Brazil

June Marx

Ooh, next time I see you, I'll be singing in brazil,
Misty land of music where the feet are never still,
And pretty senhoritas dressed up for the kill,
They'll be glad that you're coming to brazil, yeah, me too,
So glad that you're coming to brazil...
Ooh, next thing you know you're out here dancing in the streets,
Working with the people on that boss-a-nova beat,
And some dark-eyed lady brings you wine and a chicken wing,
In brazil where the carnival is king, yes,
Brazil where the carnival is king, everbody's singing,
Ah la la brazil,
Ah la la brazil,
Ah la la brazil,

Ah la la brazil,
Ooh, rio de janeiro is the kind of place for me,
Dancing in the moonlight, making love down by the sea,
From copacabana to the corcovado hill,
Everybody's always singing in brazil,
Yeah, everybody's, ooh singing, in brazil,
All together now...
Ah la la brazil...
Cancao du brazil...
(song of brazil)
Tudo beum brazil...
(all's well in brazil)
Ah la la brazil...

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