

Jardin Botanico

Michael Franks

Wintertime when the city gets to me
I climb on that plane at Kennedy
And fly to the southern Hemisphere
Where the sky is clear

I abandon the bleak December chill
There's nothing like Christmas in Brazil
The weather's completely upside down
When we touch down

Now that I'm here
Where do I go?
Lost in Jardin Botanico
The parrots are blue
The sambas are slow
Down in Jardin Botanico

Life is easy when you're hiding from the rain
Beneath banana trees
The big leaves keep you dry
Then you feel the evening fall
Upon the cool Copacabana breeze
The stars light up the sky

Now that I'm here
Where do I go?
Lost in Jardin Botanico
The parrots are blue
The sambas are slow
Down in Jardin Botanico

Life is easy when you're hiding from the rain
Beneath banana trees
The big leaves keep you dry
Then you feel the evening fall
Upon the cool Copacabana breeze
The stars light up the sky