BRASIL

I get up in the morning

And it is a slow morning

It is slow And the sun

The sun moves more slowly

And the sun moves much more slowly

At first light The light is a messenger from the past

Than I do You are the message

As if the presence of the evening moon

Morning moon makes the sky confused and languid

Embarrassing and making the sun timid

The <u>sun timidly</u> looks up the moons dress

But then the moon flees the sky

The sun peers at the moon with it's Shy eyes

And the light Slides through the window

Liberated from shyness **Drumming a rhythm between my fingers**

Dances across the table and my morning bread

Bread shadows

Flutters and flashes through a cup of Joe's humid breath

Flutters and flashes breathing music into my eyes

And I hear this sub-dural rhythm Clickity- clack Clickity- clack

Of train and track train and track

Train and track train and track train and track train and track train and track train and track Clickity- clack train and track Clickity- clack train and track

And then the coffee cup starts blowing lead train and track Clickity- clack train and track Clickity- clack

A cup of Joe a cup of Joe traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic

And I feel traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic

A cup of Joe a cup of Joe a cup of Joe

And I feel traffic tra

A cup of Joe A cup of Joe Cappuccino

Cappuccino Cappuccino SOTTO VOCE

And the world <u>spins</u> ever faster in time with my <u>heart</u>

<u>Spinning</u> faster.....my <u>heart</u>

SOTTO

VOCE

Go to work Go to work

Stop and Go Stop Go and stop g

And I walk across the street and across the way

Walking crossing walking crossing the way