

Shirtless and faded on the Champs-Élysées
The world was ours then
I had conviction, but you, you had style
Such a lethal combination
The years changed us, the money weighed us down
We lost our way
Let me spoil you, pick a place to go
I want to spend my money on you

And don't you remember
How this began?
You begged me for a chance
Don't waste your sorry
No, don't waste your goodbyes
Tonight
From hand to mouth and now
We're living lux

I order the lobster, and you, the Moët
The waitress thinks that we can't pay, no
What does she know? Our pockets are full-grown
And we've earned the right to fine dine
So raise your glass, my old friend
For we both know that this is the end
For the times we fought and the times we shared
I'll sing you a song the way I used to then

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