

Postcard From Paris

Glen Campbell

Dear friend of my mine
Weather's fine
Today, I saw some ruins
Of the Roman world's decline And I climbed all those Spanish steps
You've heard of them no doubt
But Rome has lost its glory
I don't know what it's about I wish you were here
When the shadows fall
And all the rushing traffic's still I wish you were here
When the bells are ringing
On the seven hills I make my way to a small cafe
I wonder what you did today
Wish you were here Dear one at home
I just flew in from Rome
And Paris is a postcard
All decked out in color chrome And so, I climbed the Eiffel Tower
And 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 walk hand in hand I wish you were here
They take one look at me
And seem to understand This city of light is a lovely site
The first bright star I see tonight
Wish you were here Now, I write this from the plane
Drinking cheap champagne
And wondering why
Two people got so far apart I wish you were here
Here in London
Where the rain the 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
Wish you were here I wish you were here
Wish you were here

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