

Barcelona

George Ezra

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 A 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

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