

Andrea Bocelli, Rodrigo (In English)

Arunjuez, a place of love and dreams,
where crystal fountains
playing in the garden seem
to murmur to the roses.

Arunjuez, the dry and faded leaves
now swept away by the wind
are memories of the romance
you and I once began
and then for no reason forgot.

Perhaps that love is hiding
in the twilight,
in the breeze or in a flower,
awaiting your return.

Arunjuez, the dry and faded leaves,

In Arunjuez, my love,
you and I.