

Dearest Esmerelda

John Denver

Dearest Esmerelda, in another age, antiques would be modern, and we would be the rage.
Silk would be in fashion, we would dress in lace.
Love would be the passion and the saving grace.
I slept one rainy night with you in Paris, made up for a thousand wasted years.
Dearest Esmerelda, you are magic, I close my eyes and you make love appear.

Dancing in the shimmer of a crystal chandelier. Shadows singing so low, only we could hear.
Moving to the glimmer, shaking to the storm, outside it was raging but inside it was warm.
We said goodnight in the candlelight and thunder, now I wake and find you're never there.
I'm becoming old enough to wonder, happy that I'm still too young to care.

Masterpieces crumble, empires tumble down. Refugees and fantasies go underground.
Romance lasts forever, love don't fade away.
They may take our future but they can't stop yesterday.
Cause somewhere in the cloudy skies of Paris, we were part of some artist's design.
Dearest Esmerelda, you are magic. In the gray around me how you shine, oh, how you shine.