

## Where Is Paradise?

Ivano Fossati

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?