

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.