

Paris

Faith Hill

The train pulled into Paris
Like a rocket to the moon.
The station's like a circus

Every face is a cartoon.
And everyone's stoned on pride
And drunk on cheap champagne.

Tonight this joie de vivre
Sure don't live up to its name.
Now all I can say is

I'd give this world to you
Every rock and every stone
Every masterpiece in Rome

And if you'd ask me to
I'd steal the Mona Lisa
Tear it up in little pieces

And lay them at your feet
For all the world to see.
But tonight I can't give you Paris.

Aristocats are everywhere
And the air is as thick as thieves.
She'd like nothing better than to

Steal the breath from me.
And the tower's lights ain't shinin'
As it hangs its head in shame

At the sight of American blood
On the streets of St. Germain
Washin' up into the Seine

And I'd give this world to you
I'd steal the crown and kingdom
From the Queen of England

And if you'd ask me to
I'd take this city in my hands
Break it down to grains of sand

And lay them at your feet
For all the world to see.
But tonight I can't give you Paris.