

Carlos Lyra, So Long Sweet Hungup

So long sweet hungup
Im writing on the run
Im running off to Rio,
Oh yes Rio sound like fun
Proibly dance the bossa-nova
Down there somewhere until down
In the garden of a Villa
Maybe barefoot on the lawn
Plan to carry on and on

And if some tall dark danger
Waits in that world apart
Wholl know if this sad stranger
Plays with a broken heart

Cheer up sweet let down,
Im throin in the towel
Cause its soakin wet with weepin
And thats left me feeling foul

Need to dance the bossa-nova
Down there somewhere till Im found
In an alabaster palace
With a Prince to whirl me round
In this arms until Im drowned

Hell touch my hand, then kiss my eyes
Ill understand, be hypnotized
So that my will unto his will
Is duty bound

Ah, yes you magic stranger
Taking my world apart
Please be the rearranged
Of this sad broken heart

Lovely when you find this
Dont came chasin after me
Cause Ill be some other person
By a quarter after three
Oh and if some other person
Finds that person to ring true
Than youll know Ive found
Just one more little lie
To see me thru

Like Im lyin now to you