

A Spanish Summernight in Paris

Tom Zai, 2011

Autumn left some frost on the leaves
The world turns cold
Again

Do you still feel the sun on your skin
Do you still smell the fruits like a sin
Do you still hear the crop in the wind
as if the breath of life
was within?

But winter time is all too near
The smile of God -
Just a sneer

I saw that girl on the street
She twisted her ankle and fell
I helped her and she seemed so sweet
She asked me, then, if we could meet
Although she didn't feel so well

We ate at the Polidor then
She asked me to come to her den
The first kiss was a surprise
Not just breaking the ice
It tasted like walnuts to me
And nuts, yeah, she drove me
She never blinked with her eyes
And I think she never cries

And when the moon hit Eiffel Tower atop
We didn't have the power to make us stop
We didn't care the when nor did we care the where
We didn't care the now nor did we care what there
Later on would be.
't was nothing more than the
unforgettable disclosure of my mind
So that no one of our kind
Would never come across
Such a gift and such a loss
A Spanish summer night in Paris

A train took me away
Nothing more to say
But Foucault's Pendule swings
As the Earth still spins

Solo

Winter comes when Autumn leaves
The world is cold
Again

Do you still feel my touch on your skin
Do you still smell the scent of my chin
Do you still hear the music from within
as if the summer night
was a sin?

The memory won't disappear
and God's sneer
Is just a grin