

Sarah Brightman, Chanson Espagnol (English - S

We had just seen the bull,
Three boys, three young girls.
In the field, the weather was fine.
And we danced a bolero,
At the sound of the castanets.
Tell me, neighbour,
If I am looking well
And if my Basque girl
Is well, this morning.
Do you think my figure is graceful?
Do you think my figure is graceful?

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz like that very much.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz like that very much.
La-la-la ...
The girls of Cadiz like that very much.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

And we danced a bolero
One evening, it was Sunday.
Towards us came an hidalgo,
Wealthy, feather on the cap
And the fist on the hip:
If you want from me
Brown with the soft smile?
You only have to say it
This gold is yours.
Go your own path, good sir.
Go your own path, good sir.

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz do not hear that.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz do not hear that.
La-la-la ...
The girls of Cadiz do not hear that.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!