

## Paris St. Germain

The Pogues

The City of Light is dimmed now by the winter,  
No gut full of wine could keep out this frost  
We'll shiver and sigh by the ice on the river  
Ask the dull heavens, "The hell have we lost?"

My heart's too empty to speak true of sorrow  
What's dust is but dust and as dust shall remain  
If only I could, I would make it tomorrow,  
I'd make it tomorrow where you'd live again

I'll lay myself down in the mist and the heather  
I'll lay myself down and I'll wait for your call  
The bell rings last orders, we're walking together  
While the boulevards burn and crumble and fall  
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