

# Brazil, You Never Know

Yesterday morning upon my waking  
Inside my pocket, I found a calling card  
It said in cursive "Meta-detective";  
And had a number I didn't recognize  
It rang all morning and in the evening  
I heard an answer. It sounded like a sigh.  
It was a woman on the receiver  
(she was a breather)  
I said i'd see her because you never know

She said she'd meet me under the marquee  
Of a theater that was abandoned  
She ran up to me and leaned in closely  
Whispering softly, she told me how I would die  
She spoke in cipher and coy conundrums  
Her hair was like lightning and smelled like thunder  
Ending our rendez-vous, she said "Rappelea-vous?"  
And with a pirouette, she disappeared and I said,  
"You never know"

I'll let you be my eyes if we fly  
I'll let you be my eyes because I'm blind  
The rain flies into our mouths while our heads fly into the clouds