

**Brazil versus Mexico, 17 June 2014:
In front of the church, Pelourinho, Salvador, Brazil**

Pelhourino
You had Michael Jackson singing
There's his pic
He sang
He recorded
He sang and recorded
Nobody cares about us

Sixteen years ago
You had me
You had Ann
You had Ann and me
Sixteen years ago

Sixteen years before Mexico
Before Mexico took on the kings
The kings in their own kingdom

We got there early
Nobody told us to
But we are two and I'm watching out
Watching out for sis

Sis is too nice and Sis too kind
Maybe Sis is too naïve
Sis speaks English
And English
And English

Crowd at two hundred
Better stake out a good spot
Gotta see the screen
Yep, behind that cast-iron, circa 1940, mailbox
That's the spot
It's tough as nails

Cervajas, tres para five bucks
Oh my god, Olodum is performing
Fourteen years ago
Olo, you had me
Olo, you had Ann
Olodum you had Ann and me
At Zellerbach in Berkeley
A brazilian Brazilians were in the audience

A brazilian Brazilians are in Pelourinho
Every which shade of black

Lights, dancing, flags
Flags every which shade of yellow and green
Millions of them

Halftime
Did you see those shots

A brazilian shots on goal
A brazilian saves

Too many saves
We want goals
My sis and me want goals

Cervajas, tres para five bucks

A brazilian Brazilians dancing to Olodum
Sis and me dancing behind that circa 1940, tough-as-nails, cast-iron mailbox
Just one Brazilian dancing on top

Danced so hard
Postcards fell out the bottom

No kidding

Crowd at two thousand
Shit, the cops are here
They look mean and tough
But they're Brazilian
Must be nice and dance Samba

Damn, they push
Damn, they frisk
Damn, they push and frisk
They push and frisk and they push and frisk
Damn, damn, damn

The kids drink
The kids pee
The adults drink
The adults pee

Cervajas, tres para five bucks

Olo before the match
Olo during the match
Olo after the match
That's when the crowd got excited and pushed
They pushed me
They pushed sis
They pushed sis and me

Crowd at twenty thousand

Maybe we shouldn't have left that cast-iron, circa1940 bullet-proof mailbox

Cervajas, tres para five bucks

The cop pushed back
Pushed back with his baton
Me frozen
Sis frozen
Sis and me frozen

Please don't swing that baton
Make it holstered
Keep it frozen
Make it holstered and frozen

Time to go
Hold on tight
Hold on tight, sis
You don't speak Brazilian
You're my sis
Hold on tight

Screaming, screaming, screaming
Sis is screaming, screaming, screaming
It's her foot
They crushed her foot
It's her leg
They broke her leg
It's her everything
They broke her up
They broke sis all up

Oh what, you're okay?
You held on tight
Sis, you held on tight

What happened – you're okay?
You're alright?
What happened, sis
What happened, sis – what happened

Oh, a pick pocket
What, he got your peanuts
That's all?
Okay, good
You're alright, you sure you're alright

I'll have a coke
Sis needs a beer

Did you see those shots
There were a brazilian of them

Everybody cares about us



