

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 dreams
So 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
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I feel such a sense of well-being
A problem has come to be solved
And what I thought was proper for battle
I see now is proper for love
So I think I will travel to Rio
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(spoken)

Male: "Reno, why Reno?"

Female: "Not Reno, dummy, Rio! Rio de Janeiro"