

City Of Love

Alyson Stoner

Won't you share a crème brûlée with me
How perfect could this be
In the City of Love
In the City of Love

We could try some fancy cheese
Or peruse the galleries
Isn't this a perfect day
How do I look in this beret

Oh, how can he not feel the same way
When we're strolling down the Champs-Élysées
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I wish that he would whisper "mon chérie, je t'aime"
But all he wants to do is try to fix that plane
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