

Eurythmics, Fools Paradise

Life

It flicked like a dying flame
Then before my very eyes you came
And entered our world
And you were born a king

It's too late

Welcome to paradise

It's too late

Yes you were born a king

It's too late

Welcome to paradise

It's too late

Life

A million things for you to learn
But one by one those pages turn
Like history itself
But you were born a king
Your pale blue eyes and velvet skin
Fingertips and sideways grin

No photograph or microphone
Could capture your elusive tone
No waterfall or running stream
Could be so pure as your daydream
No china doll or crystal sphere
Comes close to you, my child so dear
In you I have a glimpse of faith
A love affair with outer space
A foothold on a mountain top
A passion there that never stops
No magazines radio or late night
TV monster show
Could entertain me more than you
I want you to know
That you were born a king
Welcome to paradise
Yes you were born a king
Welcome to paradise