

# 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