

Yardbirds, The "Spanish Blood"

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She lived alone,
Her eyes had seen many lovers and many sunsets,
And then they reflected the sunrise.
Reddish-black hair flowed upon her freckled brown
shoulders,
And as she took water from the well,
Her long black dress came up to reveal her bare, hard
but feminine feet.
Gentle hands gathered a bucket,
And all was still as nature honoured every movement.
My horse stood motionless as I watched her through
the olive branches.
I dared go no further,
I dared not meet with the Spanish blood.

To reveal her bare, hard but feminine feet.
Gentle hands gathered a bucket,
And all was still as nature honoured every movement.
My horse stood motionless as I watched her through
the olive branches.
I dared go no further,
I dared not meet with the Spanish blood

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