

# James Taylor, Only A Dream In Rio

More than a distant land over a shining sea.  
More than the steaming green. More than the shining eyes.  
Well they tell me it's only a dream in Rio.  
Nothing could be as sweet as it seems on this very first day down.  
They remind me, "Son, have you so soon forgotten?"  
Often as not it's rotten inside and the mask soon slips away.  
Strange taste of a tropical fruit, romantic language of the Portuguese.  
Melody on a wooden flute, samba floating in the summer breeze.

It's all right, you can stay asleep, you can close your eyes,  
you can trust the people of paradise to call your keeper and tender your good-byes.

Oh, what a night, wonderful one in a million frozen fire Brazilian stars.  
Oh, holy southern cross, later on take me way downtown in a tin can.  
Can't come down from the bandstand, I'm never thrown for such a loss when they say:  
Quando a nossa mae acordar, andareimoz au sol.  
Quando a nossa mae acordar, cantara' pelos sertao.  
Quando a nossa mea acordar, todos os filios saberao.  
Todos os filios saberao, e regozilarao.

Caught in the rays of the rising sun on the run from the soldier's gun.  
Shouting out loud from the angry crowd, the mild the wild and the hungry child.  
I'll tell you there's more than a dream in Rio.  
I was there on the very day and my heart came back alive.  
There was more, more than the singing voices,  
more than the upturned faces and more than the shining eyes.

But it's more than the shining eye, more than the steaming green,  
more than the hidden hills, more than the concrete Christ,  
more than a distant land over a shining sea,  
more than a hungry child, more like another time.  
Born of a million years, more than a million years.