Crosby, Stills & Nash, Panama

Have you seen Panama Where I first fell in love It will forever be an emerald necklace Set between the seas

Beside a crystal stream In the mountains of Chiriqui I saw a girl astride a horse she waved at me I was fifteen

I was not a child I was not yet a man I was trying very hard to understand Indifferent to the dangers of living in a foreign land Was I falling in love or under the spell Of Panama?

Went riding off alone Much further than I should have gone I wandered deep into the dark Now which way gets me home

Then suddenly there she was All covered with leaves and dust I couldn't believe it but she followed me Now both of us were lost

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The clouds began to rumble We found a dry piece of jungle I don't remember if It rained But I remember making love

So clearly I recall
The magic of Panama
And surely never will it let me go
Yo Soy Panameno

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La, la, la, la, la La, la, la, la, la ...