

## Paris or Amsterdam

Basia Bulat

Yesterday I thought I saw you  
Crossing at the corner light  
Voices ringing through Royal York station  
Run down the stairs, it happens often  
Every time I feel myself unraveling  
I can tell myself that you've been travelling  
All this time  
Now anytime I hear a laugh as bright  
You come to mind  
Borrowing your coat  
Your courage walking  
They're always asking  
If I mind it, I just tell myself that  
You're still travelling  
You could be in Paris, or in Amsterdam  
All this time  
Come to my mind, come to my mind  
Come to my mind, come to my mind  
The camera we found  
I know where it is now  
And your Sunday best clothing  
Oh, anytime I need to, I can say it  
Come to my mind  
I can stand for hours at the station  
Or on the stairs  
If I don't find you  
I just tell myself that you're still travelling  
You could be in Paris or in Amsterdam  
Standing on the corner to remember it  
Talking to myself come to my mind again  
To my mind, come to my mind  
Come to my mind  
Come to my mind