

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.