

Paris

Elton John

Nobody left in the airport lounge
They cleaned the ashtrays
TV's just wound down
I've got to wait till morning
I've got to last the night
I've only got one book
To see me through my flight

But when I get to Paris
We'll paint all our portraits
In brush-strokes of yellow
And christen the canvas
The left bank is crying
For colour to crown it
Like the roof of a palace
We'll drink in the amber
When I get to Paris

You were the best of Montmartre Street life
You signed the tablecloth
Art has its price
It's so hard to hold on
To the ghost of your breed
It takes ambition
To call the colours you need

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