

# Postcard from Paris

**John McDermott**

Dear friend of mine, the weather's fine  
Today I saw some ruins of the Roman worlds decline  
And I climbed those Spanish steps, you heard so much about  
But Rome has lost its glory, I don't know what it's about I wish you were here  
When the shadows falling and all the rushing traffic's still  
I wish you were here  
When the bells are ringing on the Seven Hills I'll make my way to a small cafe  
I wonder what you did today  
I wish you were here Dear one at home, I just flew in from Rome  
Paris is a postcard all decked out in colour chrome  
So I climbed the Eiffel Tower, I prayed at Notre Dame  
But I just can't find the romance and I wonder why I came I wish you were here  
On the Champs-Elysees, lovers walking hand in hand  
I wish you were here  
When they take one look at me and seem to understand This city of light is a lovely sight  
But the first bright star I see tonight  
I wish you were here Now I write this from the plane  
Drinking cheap champagne  
Wondering how two people got so far apart Wish you were here  
Here in London where the rain is pouring down  
I wish you were here  
On this airplane headed back to New York town I'll never leave you alone again  
I'm coming home but until then  
I wish you were here  
I wish you were here  
I wish you were here

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