

Rio

I'm hearing the light from the window
I'm seeing the sound of the sea
My feet have come loose from their moorings
I'm feeling quite wonderfully free

And I think I will travel to Rio
Using the music for flight
There's nothing I know of in Rio
But it's something to do with the night

It's only a whimsical notion
To fly down to Rio tonight
And I probably won't fly down to Rio
But, then again, I just might

There's wings to the thought behind fancy
There's wings to the thought behind play
And dancing to rhythms of laughter
Makes laughter the rhythm of rain

Chorus

break

I feel such a sense of well-being
The problems have come to be solved
And what I thought was proper for battle
I see now is proper for love

Chorus

break

Chorus

“Reno? Why Reno?”

“Not Reno, dummy. Rio. Rio Dee ^Gen-er-oh.”