

Olive green

If your sun ever goes down
Never lose the shine from your olive eyes
With your smile beaming
Roses and myrtle of the moon
Your joyful spirit dancing
Around in light

As your hair flows like flowers
In the wind you protect and help them to survive
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When the afternoon had turned dry and green
Pumping blood through your body to keep it strong
With care, love and devotion
Given from your beating heart
With the sun portraying your eyes
They will never change

As your hair flows like flowers in the wind
You protect and help them to survive
Your tender heart loving others
Keeping your face lit with scattered light

My valiant pony
For the plain, for the wind
Never says a word
Come to Cordoba, muchacha
Come to Cordoba, muchacha
Come to Cordoba, muchacha