

Paradise

Meat Puppets

Laughing gold carried on silver
Open robe waving by the trailer
This is paradise
Ivory whales high on corn bread
Wind-filled sails, fly to the door step
This is paradise
He little girl, hey young lady
I'm not wrong, don't say maybe
This is paradise
Out at night, gazing at the heavens
Hold on tight, hold on eleven
This is paradise