

Brazil

Xavier Cugat

Brazil, where hearts were entertaining June,
We stood beneath an amber moon
And softly murmured "someday soon."
We kissed and clung together,
Then, tomorrow was another day
The morning found me miles away
With still a million things to say;
Now, when twilight dims the sky above
Recalling thrills of our love,
There's one thing I'm certain of
Return I will to old Brazil.

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