

Carlos Lyra, Do You Know? (Sabe Voc??)

BEGGAR POET:

(Spoken) The man that has no music in himself nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is

You're so much more than I can be
And also richer, I can see
But what I know you'll never guess and
Just before your powers lessen
I'm gonna show you how and why
I know much more than you, wise guy

Do you know what love is for
You don't, I do
Do you know of troubadours?
You don't, I do
Do you walk at early morning
With your lover hand in hand
Or do you understand this talk
Do you, my friend?
Do you care if flowers bloom?
You don't, I do
Do you share your tears
With whom
Would cry for you
I have cried when I had joy
I have cried when I was blue
But as for you, my clever boy
You never did, oh, no
Not you

Did you ever think
Of what is my belief
That it's better being a beggar
Than a thief
I am sure a day will come
And I trust the gods above
That if you beg from anyone
You'll beg for love
From your own self you may steal
And still be smart
But I swear you'll never steal
A woman's heart
You have no joy of your own
Never wrote a simple song
That's why my poetry you can't steal
Ha, ha, you won't and never will.
Ha, ha, you won't and never will.
Oh, no you don't! You never will.