

## April In Paris

Kurt Elling

April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom  
Holiday tables under the trees  
Evening melodies  
April in Paris, this is a feeling  
That no one can ever relieve

I never knew the charm of spring  
I never met it face to face  
I never knew my heart could sing  
I never missed a warm embrace  
Till, April in Paris  
Whom can I run to  
what have you done to my heart