

Camilla, come here  
Camilla, come over here  
Where are you hiding?  
Come out, come out  
Camilla.

Don't raise your head  
Don't raise your eyes  
Don't ever uncover your mouth  
Don't let me ever see you cry,  
Or laugh, or shout...

Don't raise your standards too high  
Don't raise your standards too high  
Don't you go reading  
Don't you go reading  
Just keep breeding.

Camilla.....

And the bird of paradise flies  
Somewhere in the jungle  
Her colors brilliant and bright  
Her rapture free and wild  
So beautiful it'd make you cry...  
So beautiful I'd make you cry...

But that's far away from here.