

Paris

Gordie Sampson

The train pulled into Paris like a rocket to the moon
The stations like a circus, every face is a cartoon
Everybodys stoned on pride and drunk on cheap champagne
Tonight this joie de vivre sure dont live up to it's name
And now all that I can say Is Id give this world to you, every rock and every stone
Every masterpiece in Rome and if you asked me to
Id steal the Mona Lisa, tear it up in little pieces
And lay them at your feet for all the world to see
But tonight I cant give you Paris Aristocrats are everywhere and the air is thick as thieves
Shed like nothing better than to steal the breath from me
The towers lights ain't shinin as it hangs it's head in shame
At the sight of American blood on the streets of St. Germain
Washin' up into the seine And Id give this world to you, every rock and every stone
Every masterpiece in Rome and if you asked me to
Id steal the Mona Lisa, tear it up in little pieces
And lay them at your feet for all the world to see
But tonight I cant give you Paris

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