

Paris

Samia

Total exhaustion in Paris
In our nook, we were in charge
Didn't our future seem careless
Fleeting, beguiling mirage
I remember you wasting your time on me
Like I deserved your touch, babe
Back when our love was forever
Hemingway, those were the days

You were just one of those statues
I wished I could be at the Louvre
We were a renaissance novel
Carefully written by you
But I cannot play the princess
In your breathtaking charade
But oh how I tried to in Paris
Lover remember me that way

I'm sorry I dragged you to Starbucks
I thought you were being too proud
You just wanted a perfect story
I know as I'm reading it now
Our ghosts sit alone at the café
Each 6 o'clock in Montmartre
I hid my heart in our nook there
In Paris I'm still in your arms

Well, here we are back in the village
American just like before
Manhattan's too small for the both of us
And I can't take it anymore
I'm trying to be a big fish babe
There isn't much room in your pond
But don't write the end of our novel
I won't write the end of our-