

When I walk down boulevard Saint Michel
I still feel those lips that kissed me farewell
In a Bohemian room at Monte Martre
We discussed Picasso
Jean-Paul Sartre

Jessica love
I'm feeling so sad
'Cause the dreams that we had
In seventy-six
They are gone

Champs-Élysées in a street cafe
We smoked Gitanes
And drank red wine
Like in a book of Hemingway
For ever and ever never to stay

Jessica love
I'm feeling so sad
'Cause the dreams that we had
In seventy-six
They are gone

Farewell my jolie
Good-bye my sweet memory of Paris

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I'm feeling so sad
Jessica love
The dreams that we had
Jessica love

Oh, Jessica love