

# George Ezra, Barcelona

Barcelona,  
I still long to hold her once more,  
My boots of leather,  
From Europe  
I gather you know, know,

Every time you have to go  
Shut my eyes and you know  
I'll be lying right by your side  
In Barcelona

The native man sang in a foreign tongue,  
I still ache to know the song that he sung,  
Barcelona

Every time you have to go  
Shut my eyes and you know  
I'll be lying right by your side  
In Barcelona

Every time you have to go  
Shut my eyes and you know  
I'll be lying right by your side  
In Barcelona  
Barcelona  
Barcelona

Every time you have to go  
I shut my mind and you know  
I'll be lying right by your side  
In Barcelona