

NOAH PINE

"Spanish Sweetheart"

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I wish that i was in my own house
and that this long drawn out war was over
you see killing is a great sin
how can one atone or be forgiven
all men were created equal in the light
I am tired and worry some
it does not help that it is snowing in the mountains of
spain in may

I will rescue you my spanish sweetheart
I carry you, our love is strong

A boy does not want to grow up to be a poor man
why should he
so he learns the way of the matador
he wants to be rich, not a criminal
it's so simple when you don't know anything
put me on a ship to Mexico
let the waves carry me to Venezuela or Cuba
the cold air cuts my lungs
i dream of the smell of the ground in the springtime
after the rain
i feel your lips on my shoulders

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