

Iglesias Enrique

"Cosas Del Amor"

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Que me importa el Calvario
si amarte es sufrir,
o que juegues con cartas marcadas.
Lo que importa es las noches
pasadas en ti,
aunque a cambio me rompas el alma.

?Que me importa la vida!
?De que sirve vivir
si me falta tu cuerpo caliente?
Lo que importa es tocarte
y apagar esta sed,
que tan solo me apaga tu fuente.

Que sin ti nada tiene valor,
y por eso soy tuyo,
esclavo y señor.

Cosas del amor,
cosas de la vida:
Tu eres mi aguilá real,
yo soy tu gacela herida.

Cosas de tu carne,
cosas de tu piel,
que me arrastra por las olas
como barco de papel.

Cosas del amor,
cosas de la vida:
tu me haces el dolor
y me curas las heridas.

Cosas de tu cuerpo,
cosas de mi voz
predicando en el desierto
de tu absurdo corazón.

?Para que quiero aire
si respiro de ti?
?Para que quiero luz

ni ventanas?

Si me basta sentirte amarrada a mi piel,
y saber que a tu modo me amas.

Que me importa esperarte
una y mil veces mas
si al final tu me inundas el tiempo.
Lo que importa es mirarte
en silencio y saber
que tal vez sin tenerte
te tengo.

Que sin ti nada tiene valor,
y por eso soy tuyo
esclavo y señor.

Cosas del amor,
cosas de la vida:
Tu eres mi aguililla real,
yo soy tu gacela herida.

Cosas de tu carne,
cosas de tu piel,
que me arrastra por las olas
como barco de papel

Cosas del amor,
cosas de la vida:
tu me haces el dolor
y me curas las heridas.

Cosas de tu cuerpo,
cosas de mi voz
predicando en el desierto
de tu absurdo corazón.

Things of Love

What does the Calvary matter
if to love you is to suffer
Or that you play with marked cards
What matters are the nights
spent with you,
even if in return you tear my soul

What do I care about life?
What's the point of living
if I don't have your hot body?
What matters is to touch you

and to quench this thirst,
that only your fountain quenches for me.

Without you nothing has value,
and for that I'm yours,
slave and gentleman

Things of love
Things of life
You are my golden eagle
And I'm your injured gazelle

Things of your flesh
Things of your skin
That drags me through the waves
like a paper boat

Things of love,
Things of life
You cause me pain and
you heal my wounds

Things of your body,
things of my voice
preaching in the desert
about your absurd heart

Why do I want air
if I breath of you?
Why do I want light
or windows
if to feel you on my skin is enough
and to know that you love me anyway

What does it matter to wait for you a
thousand and one more times
If in the end you eliminate the time
What matters is to see you
in silence and to know
that perhaps without having you
I have you.

That with out you nothing has value
and that's why I'm yours,
slave and gentleman

Things of love
Things of life
You are my golden eagle
And I'm your injured gazelle

Things of your flesh
Things of your skin
That drags me through the waves
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