

Spain, Her Used-To-Been

She knew it was all over
When she turned her back
On her used-to-been
She knew it was all over

When she turned from him
She turned to me
But what was there to say
I see that you've been crying

Your old man's arms
Like to bear their fists
But my arms have hands like
The graceful mist

And all they want to do
Is hold you