

April In Paris

Kurt Elling

April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom
Holiday tables under the trees
Evening melodies
April in Paris, this is a feeling
That no one can ever reprieve

I never knew the charm of spring
I never met it face to face
I never knew my heart could sing
I never missed a warm embrace
Till, April in Paris
Whom can I run to
what have you done to my heart