

# 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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