

Sarah Brightman, In Aranjuez With Your Love

Aranjuez, a place of dreams and love
Where a rumour of crystal fountains in the garden
seems to whisper to the roses
Aranjuez, today the dry leaves without colour which are swept by the wind
Are just reminders of the romance we once started
And that we've forsaken without reason
Maybe this love is hidden in one sunset
In the breeze or in a flower
Waiting for your return
Aranjuez, today the dry leaves without colour which are swept by the wind
Are just reminders of the romance we once started
And that we've forsaken without reason
In Aranjuez, my love
You and I