

Paris isn't that romantic
If you don't have any money
Those cafés aren't so cute to walk by
When you're hungry

Our campground on the outskirts of town
Was all we could afford to do
We were so sick of bein' in the big cities
This one seemed so rude, rude, rude

We mailed home all our huge rolls of film
And all the change that we couldn't use
We bumped into some girls that we knew from Texas
Saw the Mona Lisa, her smile seemed so cruel

And we used our last ticket to take the train
To a boat on the coast that would take us away
To a place that we hoped
Would be the end of our sorrows

When we got there we were way too late
There was no way we could leave that day
We'd have to find a place to stay
And try again tomorrow

We found a secret place to crash
In a bush by the docks
That was filled with trash
We cleared a spot and we called it a day

And I wished that I brought my guitar
As I looked through the bush
Up at the stars
Fell asleep and got woke up by the rain

We waited on the porch for the doors to open
And we asked the guy if there was any reason hopin'
He said, "Don't give up,
Cross your fingers, wish for luck"

So I cast my spells and I made my curses
Wishin' that a truck would get stuck
And then we could take their place,
Leave France that day