

A Country Girl in Paris

John Denver

A country girl in Paris, moonlight on the Seine. Memories of Tennessee, Nashville in the rain.
It's such a contradiction, a heart that's filled with pain,
A country girl in Paris dreaming Nashville in the rain.

She walks along the boulevard, Champs, Elysee.
Thinks about a country boy three thousand miles away,
Pride is such a hard thing, it's such a price to pay
to be all alone in Paris with true love so far away.

Up upon Montmartre when she stops to rest awhile,
all the artists look at her and they long to paint her smile.
For even in her sorrow there's something in her eyes
that makes the young men jealous, makes the old men sigh.

They say the loss of innocence is always linked to pain
for once the heart is opened nothing ever is the same.
And so the evening lends itself to lovers and romance,
the way to heal a broken heart is to give true love just one more chance.

A country girl in Paris, moonlight on the Seine. Memories of Tennessee, Nashville in the rain.
It's such a contradiction, a heart that's filled with pain,
A country girl in Paris dreaming Nashville in the rain.
A country girl in Paris, longing for Nashville in the rain.