

# Nights in Estoril

Fleetwood Mac

Well there will be times  
When the memories fade  
There will be words we've said  
We just can't take away  
I'm only saying  
That as time goes sailing on  
Nothing is forgotten baby  
Nothing is really gone

I remember the nights in estoril  
A kiss and oh the never ending thrill  
And I remember the coming storm  
Oh and you my ove, how you kept me warm

Well there will be times  
When we can't agree  
We can't help but see things  
A little differantly  
I'm only saying  
That as time goes sailing on  
How can something so right  
Ever be wrong

I remember the nights in estoril  
A kiss and oh the never ending thrill  
And I remember the coming storm  
Oh and you my love, how you kept me warm

Your hand reaching out to me  
Dark clouds gathering in their wake  
I've seen it all before  
But I've never felt it more  
This time there is no mistake  
Oh I remember

And I remember the coming storm  
Oh and you my love, how you kept me warm

I remember the nights in estoril  
A kiss and oh the never ending thrill  
And I remember the coming storm  
Oh and you my ove, how you kept me warm

I remember  
Remember...