

Vaughn Michael

"Brazilian Summer"

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BRAZILIAN SUMMER

Somewhere a summer night is falling,
somewhere a lonely voice is calling,
"Come for I wait for you still
in the heart of Brazil."

Those warm arms, how tight they used to hold me,
warm lips, the lovely things they told me.

Oh, I remember each thrill
of a summer in old Brazil.

I see the stars on the Rio,
I still hear the whispers of the sea.

Oh, why, when our love was so young and gay,
why did I leave you alone that way?

Now, somewhere, when summer winds are sighing,
somewhere you'll hear my poor heart crying,
"Love, if you care for me still,
please, keep waiting until
that moment when I return to old Brazil."

- Michael Vaughn

