

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.

Imperceptibly the evening
Slowly dials down the light
All the flora seems to smolder
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 staring up at the sky
I assume, this must be paradise...

Tenderly now, allow me to demonstrate
You need only undulate
Keeping time with the samba like this while stars rise
With the moon, this must be paradise...

I can think of several uses
For the joys within our reach
And if hunger overtakes us,
Open sesame! I brought with me
Banana, plum and peach

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