

## Take Me To The Paradise

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When she appeared at the door of my dressing room  
Uniquely betrayed by her heady perfume  
Stage lighting behind her gave her a glow  
Like an abstract painting by Vincent Van Gogh  
She said "Hello"

I was going over the show and the changes  
The printed-out set lists and re-arranges  
I couldn't speak at first though I tried  
I sort of just sat and stared glass-eyed  
As she replied...

"Take me to the South of Market to the Paradise."  
"There's music pouring out into the street."  
"I want to sway to the rhythm and hear the drumbeat."  
"Your guitar strings can make me feel so complete."  
"Like to move - my - feet!"

I thought this could prove be an interesting night  
With this lover of music, a musician's delight  
Touching my arm set my heart aflame  
When she asked me to tell her the bass player's name  
What a shame...

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