

Full Service "Brasil"

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Stitch up that old coat
And the tearÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ s repaired
But how do you mend a hole in a glow
I donÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ 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 wouldnÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ t mind
Borrowing the sunshine
IÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ d bottle up
The rays and IÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ d make ÃfÃçã, ¬Âœem
mine
And over time
Maybe IÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ 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
ItÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ s the only thing thatÃfÃçã, ¬Â™ s mine

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