

Paris

John Splithoff

Pour me one more glass of wine before we say goodnight
And lay beside me underneath the stars
And won't you kiss me one more time before this wine goes to my head
And I wake tomorrow wondering who you are

Because I don't know your name
And you don't know my story
But if the wine is the one to blame
Then let's greet the early morning
Because it's getting late in Ile St Louis
And it's only you and me
But the city's made for passing lovers
Loving leisurely

In a place like this
On a night like this
With someone like you to kiss
Words are meaningless

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You and me in Paris
You and me in Paris
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