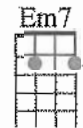
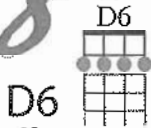
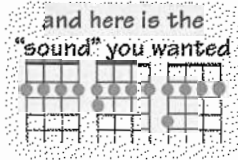
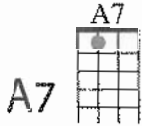


# Brazil

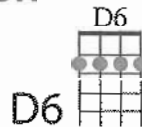
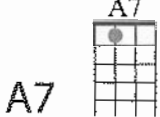
adapted from  
"Aquarela do Brasil"  
by Ary Barroso



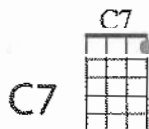
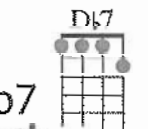
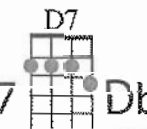
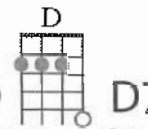
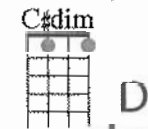
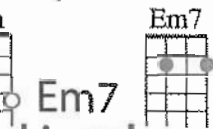
Brazil.....where hearts were entertaining June



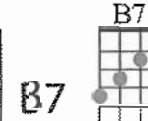
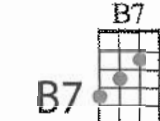
... we stood beneath an amber moon



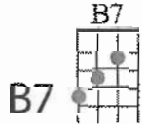
...and softly murmured "someday soon"



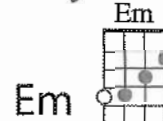
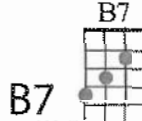
We ... kissed ... and ... clung to... geth ... er



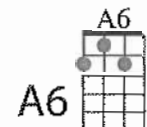
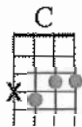
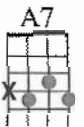
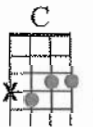
Then..... tomorrow was another day



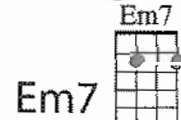
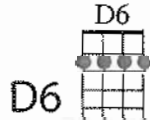
The morning found me miles away



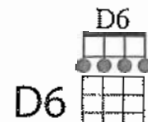
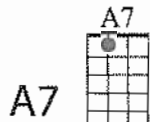
with still a million things to say .....



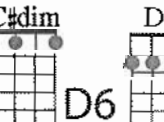
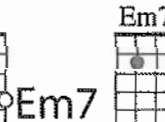
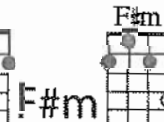
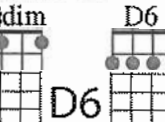
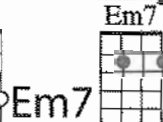
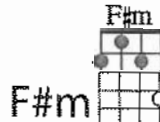
.... Now ....when twilight dims the sky above .....



... Recalling thrills of our love.....



There's one thing I'm certain of .....



Re... turn l..... will to... old Bra... zil