes, today
I can say, I get a kick every time
They play that, Spain, again

I can remember the rain in December
The leaves are 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
And I get a picture of all our yesterdays, yes, today
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
And I get a picture of all our yesterdays, yes, today
I can say, I get a kick every time
I see you gaze at me

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
And I get a picture of all our yesterdays, yes, today
I can say, I get a kick every time
I see you gaze at me

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 remember the rain in December
The leaves are brown tumbling down
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
And I get a picture of all our yesterdays, yes, today
I can say, I get a kick and I'm here to say
Here, Spain, again