

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-