

The Last Time I Saw Paris

Tony Martin

A lady known as Paris, romantic and charming
Has left her old companions and faded from view
Lonely men with lonely eyes are seeking her in vain
Her streets are where they were, but there's no sign of her
She has left the Seine

The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay
I heard the laughter of her heart in every street café
The last time I saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring
And lovers walked beneath those trees and birds found songs to
sing

I dodged the same old taxicabs that I had dodged for years
The chorus of their squeaky horns was music to my ears
The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay
No matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way

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