

The spanish night is over

Engelbert Humperdinck

Once upon a lonely night, Barcelona, Spain.
She was just a simple girl, Maria was her name.
Trough the night we fell in love, that morning brings
goodbye.
Now I spend the rest of my life wondering why.

The Spanish night is over, and here I am again.
Holdin' just a heartfull of memory's, that never ends.
The Spanish night is over, but still I'm dreamin' off.
How it was together, the night we fell in love.

Every night I close my eyes, and hold her in my sleep.
So it was so long ago, the memory's I will keep,
Some of us we're meant to win, other's meant to loose.
But I never dream that we still loosin' you.

The Spanish night is over, and here I am again.
Holdin' yust a heartfull of memory's, that never ends.
The Spanish night is over, but still I'm dreamin' off.
How it was together, the night we fell in love.

The Spanish night is over, but still I'm dreamin' off.
How it was together, the night we fell in love.
How it was together, the-night -we -fell -in love