

John Denver, Postcards From Paris

Postcards from paris
Dear friend of my 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 it's glory, I don't know what it's about.
I wish you were here
When the shadows fall and all the rushing traffic's still
I wish you were here
When 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

Dear one at home.
I just flew in from rome,
Paris is a postcard all decked out in colour 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
Wish you were here
On the champs elysees lovers walk hand in hand
Wish you were here
They take one look at me and seem to understand
This city of light is a lovely site, 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
Wish you were here, here in london where the rain the pouring down
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.