

Valencia

Mario Lanza

Valencia, in my dreams it always seems
I hear you softly call to me
Valencia, where the orange trees forever
Send the breeze beside the sea

Valencia, in my arms I hold your charms
Beneath the blossoms high above
You love me, in Valencia long ago
We found our paradise of love

In a magic dream of memory I see you again
In that old town far away beneath the skies of Spain
That city of plenty romances, so shy were your glances
And swiftly the sunshine that dances through the orange broad

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