

# Rio

## Michael Nesmith

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. 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. 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.  
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. Reno? Why Reno?  
Not Reno, dummy.  
Rio, Rio de Janeiro.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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