

up quite a bit of English, and a television network planned to interview him. Mulligan offered the use of his place, which had a piano, so Jobim could play a little. At some point, Jobim and I walked onto the terrace. It was a gray, rather bleak day, and chilly. Jobim did seem lost; twelve months before this, he had been completely unknown in North America, and only a year or two before that not well known even in Brazil. Big gray-and-white birds were swinging through the air on still wings, riding the currents and crying. Jobim said, "How do you call this bird?" I said, "Sea gulls."

He repeated it, then said it again. He did this with new words you taught him, assimilating them. "Yes," he said. "We have those in Brazil." I never heard anyone sound more homesick.

Jobim was living in a small hotel that catered to Brazilians, just east of Times Square. And there were the Brazilian restaurants nearby, although he showed a peculiar liking for the food at Horn and Hardart's. "It's good, honest, plain food," he would say. I was with him in that hotel room one day as we worked on the song that he called "Vivo Sonhando". He liked to do that: work face-to-face with me. He called it "working in the deep way". But I didn't like it. Lyrics take incredible patience to write, and therefore they take time, and composers become impatient. I like to work on lyrics in solitude, turning over ideas and abandoning them. I have often said that you don't write lyrics, you find them. You keep looking for the right ideas, the ones that click, that make you go "Eureka!"

He was playing the chords on his guitar and singing the melody. At one point he looked up and said with a sly smile, "We're fooling them. They think we're writing popular music."

Late in his life, Jobim told an interviewer in Brazil,

I'm a guy who wakes up at five a.m. to write music. As you know,