

The last time i saw Paris

Connie Francis

The last time I saw Paris her heart was warm and gay
I heard the laughter of her heart in every street café

The last time I saw Paris her trees were dressed for spring
And lovers walked beneath those trees and birds found songs to sing

I dodge the same old taxi cabs that I have dogded for years
The chorus of their squeaky horns was music in my ears

The last time I saw Paris her heart was young and gay
No matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way

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