Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

Clifford Brown

April in paris, chestnuts in blossom
Holiday tables under the trees
April in paris, this is a feeling
That no one can ever reprise
I never knew the charm of spring
I never met it face to face
I never new my heart could sing
I never missed a warm embrace
Till april in paris
Whom can I run to
What have you done to my heart

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