

Brian Wilson, South American

Got a letter from a long lost cousin of mine
Who owns a little piece of heaven in the Argentine
It's a different planet, it's a different place
He calls it out of this world without traveling to space

It's not just a lesson in geography
No equation to unravel algebraically
It's written in the wind and on the tropical sea
From south of the equator it keeps callin'to me

South American well you know I would
South American if I only could
I wanna be, I wanna be going back

You only get to heaven if you chase your dreams
Let the paparazzi flash, let the tabloid scream
I've been around too long to care what anyone says
I'm hungry and I'm doing lunch with Cameron Diaz

South American she's got that tango look
South American she'll read you like a book
I wanna be, I wanna be going back

It rolls off my tongue like a magical phrase
A simple translation this message conveys
Gimme that, gimme that South American girl

I wanna be, I wanna be where it's at
South American I'm not on some trip
South American I just long for a ship
A sailing boat or anything that floats
Going back