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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