

| Well, it's not far down to paradise, at least it's not for me |
|--|
| And if the wind is (1) 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, (2) you wait and see |
| Believe me |
| CHORUS: |
| Sailing takes me (3) to where I've always (4) it could be |
| Just a (5) and the wind to carry me |
| And soon I (6) be free |
| Fantasy, it (7) the best of me |
| When I'm sailing |
| All caught up in the reverie, every word is a symphony |
| Won't you believe me? |
| CHORUS |
| Well it's not far back to sanity, at (8) it's not for me |
| And if the wind is right you can sail away and find serenity |
| Oh, the (9) can do miracles, just you wait and see |
| Believe me |
| CHORUS |



- 1. right
- 2. just
- 3. away
- 4. heard
- 5. dream
- 6. will
- 7. gets
- 8. least
- 9. canvas

Fill in the gaps