Shivaree, Paradise

There is a land I know
where lovers go and flowers grow
forever more;
where time is standing still
and lovers fill the quiet places
by the shore.

We will cross a rainbow
to a place where we'll be free,
and he'll give his love to me.
So I wait for the day
when he takes me away to

Paradise.
He'll take me by my hand.
We'll walk across the sand.
It's never-never land.
Whoa-oo, whoa-oo, whoa.

We'll build a castle there
where we can share the happiness
we've waited for.
Where white flamingos fly
a-way up high and play above
the ocean floor.

We will climb a mountain
to see our wonderland.
Maybe know you'll understand
why I wait for the day
when he takes me away to

Paradise.
He'll take me by my hand.
We'll walk across the sand.
A never-never land.
Whoa-oo, whoa-oo, whoa.

I'll stand by him,
do right by him
and I swear that I would die for him.
Ohh, die for him.

Paradise.
He'll take me by my hand.
We'll walk across the sand.
It's never-never land.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
I'll stand by him,
do right by him.
Oh, yeah. Oh-oh, oh, yeah.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

I'm gonna stand, I'm gonna stand by him.
Gonna do right, gonna do right by him.
Oh-oh, oh-oh, yeaeaeaeaheah.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah.
Oh, yeah . . .