

# Paris

## The 1975

She said "hello"  
She was letting me know We share friends is Soho She's a pain in the nose -  
I'm a pain in women's clothes  
You're a walking overdose in a great coat So she wrote a plan for it on the back of a fag packet  
she had to leave cos she couldn't hack it -  
not enough noise and too much racket  
"I think i've spent all my money and your friends""oh, how i'd love to go to Paris again" Mr. Serotonin man lend  
me a gram - you call  
yourself a friend?  
I've got two left feet and i'm starting to cheat  
on my girlfriend again"  
I caught her picking her nose as the crowd cheered  
for an overdose - and "I don't suppose you know  
where this train goes?" There was a party that she had to miss  
because her friend kept cutting her wrists  
hyper-politicised sexual trysts - "I think my boyfriend's a nihilist" as i said - "Hey kids we're all just the same,  
what a shame" and "oh , how i'd love to go to Paris again""Oh stop being an arsehole and counting my eye rolls"  
"They're like piss holes in the snow!! Uh oh"  
Keeping a tab on my health, man you're putting me up on a shelf "we;;, i'll believe you're clean but only by  
seeing your face for myself" The she pointed at the bag of her dreams in a well posh magazine I said "I'm done,  
babe i'm out of the scene", but I was picking up on Bethnal Green She said i'd been romanticising heroin "oh  
how i'd love to got to Paris again"

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