

# Pink Martini, Acuarela De Brazil

Brazil, when stars were entertaining June,  
We stood beneath an amber moon  
And softly murmured someday soon...  
We kissed and clung together

Then - tomorrow was another day  
The morning found us miles away  
With still a million things to say.  
And now, when twilight dims the skies above  
Recalling thrills of our love  
There's one thing I'm certain of...  
Return, I will, to old Brazil.

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