

# Judybats, Convalescing In Spain

Convalescing in Spain  
Trying to purge this sickness  
You started in me  
At the outdoor cafes  
Trying to cool this fever  
Drink, relief, recovery  
In the scratchy shade  
Of a dusty almond tree  
Boozing it up with friends I've made  
Yeah, we laugh till we cry  
They don't know my mind  
Is oceans away  
The people really like me here  
My Spanish is getting better  
But all I want to do is  
Break away from them  
And write you another letter  
That I'll never send  
I fold them into boats  
Set them afloat in the  
Neighborhood pool  
The children love them till they  
Sink and say, "Hagame uno mas!  
Esos son muy cool!"  
Running on the beach  
Over the rocky part  
I can almost forget that  
Forgetting is the hardest part  
That letting go  
Is only a state of mind  
That love is impure  
That love is blind  
I'm talkin' blinkers, baby  
Running on the beach  
Over the rocky part  
I can almost forget that  
Forgetting is the hardest part  
Convalescing in Spain  
I've been keeping a diary  
And I must be getting well  
Cause I write less of you  
And more of me  
Things like  
Did we sleep through the best part?  
Did we cry through the worst part?  
Did we chinga through the good days?  
Did we get stuck with the end?  
Don't we cry when someone  
Steals the show  
Hate when it's someone we know?  
Perhaps this is the best part  
Convalescing in Spain  
Perhaps this is the best part  
Convalescing in Spain

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