

Corcovado/Waters Of March/Aquarela Do Brasil

Dionne Warwick

Quiet nights 'n quiet stars, quiet chords from my guitar
Floating on the silence that surrounds us
Quiet thoughts 'n quiet dreams, quiet walks by quiet streams
Climbing hills where lovers go to watch the world below together

We will live eternally in this mood of reverie away
from all the earthly cares around us
My world was dull each minute until I found you in it
And all at once the happiness I knew,
Became these quiet nights of loving you!

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Hmmm

A stick, a stone, it's the end of the road
It's the rest of a stump, it's a little alone
It's a sliver of glass, it is life, it's the sun
It's the night, it is death, it's a trap. it's a gun

The oak when it blooms, a fox in the brush
The knot of the wood, the song of a thrush
The wood of the wind, a cliff, a fall
A scratch, a lump, it is nothing at all
It's the wind blowing free, it's the end of the slope
It's a beam, it's a void, it's a hunch, it's a hope
And the river bank talks of the waters of March
It's the end of the strain
It's the joy in your heart

Brazil
The Brazil that I knew
Where I wandered with you
Lives in my imagination

Where the songs are passionate
And a smile has flash in it
And a kiss has art in it
For you put your heart in it
And so I dream of old Brazil

Where hearts were entertaining June
We stood beneath an amber moon
And softly murmured somehow soon
We kissed and clung together
Then tomorrow was another day
The morning found me miles away
With still a million things to say

Now when twilight dims the sky above
Recalling thrills of our love
There's one thing I'm certain of
Return I will

To old Brazil