

# Sergio Mendes, Slow Hot Wind

His games swept over me like  
A slow, hot wind  
Somedays, it's too warm to fight  
A slow, hot wind

There in the shade  
Like a cool drink  
Waiting...  
He sat with slow fire in his eyes  
Just waiting...  
Somedays, it's too warm to fight  
A slow, slow hot wind.

There in the shade  
Like a cool drink  
Waiting...  
He sat with slow fire in his eyes  
Just waiting...  
Somedays, it's too warm to fight  
A slow, hot wind.

A slow...hot wind.