

Baccara, Mad In Madrid

Can't you hear me?
Don't you fear me?
'cause norm'ly I am very shy

Mad in Madrid must be the wine senor
Or the fire in your eyes
I'm saying things I never said before
But Madrid is paradise

Mad in Madrid must be the wine senor
Or the fire in your eyes
I'm doing things I never did before
But Madrid is paradise

Baby tonight, baby tonight only lovelight
You do alright
Holding me tighter than tight
Seems like we're going one direction
Feel the action of affection
Si senor, I want more!

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