Sa la vey Sa la guerre When that soft suburban moonlight Plays a mansionette melody

Calling all blue collars
And their sweet boufantee's
To go slipping through the shadows
Sipping corvasier

It's magnifique
In Rendezvous, U...S...A
Sa la vey
It's not Parie

Sa la guerre It's over here When fast food restaurants elegante Offer glamour with glitter galore

An tattooed hands hold champagne
That whispers of amour
To them coquettes across the tables
With their crepe-suzette's flirt'eee...yeah

Ahhh great fond-due
In Rendezvous U...S...A
Sa la vey
It's not Parie

Sa la guerre Yeah but I don't care 'Cause sleazy sheik haunts the ballrooms Dancing disco's debonair

An beau-coups of hip medallions Rub against Frederick's brassieres An they'll soon get off together To French tickle some tet-a-tet...yeh

Ahhh what a grand adieu To Rendezvous... What a grand adieu To Rendezvous U...S...A