

Wet Wet Wet "Atlantic Avenue"

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Here I am strolling down
Atlantic Avenue
With the sunlight in my eyes
Here I am and there's nothing
I would rather do
When I want some peace of mind

Oh, I leave the smoke of Rio behind,
as evening starts to fly
I wanna feel the ocean breeze
where the mountains touch the sky

So come on
down Atlantic Avenue
Let the samba take a hold of you;
'cos I know there is no place
like the Avenue
When the music gets a hold of you
Drive along to Ipanema,
but there's always time to spare
Forget the troubles of the world
when they get too much to bear

Oh oh, wooh

Flying down to Rio
never thought I would be
walking by the ocean here today, no
Pretty soon I got to leave,
but I know my heart will stay

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