

Barclay James Harvest, Paraiso Dos Cavalos

Met an old friend the other day
Recognised from a different age
Like a ghost in a photograph
Distant memories of the past
There was Nico and Limpopo
Ipaminandas and young Nero
All the old friends we've known so well
With all the stories they'll never tell

All it took was a photograph
To bring the memories chasing back
Of summer sunshine and cool green wine
And all the good times we'd left behind
We'd take the road down to Almansil
If I had known then we'd be there still
We left our hearts in the soft sea spray
With every Quinta Do Lago day

The wind in your hair
The sun in your face
The feeling of the power
The beauty and grace
Paraiso dos Cavalos
Paraiso dos Cavalos

Through our minds move the souls
Of our bygone years
As we ride through their ancient tears
To a place to a time where
We'd all be saved
To gallop on in the breaking waves

At Paraiso dos Cavalos
Paraiso dos Cavalos