

El Cordobes

BZN

A hot sunny day
Some musicians play
The chords of an old pasodoble
The moment is near
For the thousands that cheer
The name of the great matador

In the wings where she whispered 'never say die'
Ohoh, never say die
Only cold perspiration invades his keen eye
It's the moment we are waiting for

El Cordobes like a real cumbanchero
Ay ay ay ay, he's the great matador
El Cordobes cumbanchi cumbanchero
Ay ay ay ay, he's the man we adore
I fear the end of the show
A shivering thrill then we go

In the heat of the fight
He trembles inside
Never praise the day before it's over
He's starting to choke
To the finishing stroke
The crowd's only crying for more

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El Cordobes!