

# Al Stewart, The News From Spain

I have heard the news from Spain  
Now you say you've many things yet to be learning  
And you don't know if or when you'll be returning  
It depends on how  
Everything works out  
If it can somehow  
In Carvajal

And I have heard the news from Spain  
Now you've found someone you don't have to be tied to  
And he dried your eyes, and later he lay beside you  
As the simple wine  
Of the flow of time  
Pulled us out of rhyme  
In Carvajal

Into a taxi and down to the airport  
In only the clothes I was standing in  
A scribbled address, a toothbrush, a passport  
The money we saved in the biscuit tin  
Running afraid to a strange Spanish town  
Searching the sands and the shoreline...

And I have heard the news from Spain  
Now the Winter winds possess the Southern reaches  
And the sea folds like a mantle on the beaches  
And the crowds have gone  
And I've left my song  
To be killed alone  
In Carvajal  
In Carvajal  
In Carvajal