

# 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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