

The Last Time I Saw Paris

Kate Smith

A lady known as Paris, Romantic and Charming
Has left her old companions and faded from view

Lonely men with lonely eyes are seeking her in vain
Her streets are where they were, but there's no sign of her

She has left the Seine

The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,
I heard the laughter of her heart in every street café??

The last time I saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring,
And lovers walked beneath those trees and birds found songs to sing.

I dodged the same old taxicabs that I had dodged for years.
The chorus of their squeaky horns was music to my ears.

The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,
No matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way.

I'll think of happy hours, and people who shared them
Old women, selling flowers, in markets at dawn

Children who applauded, Punch and Judy in the park
And those who danced at night and kept our Paris bright

'Til the town went dark.