

Night Blackmore's "Spanish Nights"

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Silent she rose from cold desert sand
Painted in shadows, a dark caravan...
Quiet as a wisper, with moves like a cat
She rules like a stromcloud, her eyes glowing black

Oh, and they cry Malaguena
Wait for me, Malaguena
I remeber it well...
Oh, and they cry Malaguena
Wait for me, Malaguena
I remeber it well...
Oh, too well...

And so they rode on wings of the song
Spinning in silence, the worls was their own..
Two lovers locked in the armes of the dance
Freedom begins with a game or chance...

Oh, and they cry Malaguena
Wait for me, Malaguena
I remeber it well...
Oh, and they cry Malaguena
Wait for me, Malaguena
I remeber it well...
Oh, too well...

And now they rise like a wave on the sea
Lost in the rythm, and ever they'll be...

Oh, and they cry Malaguena
Wait for me, Malaguena
I remeber it well...
Oh, and they cry Malaguena
Wait for me, Malaguena
I remeber it well...
Oh, too well...

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