

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