

# Chick Corea, Spain

Yesterday, just a photograph of yesterday  
And all it's edges folded and the corners, sepia brown  
And yet it's all I have of our past love  
A postscript to it's ending  
Brighter days, I can see such brighter days  
When every song we sang is sung again  
And now we know it's for good  
This time for good  
And we'll love us once again  
And you're near me  
I can remember the rain in December  
The leaves are brown on the ground  
In Spain I did love and adore you  
The nights filled with joy were our yesterday's  
And tomorrow will bring you near me  
I can recall my desire, every reverie is on fire  
And I got a picture of all my yesterdays  
Yesterday, I can say. I got a kick everytime I see  
That Spain again.  
I can remember the rain in December  
The leaves are brown on the ground  
Our love was a Spanish fiesta  
The bright light and songs were our joy each day  
And the nights were the heat of yearning.  
\*\*\* I can recall my desire, every reverie is on fire  
And I got a picture of all my yesterdays  
Yesterday, I can say. I got a kick everytime I see  
You gaze at me  
I see moments of history  
Your eyes meet mine  
And they dance to the melody  
And we live again, as if dreaming  
The sound of our hearts beat like castagnets  
And forever we know their meaning