

# Another day in paradise – Phil Collins

She calls out to the man on the street  
"Sir, can you help me?  
It's cold and I've nowhere to sleep.  
Is there somewhere you can tell me?"

He walks on, doesn't look back  
He pretends he can't hear her  
Starts to whistle as he crosses the street  
Seems embarrassed to be there

Oh, think twice, 'cause it's another day for you and me in paradise  
Oh, think twice, 'cause it's another day for you, you and me in paradise  
Think about it

She calls out to the man on the street  
He can see she's been crying  
She's got blisters on the soles of her feet  
She can't walk, but she's trying

Oh, think twice, 'cause it's another day for you and me in paradise  
Oh, think twice, it's just another day for you, you and me in paradise  
Just think about it

Oh, Lord, is there nothing more anybody can do?  
Oh, Lord, there must be something you can say

You can tell from the lines on her face  
You can see that she's been there  
Probably been moved on from every place  
'Cause she didn't fit in there

Oh, think twice, 'cause it's another day for you and me in paradise  
Oh, think twice, it's just another day for you, you and me in paradise  
Just think about it  
Think about it

It's just another day for you and me in paradise  
It's just another day for you and me in paradise  
Paradise  
Just think about it  
Paradise  
Just think about  
Paradise



Słowa: Phil Collins  
Muzyka: Phil Collins