

Spanish Sky

Druhá tráva

1. Oh La buena borrasca this storm's a lot like a grief
it's like a fiery love it's like a sharp crystal sea
and the beaches are sad Lord and the dark clouds are real
2. How in the realm or myth and like a fool now and then
I see your triumphs of feeling in the arms of another man
I have to think about winning when I shout my own drunken pl
eas
that after tonight Lord I'll only love women of Velasquez.
R: There is a friendly dance make it and dance it please
magic appearance in the shade of a woman's kiss.
3. The kiss of an old scared mother when the lamp is already ou
t
and something doesn't come back and from an awful distance i
t
laughs
under the cork red wine when I see you again how you cry
how you rear up above me like an autumn red spanish sky.