

Only a Dream in Rio

James Taylor

More than distant land
More than shining sea
More than steaming green
More than shining eyes

Well, they tell me it's only a dream in Rio
Nothing could be as sweet as it seems
On this very first day down
They remind me "Son, have you so soon forgotten?
Often as not it's rotten inside,
and the mask soon slips away."

Strange taste of a tropical fruit
Romantic language of the Portuguese
Melody on a wooden flute
somba floating in the summer breeze

Ahhhhhhhh...

Well, it's all right
You can stay asleep
You can close your eyes
You can trust the people of paradise
To call your keeper
And tender your goodbyes

Oh, what a night
Wonderful one in a million
Frozen fire brazillian stars
Oh, holy southern cross
Later on take me way downtown in a tin can;
I Can't come down from the bandstand
I'm never thrown for such a loss
When they sang...

"Quando a nossa mãe acordar,
Andaremos ao sol.
Quando a nossa mãe acordar,
Cantará pelo sertão.
Quando a nossa mãe acordar,
Todos os filhos saberão.
Todos os filhos saberão.
E se alegrarão."

Caught in the rays of the rising sun.
On the run from the soldier's gun,
Shouting out loud from the angry crowd.
The mild the wild and the hungry child,
I'll tell you there's more than a dream in Rio.
I was there on the very day.
And my heart came back alive,
There was more,
Aore than singing voices,
More than upturned faces.
And more than the shining eyes.

But it's more than shining eyes

More than steaming green
More than hidden hills
More than concrete christ
More than distant land
Over a shining sea
More than a hungry child
More like another time
Born of a million years
More than a million years