

Carlos Lyra, Calling Card (Cart?o De Visita)

Anyone who cares for me
Will have to care
For what my samba says
Rich he'll never have to be
But be a millionaire
With what he has
A bohemian at heart
That's for certain
But still captain
Of his soul
Doesn't have
To know much grammar
But such glamour
He will have to know
And when he walks
The sidewalks singing
For the ones
Who can't pay for a song
Just like carnival
He'll get them all
To sing along
He'll have to learn
To earn and spend.
He'll beg for alms
When poor and homeless
Giving tenderness as change

When in love
He'll be a nut
But not at all deranged
He'll have to be all of that
And never ever
Let it change

And go through life
So nice and easy
Watching time
Slipping by on its way
Should be loved by some
And have some love
To give away
He should be wise,
Philosophize
That being someone
Should be nothing
And being nothing
Should be swell
He'll have to play samba
And make samba
Swing like hell
He'll have to be all of that
And not forget
To share as well