

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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