

Michael Nesmith, Rio

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.

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There's nothing I know of in Rio,
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It's only a whimsical notion
To fly down to Rio tonight,
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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.

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Using the music for flight,
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To fly down to Rio tonight,
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Reno? Why Reno?
Not Reno, dummy.
Rio, Rio de Janeiro.