

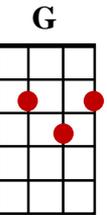
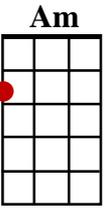
Y Viva espana - Rozenstraten/Caerts – (as Sung by Sylvia)



All the ladies fell for Rudolph Valentino,
he had a beano back in those balmy days.

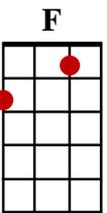
He knew every time you meet an icy creature,
you got to teach her hot-blooded latin ways.

But even Rudolph would have felt the strain,
of making smooth advances in the rain.



Oh, this year I'm off to sunny Spain, y viva Espana,
I'm taking the Costa Brava plane, y viva Espana.
If you'd like to chat a matador, in some cool cabana,
and meet señoritas by the score, Espana por favor.

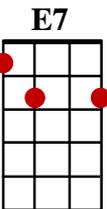
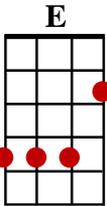
G F E E



Quite by chance to hot romance I found the answer,
flamenco dancers are far the finest bet.

There was one who whispered, "Whoo, hasta la vista",
each time I kissed him/her behind the castanets.

He/She rattled his/her maracas close to me,
in no time I was trembling at the knee.



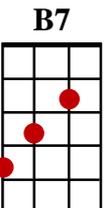
CHORUS

When they first arrive, the girls are pink and pasty,
but, oh, so nasty, as soon as they grow brown.

I guess they know everybody will be queueing,
to do the wooing his girlfriend won't allow

But still I think today's a lucky day,

That's why I've learned the way to shout "Ole!"



CHORUS

CHORUS

Espana por favor.