

# Wet Wet Wet, Atlantic Avenue

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