Spain

Tom Robinson

Leaving London in the pouring rain
Climbed high into the blue again
Over Europe, above an ocean
I was out on my own
On the tarmac, sunlight in my eyes
Like a furnace, half hypnotized
In the haze I saw the mainland
Then I knew you were home

Spain... I finally came to Spain
Across the straits in Spain
Where I want to be
Won't you come home with me?

Battered taxis in the marketplace
Narrow streets, little alleyways
I was restless, kind of breathless
Still trapped in the past
Nightfall under the battlements
Sidewalk cafes and mandolins
Across a table in the lamplight
When I met you at last

Spain... I finally came to Spain
Across the straits in Spain
Where I want to be
Won't you come home with me?

Spain... you finally found me
Spain... your arms around me
Spain... where I want to stay
Won't you come home

Don't go, won't you stay with me
Leave home, fly away with me
Who will find us or remind us
When our moment is gone

Spain... I finally came to Spain
Across the straits in Spain
Where I want to be
Won't you come home with me?

Spain... you finally found me
Spain... your arms around me
Spain... where I want to stay
Won't you come home

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