

# Birds of Paradise

Michael Pluznick

I wrote a letter to you my friend  
So many letters that I never send  
I think about you at the day's end  
    The time that we had  
    I laughed in my bed  
    The stupid things you said  
    We were two birds of paradise

    When I was a little girl  
    With clay horses and lambs on the shelf  
    I caught frogs in ditches, listened for elves  
    My friends and I had a world unto ourselves  
    No grownups could find us when we  
        Made our plans so secretly  
        To run away and fly to be  
        With the two birds of paradise

Now once upon a time my mind still there wanders  
    Back in the room the things I remember  
    One time when we took off our clothes  
        But you were cryin', cryin'  
        You said nothing lasts forever  
        We were happy together  
I thought about you in Stockholm and Rome  
    Me in my hotel room  
    You in your home  
    This is the life they say that  
        Dreams are made of  
        Don't forget  
        Please do forgive me  
I still have something you did give me  
    Come into my dream with me and dream  
  
    Please don't forget  
        Do forgive me  
    I still have something you did give me  
    Come into my dream with me and dream  
        Oh dream of paradise

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