

April in Paris

Frank Sinatra

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

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
What have you done to my heart