

## Paris Blues

Duke Ellington

Left bank café,  
Strollin the quays,  
Watching the boats on the Seine  
come back again.  
Where is that girl I met,  
That girl that made me get those  
Paris blues and wonder?  
Why did I have to roam?  
I was so much at home,  
Ev'ry lovely evening  
in a cozy café,  
Sipping champagne  
along the main boulevards.  
She was so fine,  
just like the wine.  
Now ev'ry day is black.  
Please, someone, send her back  
so I can lose those Paris blues.