

| Well, it's not far down to paradise, at least it's not for me |
|--|
| And if the wind is right you can sail (1) and find tranquility |
| Oh, the canvas can do miracles, just you (2) 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 (3) again |
| Oh, the (4) can do miracles, just you (5) and see |
| Believe me |
| CHORUS: |
| Sailing takes me away to where I've always heard it (6) 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 (7) is a symphony |
| Won't you believe me? |
| CHORUS |
| Well it's not far (8) to sanity, at (9) 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 |
| |

CHORUS



- 1. away
- 2. wait
- 3. innocence
- 4. canvas
- 5. wait
- 6. could
- 7. word
- 8. back
- 9. least

Fill in the gaps