

Love Goes Home to Paris in the Spring

The Magnetic Fields

I'm counting the habits you made me break
I'm counting the drugs you won't let me take
I'm counting my friends you won't let me see

I've had enough, you never give me anything
Don't you know love goes home to Paris in the spring?

Adding up the odds, I've waited for you
I'm counting the calls that never came through
I'm counting my friends you melted away
I'm counting the times you came for a day

I've had enough, you never give me anything
Don't you know love goes home to Paris in the spring?