

Christopher Cross, Sailing

Well, it's not far down to Paradise
At least it's not for me
And if the wind is right you can sail away
And find tranquility
Oh, the canvas can do miracles
Just you wait and see, believe me
It's not far to never, never land
No reason to pretend
And if the wind is right you can find the joy
Of innocence again
Oh, the canvas can do miracles
Just you wait and see, believe me
Sailing takes me away
To where I've always heard it could be
Just a dream and the wind to carry me
And soon I will be free
Fantasy, it gets the best of me when I'm sailing
All caught up in the reverie
Every word is a symphony
Won't you believe me?
Sailing takes me away
To where I've always heard it could be
Just a dream and the wind to carry me
And soon I will be free
It's not far back to sanity
At least it's not for me
And if the wind is right you can sail away
And find serenity
Oh, the canvas can do miracles
Just you wait and see, believe me
Sailing takes me away
To where I've always heard it could be
Just a dream and the wind to carry me
And soon I will be free