

The Poor People of Paris

Bing Crosby

Just got back from Paris, France
All they do is sing and dance
All they've got there is romance
What a tragedy
Every boulevard has lovers
Every lover's in a trance
The poor people of Parea

I feel sorry for the French
Every guy has got a wench
Every couple's got a bench
Kissing shamelessly
Night and day they're making music
While they're making love in French
The poor people of Parea

Milk or water from the sink
Make a true Parisian shrink
Wine is all he'll ever drink
And it worries me
For with wine as cheap as water
Oh, it makes one stop and think
The poor people of Parea

Sister met a boy named Pierre
Had the craziest affair
And the day they parted there
He cried bitterly
Pierre was there to bid her farewell
But he brought his new girl, Claire
The poor people of Parea

So don't go to Paris, France
Not unless you like to dance
Not unless you want romance
Like those poor inhabitants of Parea