This Must Be Paradise

Michael Franks

See that shadow cross the mountain,
summer in the warbler's eye,
beauty never is forgotten, though the moment passes by,
Interceptively the evening slowly dials down the light,
all the flora seems to smolther
water-coloring into the muted pallet of the night.Can you see how our seclusion is complete
with the summertime in bloom
and our feet side by side in the grass starring up at the sky
I assume, this must be paradise...
Tenderly now, allow me to demonstrate,
you need only ondulate,
keeping time with the samba like this while stars rise.
With the moon, this must be paradise...I can think of uses
for the joys within our reach
and if hunger overtakes us,
open sesame! I brought with me
banana, plum and peachCan you see how our seclusion is complete
with the summertime in bloom
and our feet side by side in the grass starring up at the sky
I assume, this must be paradise...
Tenderly now, allow me to demonstrate,
you need only ondulate,
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With the moon, this must be paradise...

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