

# Paris

**Ben Rector**

I haven't seen her  
For a month or so  
Young love feels like finding buried gold

We meet in Paris  
Fly straight through the night  
And my heart feels just like new sunglasses in the taxi ride

I remember who we are  
When we're being young and dumb  
Paris feels like falling back in love  
Back in love

Now were walking  
Talking hand in hand, yeah  
Nervous at the bakery, not speaking French  
And she is smiling, she is beautiful  
And I feel sixteen while we, we are making love  
Oh yeah

I remember who we are  
When we're being young and dumb  
Paris feels like falling back in love

I remember who we are  
When we're being young and dumb  
Paris feels like falling back in love  
Falling back in love, yeah

I haven't seen her  
For a month or so  
Young love feels like finding buried gold

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