

Al Jarreau, Spain

Yesterday

Just a photograph of yesterday
and all it's edges folded
and the corners faded sepia brown
and yet it's all I have of our past love
a post script to it's ending

Brighter days

I can see such brighter days
when every song we sang is sung again
and now we know
we know this time it's for good
and we're lovers once again
and you're near me

I can remember the rain in december
the leaves of brown on the ground
in Spain I did love and adore you
the nights filled with joy were our yesterdays
and tomorrow will bring you near me

I can recall my desire

every reverie is on fire and I get a picture of all our yesterdays
yes today, I can say

I get a kick every time they play that spain again

I can remember the rain in december
the leaves of brown on the ground

Our love was a spanish fiesta

the bright lights and sounds 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 get a picture of all our yesterdays
yes today, I can say

I get a kick every time 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 castanets

and forever we'll know their meaning

I can recall my desire every reverie is on fire

and I get a picture of all our yesterdays

yes, today, I can say

I get a kick every time I see you gaze at me

(music solo)

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 castanets

and forever we'll know their meaning

I can recall my desire

every reverie is on fire

and I get a picture of all our yesterdays

yes today I can say

I get a kick every time I see you gaze at me

be do de

(scat solo)

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 castanets

and forever we'll know their meaning

I can remember the rain in december

the leaves of brown tumbling down

in spain I did love and adore you

the nights filled with joy were our yesterdays
and tomorrow will bring you near me
I can recall my desire every reverie is on fire
and I get a picture of all our yesterdays
yes today I can say
I get a kick every time you sing that spain
whoa, whoa, oh yeah