

Paris Blues

Duke Ellington

Left bank café,
Strollin the quays,
Watching the boats on the Seine
come back again.
Where is that girl I met,
That girl that made me get those
Paris blues and wonder?
Why did I have to roam?
I was so much at home,
Ev'ry lovely evening
in a cozy café,
Sipping champagne
along the main boulevards.
She was so fine,
just like the wine.
Now ev'ry day is black.
Please, someone, send her back
so I can lose those Paris blues.