



We're the Toucans

We can fly and

**All we want out of life
Is to be in a salsa band**

We come from Brazil
Where we landed on a boat
On the deck a salsa band
Was jammin' and we hoped
We could play
Of course without pay
But they took us as a joke
And shooed us away

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We dined away our troubles
On fruit inside of crates
Bananas, plums and mangos
The best we ever ate
We got full
So full we could not move
We fell asleep for hours
And lost our flying powers

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The next thing we knew
We were sailing
In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean
Heading for Africa
That's far from Brazil
Yeah

Bossa Nova won't do

Or Rock and Roll too

It's Salsa, only Salsa

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