

Michael Nesmith, Carioca

The stars in the night played a blue carioca.
The moon shown outside as the planet revolved.
The wind was caressed with the fragrance of summer
The night gentle nature impelled us to love.
And I sat alone on a beach by a palm tree.
Your silhouette cast a glow on the sand.
And there with the sound of the waves and the smell of gardenias
Two lovers sailed on romance through a magical land.

Dancing and dancing all night to that blue carioca
Living the wonderful dream that remains,
Caught up inside of a blue carioca
Two lovers fly on its lovely refrain

Glide, glide on carioca
Glide, glide on out to sea
Glide, glide on carioca
Glide, glide on out to sea