

# 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.