

# The Poor People Of Paris

Dean Martin

Just got back from Paris, France  
All they do is sing and dance  
All they got there is romance  
What a tragedy Every boulevard has lovers  
Every lover's in a trance  
The poor people of Paris I feel sorry for the French  
Every guy has got a wench  
Every couple's got a bench  
Kissing shamelessly Night and day they're making music  
While they're making love in French  
The poor people of Paris Milk or water from a sink  
Make a true Parisian shrink  
Wine is all he'll ever drink  
And it worries me For with wine as cheap as water  
Oh, it makes one stop and think  
The poor people of Paris Sister Madam Pierre  
Had the craziest love affair  
And the day they parted there  
He cried bitterly Pierre was there to bid her farewell  
But he brought his new girl Claire  
The poor people of Paris So don't go to Paris France  
Not unless you like to dance  
Not unless you want romance  
Like those poor inhabitants of Paris In the meantime, I got to hurry back there  
I think I forgot something

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>