

John McDermott, Postcard From Paris

Written by John Denver

Dear friend of mine the weather's fine
Today I saw some ruins of the Roman worlds decline
So I climbed those Spanish steps
You've heard so much about
But Rome has lost its glory
I don't know what it's about

I wish you were here when the shadows falling
And all the rushing traffics still
I wish you were here
When the bells are ringing on the seven hills
I'll make my way to a small caf?BR&gt; I wonder what you did today
I wish you were here

Dear one at home I just flew in from Rome
Now Paris is a post card
All decked out in colored chrome
So I climbed the Eiffel Tower
And I 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
Wish you were here when 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
I'll wish you were here

Now I write this from the plane
Drinking cheap champagne
Wondering how two people got so far apart

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
I wish you were here
I wish you were here
I wish you were here