

Postcard From Paris

Glen Campbell

Dear friend of my mine
The weather's fine
Today, I saw some ruins of the Roman world's decline
And I climbed those Spanish steps
You've 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 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
I 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
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 they seem to understand
This city of light is a lovely site
The first bright star I see tonight
I wish you were hereNow, I write this on the plane
And I'm drinking cheap champagne
And wondering how two people got so far apart
(I wish you were here)
Here in London where the rain is pouring down
(I wish you were here)
On this airplane, headed back to L.A. townI'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 (I wish you were here)
I wish you were here (I wish you were here)
I wish you were here

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