

April in Paris

Ella Fitzgerald

April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom
Holiday tables under the trees
April in Paris, this is a feeling
No one can ever reprise

I never knew the charm of spring
Never met it face to face
I never new my heart could sing
Never missed a warm embrace

Till April in Paris, whom can I run to?
What have you done to my heart?

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One more time

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Just one more time

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