

## The Last Time I Saw Paris

Dean Martin

The last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was warm and gray  
I heard the laughter of her heart in every street cafe  
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 dodged the same old taxicabs  
That I had dodged for years  
The chorus of the squeaky horns  
Was music to my ears

Oh the last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was warm and gay  
No matter how they changed her  
I'll remember her ah that way

Dodged the same old taxicabs  
That I had dodged for years  
The chorus of the squeaky horns  
Was music to my ears

Yeh, the last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was warm and gay  
No matter how they change her  
I'll remember her that way

The last time I saw Paris  
The last time I saw Paris