

MARIMBONDO GIGANTE SONGBOOK



ABOUT

The band *Marimbondo Gigante* is a Norwegian Tropical Rock trio that blends rock with Latin rhythms. The lyrics are a mix of English, Portuguese and Spanish. For the multi-linguistically challenged the bits in Portuguese and Spanish are translated into English and put in italics in this booklet. There are also some word explanations added.

By the way, the insect *Marimbondo Gigante* is a huge and scary killer bee, unlike the members of the band who are all quite nice and friendly.

SONGLIST

Can You Climb An Elephant?	3
Can You Still Feel It?	4
Flor	5
French Pirate	6
Happy Birthday	7
Italian Hippie	8
I Wanna Go	9
Meninos De Rua	10
Milonguero	12
Mucho Trabajo	13
Time Comes	14
Valeu	15
You're So Fine	16

CAN YOU CLIMB AN ELEPHANT?

Can you climb an elephant?
Said the king to his men
We're going hunting for the hummingbird
Please get my bombs and bring your mom

Into the jungle the king took his men
Monkey business all around
Fingers melting, no more apple pie
Mosquitoes larger than your mom

Can you take over?
Steer my ship, man

It's getting rough here, the king is crying now
Colors blowing all around
Thousand dollar bills fly through the air
It's going down, can't take no more

CAN YOU STILL FEEL IT?

Dia de sol

Sunny day

Noite de chuva

Rainy night

Onda do mar

Wave of the ocean

Areia na praia

Sand on the beach

Hey my friend

Are your eyes open?

Hey my love

Can you still feel it?

Andar no Pelô

*Walking in Pelô**

Ao meio-dia

At noon

Passar a tarde

Spending the afternoon

Em Itapõa

*In Itapõa***

Água de coco

Coconut water

Barraca na praia

Shack on the beach

Mergulho no mar

Diving into the ocean

Beijo na boca

Kiss on the mouth

* Pelorinho, oldtown in Salvador, Bahía, Brazil

** Area of Salvador, Bahía, Brazil

FLOR

Dos gardenias para mí
Es lo que está pidiendo
Amor en los tiempos
de cólera

*Two gardenias for me
Is what you are asking
Love in the times
of cholera*

Uma flor de Lis
Pau Brasil também tem flor
Me dá tudo e muito mais
Não é fácil, meu amor

*A lilly
Brazil wood also has flowers
Give me everything and much more
It's not easy, my love*

Dos gardenias para ti
All of it, I'll give you all
Maybe skies are blue
Right up on that hill

Two gardenias for you

Nordeste tem calor
Pau Brasil também tem flor
I look east and you look west
Everywhere is best

*The North East (of Brazil) is warm
Brazil wood also has flowers*

FRENCH PIRATE

There's a French Pirate in the Caribbean

I've told you 'bout the Italian hippie
Well here's another guy you should know
He's an old sailor in a boat full of rats
He left Paris some hundred years ago

When the gale is coming the captain hoists his sails
The worse the better. Where are my whales?
He's been smuggling, he's been drinking, he's even used some crack
But now he's the pirate of the Caribbean

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

This is your day
You'll have it your way
That's what they say
They'll shout Hurray

Hey what's the time?
A quarter to nine
A boy or a girl?
Everything's fine

Happy Birthday x2
This is your day x2

I hope you
Have a splendid time
Have a perfect day

ITALIAN HIPPIE

There's an Italian hippie in the jungle (cadé?)

Where is he?

There's an Italian hippie in the jungle (a onde?)

Where?

Italian hippie

He's found his place

Deep in the jungle

Hasn't been in Italy since -73

Italian hippie

With long grey dreads

He grows his weed

Won't go to Italy ever again

In a haze of butterflies

Flower power all the way

I WANNA GO

I'm leaving all my stuff cause I wanna go
I'm opening my eyes cause I wanna see
I'm emptying my mind cause I wanna know
Seems to me I'm ready..

I wanna go
I wanna see
I wanna know
Give it to me

Ain't nothing gonna hold me
I'm leaving now
Nothing gonna stop me
I'm on my way
Sorry my good fellas
I'm outta here
My eyes are wide open

I see new horizons
Wisdom in the air
Another kind of people
I wanna go, I wanna know

MENINOS DE RUA

Under a bridge

Up on a roof

Ou na sinaleira

Or on the street lights

Dressed in some rags

Natural dreads

Dorme na calçada

Sleeps on the sidewalk

Making his way

Day after day

Veio da favela

*Came from the favela**

Cadé sua mae?

