

Brazil

Full Service

BRASIL

Stitch up that old coat
And the tear's repaired
But how do you mend a hole in a glow
I don't know
Heal a broken bone
And the structure returns
But how do you mend an aura
Who knows

Fifty-five trombones
Six thousand trumpets
Ninety-seven saxophones
Never blown
Fish jumps up and twists
Winks one quick time then
Twists again and starts to fall

I wouldn't mind
Borrowing the sunshine
I'd bottle up
The rays and I'd make 'em mine
And over time
Maybe I'd be bright again
And maybe then
I could help a blurry friend

My imagination is a long drive
My imagination is a pain sometimes
My imagination is a strange rhyme
It's the only thing that's mine

Lyrics submitted by Narollah.

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