Paradise City

Pat Boone

Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty
Take me home
Take me down to the paradise city
Where the grass is green and the girls are pretty
Oh, won't you please take me home

Just an urchin livin' under the street
I'm a hard case that's tough to beat
I'm your charity case, so buy me somethin' to eat
I'll pay you at another time, take it to the end of the line

Ragz to richez or so they say
You gotta keep pushin' for the fortune and fame
It's all a gamble when it's just a game
You try it like a capital crime, everybody's doing their time

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Strapped in the chair of the city's gas chamber
Why I'm here I can't quite remember
The surgeon general says "It's hazardous to breathe"
You have another cigarette but I can't see
Tell me who you're gonna believe

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So far away, so far away
So far away, so far away

Hey, captain America's been torn apart
Now he's a court jester with a broken heart
He said, "Turn me around and take me back to the start
I must be losin' my mind, are you blind?"
I've seen it all a million times

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