

The Paris Song

Harry Belafonte

She told me things I'd heard before But somehow when she spoke
they sounded new That's not a very easy thing to do First stories
turned the strangest corners But set inside her smile they sounded
true That's not a very easy thing to do I didn't look for any reasons
I closed my eyes and let her lead me Though I'd been to all the places
Still I let her take me 'Round and 'round in circles When she wanted to
That's not a very easy thing to do Now she's gone, I knew she'd go
But she never guessed just what she put me thru That's not a very
easy thing to do That's not a very easy thing to do