

Brazil

"A Year In Heaven"

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"I'm thinking we're shrinking," said the lady to her darling.
"But the word is getting and my patience is getting thin.
I'm guessing it's pressing that we start proccessing
Our ships are not syncing so I would understand."

She indiscreetly mutters to herself

[Chorus]

Where do we go?
Where do we go from here?
Where do we go from a year in heaven?

"Chasing the rabbit was my habit," said the addict to the sidewalk
but he caught it with his wallet and the tracks upon his skin
And if he follows that he swallowed the notion he was appolo
But he lost it, exhausted, so he pushed the needle in

In the street he mutters to himself

[Chorus]

Forsyth and Zebulon
Earhart and Komarov
Capucince and the cats on the Sultana
Were drinking their coffee and smoking havanas

"The Sky line is my line," said the rich man from his airplane
But he wont say that in his dream state he crashes in the woods

In
his sleep he mutter to himself

Where do we go from here?

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