

# 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