

## Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. least
- 2. just
- 3. wait
- 4. just
- 5. heard
- 6. wind
- 7. right
- 8. away
- 9. wait

## Fill in the gaps