

# Johnny Mathis, Stranger In Paradise

Oh why do the leaves of the mulberry tree whisper differently now?  
And why is the nightingale singing at noon on the mulberry bough?  
For some most mysterious reason this isn't garden I know  
No, it's paradise now that was only a garden a moment ago.

Take my hand I'm a stranger in paradise  
All lost in a wonderland a stranger in paradise  
If I stand starry-eyed that's the danger in paradise  
For mortals who stand beside an angel like you  
I saw your face and I ascended  
Out of the commonplace into the rare  
Somewhere in space I hang suspended  
Until I know there's a chance that you care  
Won't you answer this fervent prayer  
Of a stranger in paradise

Don't send me in dark despair from all that I hunger for  
But open your angel's arms to this stranger in paradise  
And tell him that he need be a stranger no more.