Paris

Trevor Daniel

It was working, that's the thing
Up late now wondering
"Did I make it up in my head?"
Probably one too many drinks
Thought that you were into me
Maybe it's for the best

If I leave, if I go back, oh god!
Will you be everything that I want?
I believe there's the one, but you're not
Think that I've finally, had enough

Wish you could take me back to Paris
With your hands all over me
Oh, we never told our parents
We were young, dumb, seventeen
Got so used to oversharing
But now we don't even speak (Ah-ah-ah)
Wish you could take me back to Paris
With your eyes all over me
On the rooftop of the terrace
Yeah we swore we'd never leave
Got so used to overcaring
But we only had a week
Wish you could take me back to—

Times, before we changed
Words you said, replay
Back when time stood still
Back when this felt real
Dreams don't hit the same
We're on different pages
Maybe it's for the best

If I leave, if I go back, oh god (Oh god)
Will you be everything that I want?
Everything that I want, when you
I believe There's the one, but you're not (Is there the one?)
Think that I've finally had enough

Wish you could take me back to Paris
With your hands all over me
Oh, we never told our parents
We were young, dumb, seventeen
Got so used to oversharing
But now we don't even speak
(We don't even speak)
Wish you could take me back to Paris
With your eyes all over me
On the rooftop of the terrace
Yeah we swore we'd never leave
Got so used to overcaring
But we only had a week
Wish you could take me back to—

To Paris
Take me back to Paris

Wish you could take me back to—
It was working that's the thing