I used to visit all the very gay places
Those come-what-may places
Where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life
To get the feel of life
From jazz and cocktails
The girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces
With distingué traces
That used to be there you could see where
They'd been washed away
By too many through the day
Twelve o'clocktails

Then you came along with your siren's song
To tempt me to madness
I thought for a while that your pointed smile
Was tinged with the sadness
Of a great love for me
Oh, yes, I was wrong
Again, I was wrong

Life is lonely again
And only last year
Everything seemed so assured
Now life is awful again
And a truffle of hearts
Could only be a bore

A week in Paris will ease the bite of it All I care is to smile in spite of it I'll forget you I will And yet you are still Burning inside my brain

Romance is mush
Stifling those who strive
I'll live a lush life
In some small dive
And there I'll be
While I rot with the rest
Of those whose lives are lonely too