

Fire And Rain

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
They play that, Spain, again

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

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