

Stranger in Paradise

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Oh why do the leaves of the mulberry tree whisper differently now?
And why is the nightingale singing at noon on the mulberry bough?
For some most mysterious reason this isn't garden I know!
No, it's paradise now that was only a garden a moment ago.

Take my hand I'm a stranger in paradise
All lost in a wonderland a stranger in paradise
If I stand starry-eyed that's the danger in paradise
For mortals who stand beside an angel like you

I saw your face and I ascended
Out of the commonplace into the rare
Somewhere in space I hang suspended
Until I know there's a chance that you care

Won't you answer this fervent prayer
Of a stranger in paradise

Don't send me in dark despair from all that I hunger for
But open your angel's arms to this stranger in paradise
And tell him that he need be a stranger no more.