

# So We Never Got To Paris

Out Of The Grey

Young lovers, without much  
Save each other, isn't that enough?  
Paint the future, a little day by day  
Making plans with no regard for what might come our way

This cup fills up so quickly  
There's so much on our plate  
Between the living and the learning  
Some things must wait

So we never got to Paris  
And found the café of our dreams  
But our table holds a whole world of memories  
No, we never went to Venice  
And strolled the streets alone  
But we built our worlds together and we got the best of both

There's still wonder in our eyes  
But we see each other in a different light  
Yet the future isn't always clear  
Now the question is where do we go from here

This cup filled up so quickly  
There's too much on our plate  
Between the living and the dying  
Some things must wait

So we never got to Paris  
And found the café of our dreams  
But our table holds a whole world of memories  
No, we never went to Venice  
And strolled the streets alone  
But we built our worlds together and we got the best of both

This cup filled up so quickly  
There's too much on our plate  
Between the living and the dying  
Some things must wait

So we never got to Paris  
And found the café of our dreams  
But our table holds a whole wide world of memories  
No, we never went to Venice  
And strolled the streets alone  
But we built our worlds together and we got the best

We may never get to Paris  
And find the café of our dreams  
But our table still will hold a world of memories  
If we never get to Venice  
And roam the streets alone  
We'll hold our worlds together  
And we'll keep the best of both