

South American

Brian Wilson

Got a letter from a long lost cousin of mine
Who owns a little piece of heaven in the Argentine
Its a different planet, its a different place
He calls it out of this world without traveling to spaceIts not just a lesson in geography
No equation to unravel algebraically
Its written in the wind and on the tropical sea
From south of the equator it keeps callin to meSouth American, well, you know I would
South American, if I only could
I wanna be, I wanna be going backYou only get to heaven if you chase your dreams
Let the paparazzi flash, let the tabloid scream
Ive been around too long to care what anyone says
Im hungry and Im doing lunch with Cameron DiazSouth American, shes got that tango look
South American, shell read you like a book
I wanna be, I wanna be going backIt rolls off my tongue like a magical phrase
A simple translation this message conveys
Gimme that, gimme that South American girl
I wanna be, I wanna be where its atSouth American, Im not on some trip
South American, I just long for a ship
A sailing boat or anything that floats

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