

# Andrea Bocelli, Rodrigo (In English)

Arunjuez, a place of love and dreams,  
where crystal fountains  
playing in the garden seem  
to murmur to the roses.

Arunjuez, the dry and faded leaves  
now swept away by the wind  
are memories of the romance  
you and I once began  
and then for no reason forgot.

Perhaps that love is hiding  
in the twilight,  
in the breeze or in a flower,  
awaiting your return.

Arunjuez, the dry and faded leaves,

In Arunjuez, my love,  
you and I.