

## Paradise

Where sun beams  
And white foam fizzes,  
Where clear blue waters  
Kick and leap,

Where seagulls laugh  
And zephyrs whisper,  
This is where my  
Soul will sleep.

Too far for skipping stone to reach,  
Too close for doubting eye to see,  
It's there, in the heart of a dreaming child  
Asleep in the shade of a sycamore tree.