

Peter Allen

"I Go To Rio"

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When my baby
When my baby smiles at me I go to Rio
De Janeiro, my-oh-me-oh
I go wild and then I have to do the Samba
And La Bamba
Now I'm not the kind of person
With a passionate persuasion for dancin'
Or roma-ancin'
But I give in to the rhythm
And my feet follow the beatin' of my hear-eart

Woh-ho-oh-oh, when my baby
When my baby smiles at me I go to Rio
De Janeiro
I'm a Salsa fellow
When my baby smiles at me
The sun'll lightens up my li-ife
And I am free at last, what a blast

Woh-ho-oh-oh, when my baby
When my baby smiles at me
I feel like Tarzan, of the Jungle
There on the hot sand
And in a bungalow while monkeys play above-a,
We-ee make love-a
Now I'm not the type to let vibrations (Rio...)
Trigger my imagination easily (Rio...)
You know that's just not me
But I turn into a tiger (Rio...)
Everytime I get beside the - one I love (Rio...)
Woh, oh, woh, woh-oh..., Rio... - Rio...
Yeah Ugh - Rio... - Ugh

Woh-ho-oh-oh, when my ba-a-aby (when my baby)
When my baby smiles at me I go to Rio (Rio...)
De Janeiro
I'm a Salsa fellow-ow
When my baby smiles at me
The sun'll lightens u-up my li-ife
And I am free at last, what a blast

When my baby (when my baby)

When my baby smiles at me I go to Rio (Rio...)
That's when I go to Rio (Rio)
Rio - Rio De Janeir-eiro
Rio....., Rio....., Rio.....

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