

En Aranjuez Con Tu Amor

Santana

Aranjuez, a place of dreams and love
Where the sound of crystal
fountains in the garden
seem to whisper beneath the roses

Aranjuez, today the dry
leaves without colour
which are swept by the wind
Are just reminders of the
romance we once began
And that we've forsaken without reason

Perhaps this love is hidden in a sunset
In the breeze or in a flower
Waiting for your return

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leaves without colour
which are swept by the wind
Are just reminders of the
romance we once started
And that we've forsaken without reason