

She said hello, she was letting me know
We share friends in Soho
She's a pain in the nose
I'm a pain in women's clothes
You're a walking overdose in a great coat

And so she wrote a plan for it on the back of a fag packet
She had to leave because she couldn't hack it
Not enough noise and too much racket
I think I've spent all my money and your friends, oh

But how I'd love to go to Paris again
And how I'd love to go to Paris again

Mr. Serotonin Man, lend me a gram
You call yourself a friend?
I've got two left feet and I'm starting to cheat
On my girlfriend again
I caught her picking her nose
As the crowd cheered for an overdose
And I don't suppose you know where this train goes
There was a party that she had to miss
Because her friend kept cutting her wrists
Hyper-politicized sexual trysts
"Oh, I think my boyfriend's a nihilist"
As I said "Hey kids! we're all just the same
What a shame"

You know, how I'd love to go to Paris again
And how I'd love to go to Paris again

Oh stop being an arsehole
And counting my eye rolls
There like piss holes in the snow
Uh oh
Keeping a tab on my health
Man you're putting me up on a shelf
Well I'll believe you're clean
But only by seeing your face for myself

And then she pointed at the bag of her dreams
In a well posh magazine
I said "I'm done, babe I'm out of the scene, "
But I was picking up from Bethnal Green
She said I'd been romanticizing heroin
And oh how I'd love to go to Paris, to Paris again
And how I'd love to go to Paris again
And how I'd love to go to Paris again
And how I'd love to go to Paris again