



Granada

Granada, I'm falling under your spell
And if you could speak, what a fascinating tale
you would tell
Of an age the world has long forgotten
Of an age that weaves a silent magic in
Granada today

The dawn in the sky greets the day with a sigh
for Granada
For she can remember the splendor that once
was Granada
It still can be found in the hills all around as I
wander along
Entranced by the beauty before me
Entranced by a land full of sunshine and
flowers and song

And when day is done and the sun starts to
set in Granada
I envy the blush of the snow-clad Sierra
Nevada
For soon it will welcome the stars
While a thousand guitars play a soft Habanera

Then moonlit Granada will live again
The glory of yesterday, romantic and gay

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