Cadé seu pai?

Sai da minha frente

Where's your mom?

Where's your dad?

Get out of my way

Meninos de rua

That's another kind of life

Meninos de rua

What do you say?

Street kids

Street kids

(...)

* Poor part of town

MENINOS DE RUA (continued)

(...)

Gimme some bread

Buy me a juice

Você é meu amigo

You're my friend

See my baby sister

She needs some diapers

Me da um real

*Give me a real***

King of the streets

Glue in his hand

Se pica malandrinho

Piss off little rascal

Já foi na Assembleia

Já foi no Candomblé

Mas ficou na rua

*Allready went to Assembleia****

*Allready went to Candomblé*****

But stayed on the street

Respeito, cara...

Respect, man

** Brazilian currency

*** Neo-pentacostal, prosperity gospel church

**** Afro-Brazilian religion

MILONGUERO

I got no rhythm, I got no swing
I don't know how to dance
I'll have to say that beat sounds strange
Don't understand a thing

Baila milonga, milonguero
No tengo ritmo, no bailo ná

*Dance milonga, milonguero**
I don't have rhythm, I don't dance

I try to get up on that floor
Como me siento mal
And when I get into that music
Man it's just a mess

I feel bad

You know I went to el Barrio de Tango
Lástima bandoneón!
Un vino tinto, caballero!
I really felt quite cool

*...the neighborhood of the tango***
*Bandoneon, it hurts!****
A red wine, gentleman

But when I tried to move my feet
They were just like mud
No soy latino, no tengo swing
Guess it's not my thing

I'm not latino, I don't have swing

Milonguero, baila bien

Milonguero, dance well

* A guy who likes to sing and/or dance milongas (Argentinian music style)

** "Barrio de Tango" is also the title of a famous tango

*** First phrase of the tango "La Ultima Curda". Bandoneon is a small Argentinian accordion.

MUCHO TRABAJO

Calle colombiana

Colombian street

That's where he went to school

Barrio latinoamericano

Latin American neighborhood

That's where he picked up his tools

It's five in the morning

The sun's gonna shine

Un cafecito y un platanito

A small coffee and a banana

This day will be fine

He works from 9 to 5

And then from 5 to 9

It takes hours to get there

And days to get back

Mucho trabajo y poco dinero

A lot of work and little money

Poco dinero y mucho calor

Little money and lots of heat

TIME COMES

I'll try to count the letters in my bible
I'll study my "to be or not to be"
I'll try not to waste a single second
I'll make statistics of each calorie

Time comes
Life flows
Sun comes up
Goes down

I'll try to swap my numbers for some colors
I'll try to fish some wisdom from the sea
I'll try to find out where the wind is going
I'll try to let the moon shine down on me

VALEU

Valeu meu bem, valeu a minha gente
Life's a mess but it's quite cool as well
Valeu meu Deus, valeu a minha turma
Smile you guys, the sun will shine on you

Thanks my dear, thanks my guys

Thanks my God, thanks my gang

I've met so much joy on my way
It's peace, it's love like they say
A smile from a stranger in the street
Hey! Can you feel the heat?

Felicidade é tomar um açaí
Alegria é a gente sair
Eu vejo gente boa ao redor
Ay como é bom o amor

*Happiness is to eat an açaí**
Joy is for us to go out
I see good people around
Wow, love is good

*A bowl of frozen açaí fruit

YOU'RE SO FINE

You're so fine
You're so good

Your eyes are sparkling and bright
Wisdom shines through your heart
Your skin is softer than light
Valley deep, mountain high

We've been through some hard times
Feelings drifted away
Years have past, years will come
Now it seems like we'll stay

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NOTES / GLOSSARY / AUTOGRAPHS

MARIMBONDO GIGANTE



OLE ANDREAS OLAFSRUD

Drums and Background vocal
Lived in Salvador, Brazil in 2008



THOMAS REITE

Bass and Vocal
Went to live in Brazil at 17.
Never quite came back



TORBJØRN SANDVIK

Guitar and Background vocal
Lost in South America since 1996.
Pops up occasionally

CONTACT

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