

Pigalle

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What makes Paris like Paris ought to be?
All the natives agree - Pigalle!
Wonderful street where the simple folk meet
With the social elite - Pigalle

Sidewalk cafes, waiters balancing trays
Morning, night, and noon
Taxicabs toot while a guy on a flute
Fingers "Claire de lune"

Mademoiselles wink their eyes at the swells
Where the corner sign spells - Pigalle!
Take it from me, when you visit Paris
Yes, you better have seen Pigalle

Mmm, never blasé, always chipper and gay
With the night writers, hey Pigalle!
Dare I declare once a bald-headed square
Even let down its hair - Pigalle

Walk to and fro and the first thing you know
You're in love, love, love
It goes to your head and, unless you are dead
Life is mad with yeahs

Never subdued is the carnival loose
Not a saint, not a clue - Pigalle!
Laugh hopelessly but my friends you'll agree
That the moment you leave Pigalle