

# I Go To Rio

## Pablo Cruise

Oooooo...  
When my baby,  
When my baby smiles at me,  
I go to Rio

De Janeiro.  
My-o me-o...  
I go wild and then  
I have to do the samba,  
And la bamba.

Now I'm not the kind of person,  
With a passion or persuasion  
For dancin' or romancin'.  
But I give in to the rhythm,  
And my feet follow the beating  
Of my heart.

Whoa oh ohh...  
When my baby,  
When my baby smiles at me,  
I go to Rio

De Janeiro.  
I'm a Salsa fella,  
When my baby smiles at me,  
The sun lightens up my life,  
And I am free at last.  
What a blast!

Whoa oh ohh...  
When my baby,  
When my baby smiles at me,  
I feel like Tarzan

Of the Jungle.  
There on the hot sand,  
In a bungalow  
While monkies play above-a,

We'll make love-a.

Now I'm not the kind  
To let vibrations,  
Trigger my imagination  
Easily.

No, that's just not me.  
But I turn into a tiger,  
Everytime I get the sight of,  
What I love, love, love.

Ohhh oh ohh ohhh...

Wooooooo!

Ohh oh oh...  
When my baby,  
When my baby smiles at me,  
I go to Rio  
De Janeiro.

I'm a Salsa fella,  
When my baby smiles at me  
The sun lightens up my life,  
And I am free at last.  
What a blast!

Wooooo hooooo...

Whoa oh oh ohh...

Whoa oh ohh...  
When my baby,  
When my baby smiles at me,  
I go to Rio  
De Janeiro.

I'm a Salsa fella,  
When my baby smiles at me  
The sun lightens up my life,  
And I am free at last.  
What a blast!

When my baby smiles at me,  
I go to Rio.

Rio,  
Rio De Janeiro.

Take me back,  
I put it in.  
Take me where I know  
I'm gon' to Rio.  
Oh ohh...

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