

Paris

Ben Rector

I haven't seen her
For a month or so
Young love feels like finding buried gold

We meet in Paris
Fly straight through the night
And my heart feels just like new sunglasses in the taxi ride

I remember who we are
When we're being young and dumb
Paris feels like falling back in love
Back in love

Now we're walking
Talking hand in hand, yeah
Nervous at the bakery, not speaking French
And she is smiling, she is beautiful
And I feel sixteen while we, we are making love
Oh yeah

I remember who we are
When we're being young and dumb
Paris feels like falling back in love

I remember who we are
When we're being young and dumb
Paris feels like falling back in love
Falling back in love, yeah

I haven't seen her
For a month or so
Young love feels like finding buried gold