Spanish Sky - Druhá tráva/Robert Křesťan

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   Ami     C       G           C        G           D
1. Oh La buena borrasca this storm's a lot like a grief
   Ami          C     G         C       G            D
   it's like a fiery love it's like a sharp crystal sea
   Ami      C           G   C            G               D
   and the beaches are sad Lord and the dark clouds are real
    Ami         C         G        D                       G
   like black dresses of monks on dead white walls of Escorial.
2. How in the realm or myth and like a fool now and then
   I see your triumphs of feeling in the arms of another man
   I have to think about winning when I shout my own drunken pleas
   that after tonight Lord I'll only love women of Velasquez.
     C          G       D     C           G         D
R: There is a friendly dance make it and dance it please
    C    G     D             C         G       D
   magic appearance in the shade of a woman's kiss.
3. The kiss of an old scared mother when the lamp is already out
   and something doesn't come back and from an awful distance it laughs
   under the cork red wine when I see you again how you cry
   how you rear up above me like an autumn red spanish sky.
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