

Eliza Doolittle

"Paradise Hotel"

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Sailing cross the seas
Pursuing sorry ships don't know they're sinking
Holding on until all hope is gone
Focusing my eyes on distant stars so far away they're
Blinking
On and off and on and off and on
But the bird in my hand is promising paradise

Venture forth from cave
To conquer everything that's moving
Pleasure never really lasting very long
Roller coaster ride the lows the highs
Feels like you're grooving
Though it's on and off and on and off and on

And the bird in my hand is promising paradise

All the actors in your play will do their part
And go their way
Or dance as long as you will pay
But she will never fly away

Man behind the curtain
Pulls the levers for the sheep
For me tonight there'll be no sleep until the dawn
Neon sign from paradise hotel across the street
Is blinking on and off and on and off and on
And the bird in my hand is promising paradise

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