

## Paris

Elton John

Nobody left in the airport lounge  
They cleaned the ashtrays  
TV's just wound down  
I've got to wait till morning  
I've got to last the night  
I've only got one book  
To see me through my flight

But when I get to Paris  
We'll paint all our portraits  
In brush-strokes of yellow  
And christen the canvas  
The left bank is crying  
For colour to crown it  
Like the roof of a palace  
We'll drink in the amber  
When I get to Paris

You were the best of Montmartre Street life  
You signed the tablecloth  
Art has its price  
It's so hard to hold on  
To the ghost of your breed  
It takes ambition  
To call the colours you need

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