

John Denver, Postcard From Paris (I Wish You Were Here)

(Intro)

Verse 1

Dear friend of mine, the weather's fine
Today I saw some ruins of the Roman world's decline
And I climbed all those Spanish Steps;
You've heard of them no doubt.
But Rome has lost its glory, I don't know what it's about

I wish you were here
(When the shadows fall and all the rushing traffic stills)
I wish you were here
(And the bells are ringing on the Seven Hills)
I make my way to a small cafe'
I wonder what you did today
Wish you were here

Verse 2

Dear one at home, I just flew in from Rome
Paris is a postcard all decked out in color chrome
And so I climbed the Eiffel Tower
And prayed at Notre Dame
But I just can't find the romance
And I wonder why I came

I wish you were here
(on the Champs-Elysees lovers walking hand in hand)
I wish you were here
(they take one look at me and seem to understand)
This city of light is a lovely sight
The first bright star I see tonight
Wish you were here

Now I write this from the plane,
Drinking cheap champagne
And wondering why two people
Got so far apart

I wish you were here
(Here in London where the rain is pouring down)
I wish you were here
(On this airplane headed back to New York town)
I'll never leave you alone again
I'm coming home but until then
Wish you were here
I wish you were here
Wish you were here