

# Mister Spain

Aretha Franklin

I can feel your blackness, and your manhood, and your love;  
I can touch your whiteness, and your oranges, and your power...

Spain... (Spain...)  
Yes, Mister Spain... (Spain...)  
They gon' put a star beside your name...  
Yes they are, Mister Spain...

I can speak your own language - if you listen, you will hear...  
I understand your crying, I understand your fear...  
And I know that you're lonely... yes, I do... (yes, I do...)  
And I know what you're missing - baby, you do too!

Mister Spain...  
No, don't do that, Mister Spain!  
Don't you put another needle in your vein, oh!  
Mister Spain, please...

I can feel it raining on your secrets and your dreams;  
And I understand your reasons, and I know what you mean...  
Yes I do, yes I do, yes I do...

Spain...  
Please, Mister Spain!  
Don't you let nobody's daughter feel your shame! (I love you, Mister Spain...)  
Your shame, your shame, Mister Spain... (I love you, Mister Spain, oo h, ooh..)

(Spain!  
Spain!  
Spain!)

I can feel your blackness, and your manhood, and your love;  
I can touch your whiteness, and your oranges, and your power...  
So let me hear your laughter, right away!  
You can turn around now... it's okay...

Mister Spain!  
Ooh, Mister! Spain!  
They gon' put a star beside your name...  
Laugh, laugh, Mister Spain!  
Laugh, Mister Spain...  
Whoa, laugh, Mister Spain...  
Laugh, Mister Spain...  
Laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh, laugh, oh! Mister Spain...  
Ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh, oh-oh oh-oh-oh-whoa...