

When Paris Was a Woman

Melissa Manchester

Afternoons on the Rue de Flores
In the flat that I shared with Gertrude
We served tea and got drunk on conversations
With the lost generation she found

Hemingway, Picasso and Matisse
Janet Flanders and Sylvia Beach
We were searching for unknown destinations
We were desperate to reach

We said (au revoir[?])
We carved our dreams
To invent the world, it seems
As life unraveled at the seams

But oh...

When Paris was a woman
When Paris was a woman
When Paris was a woman
She loved so well
All the smoke and opinions would fly!
Life was art, art was life, or else die
So we cared for each word and every color
Like a bug on the web (to explain[?])

As the days blended into the nights
How we savoured our city of lights
And we knew it wouldn't last forever
But my god what a ride

When Paris was a woman
When Paris was a woman
When Paris was a woman
She loved so well
She loved so well

My Gertrude
She was my shepherdess
My Pyrenees
With eagle eyes, a mountain range was she
She sore loved me
We sore loved

When Paris was a woman...

The escapades
The rigolos
The geniuses
The gigolos
The legacy we left
Who knows?

But oh...

When Paris was a woman
When Paris was a woman

When Paris was a woman
She loved so well
She loved so well
We loved

When Paris was a woman
When Paris was a woman
When Paris was a woman
She loved so well