

Weekend In Paris

Sheena Easton

All the flights were grounded, so I headed for the homeward sign

Didn't think to call you, I had my watch set on Parisien time
There she was, her fingers in my house, lying on her back in my bed

Wasn't what I'd hardly expected, and oh God I wish I were dead

I found her red heeled stilettos, I watched them burn in my fire

One weekend in Paris, I'm gone for good

All her clothes were scattered, her perfume hanging in the air
Through the door her laughter, getting louder but you didn't care

There it was, her lipstick, her make-up

Her painted nails still touching your skin

Could not believe what my eyes were watching, and oh God, will I ever win

I drove round till 4 a.m., had a cold coffee and then

I made up my mind, my watch would stay on Parisian time

She can keep her head on my pillow, she can watch my ceiling, my floor

She can check herself in my mirror, cause I won't be doin' that no more