

# 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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