

Terence Trent D'Arby, Castilian Blue

She was a paragon of soft scented chinois curls

She stood with nothing on

As we watched my flag unfurl

We fell in love so fast

That it spun my head around

Her coffee tawny skin

Sent my blood pressure up and down

Castilian blue

Castilian blue

I never ever thought

I'd be so taken by a girl like you

Lavender scented pillows

Gave a smell to her room

That when I smell it now

Sends my heart into a sad mood

Black men and her commitments

She had a problem with

And the mention of her father

Would cause her to get very miffed at me

Castilian blue

Castilian blue

I never ever thought

I'd be so taken by a girl like you

Bon bons and fishnet stockings

Used to settle any score

Till one day I felt the breeze awake me

Coming in through an open door

Recurring dreams

I see her in Mirabella Magazine

Multi-coloured babies

Running round behind her knee

She's long, long, gone

Castilian blue

Castilian blue

I never ever thought

I'd be so taken by a girl like you