

September in Paris

[Adrian Myrth](#)

Septembers of Paris...Mon Petite Francaise...will allways remind me of how great one love can be...Still waiting on you in park Luxembourg...but you will never come again at our bench on Saint Michelle....Summers in Saint Tropez...tought would never end...but even love ends up some time....even you and me...Septembers of Paris will never be the same.

Lyrics Submitted by Jadranko Banovic

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