

He Went To Paris

Jamie McDell

He went to Paris looking for answers
To questions that bothered him so
He was impressive, young and aggressive
Saving the world on his own
Warm summer breezes and French wines and cheeses
Put his ambition at bay
And summers and winters scattered like splinters
And four or five years slipped away

He went to England, played the piano
And married an actress named Kim
They had a fine life, she was a good wife
And bore him a young son named Jim
And all of the answers and all of the questions
He locked in his attic one day
'Cause he liked the quiet clean country living
And twenty more years slipped away

Well the war took his baby, bombs killed his lady
And left him with only one eye
His body was battered, his whole world was shattered
And all he could do was just cry
While the tears were falling, he was recalling
Answers he'd never found
So he hopped on a freighter, skidded the ocean
And left England without a sound

Now he lives in the islands, fishes the pilin's
And drinks his green label each day
Writing his memoirs, losing his hearing
But he don't care what most people say
Through eighty-six years of perpetual motion
If he likes you he'll smile and he'll say
Jimmy, some of it's magic, some of it's tragic
But I had a good life all the way

And he went to Paris looking for answers
To questions that bother him so