

Carlos Lyra, Pretty Place (Lugar Bonito)

On the road of life I travel
Looking forward, never back,
Looking to that dream before me,
Leaving old dreams in my track.

Lugar bonito, bonito,
It's a pretty place I see.
Lugar bonito, bonito,
Where this road is taking me.

Earth is barren where I come from
But it's greener where I go
How I'll get there,
I'm not certain,
When I get there, I will know.

Lugar bonito, bonito,
It's a pretty place I see
Lugar bonito, bonito,
Where this road is taking me.

Long and lonely, hard and dusty,
Is this trail I walk upon.
But the journey's end gets nearer
As the day goes by, gets gone.

Lugar bonito, bonito,
It's a pretty place, I know.
Lugar bonito, bonito,
At the end of this road.