

Ivano Fossati

"Where Is Paradise?"

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Caravans of stolen idols cross
desert fire and mountains white with frost
dromedaries thirsty almost dumbling with fatigue
searching for the man whose eyes are brimming with
the sun.

Magic man is standing at the door
dreaming of good days before the long bore
picking off the bright wings of a bee held in his hands
wishing he could still believe in good days yet to come.

Oh where is paradise?
I need me there
where's the road to paradise?

Broken are the altars of the kings
chop them up to useful better things now
ticket taker escaping of the pilgrims from the gate
nailing in the harvest crate you feel the joy and pain.

Oh where is paradise?
I need me there.
where's the road to paradise?
where, oh where is paradise?

Oh, I need me there
where's the road to paradise?
where, oh where is paradise
I need me there
where's the road to paradise?

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