

## 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