Not Exactly Paris

Chita Rivera

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I've been courted and escorted by so many men
As for fear of cold rejection, I've had none.
There were avant-garde composers,
Even 'dese and 'dem and 'dozers, it was fun!
But among the many faces and the whiskey breath embraces
there was one.It was not exactly Paris. It was not exactly spring.
But it was Beaujolais and flowers, double beds and double showers,
And the passion that his kisses used to bring.It was not exactly Paris. I was not exactly young.
But on a quiet night with the door locked tight
and the silence weighs a ton.
Of all the men in my life, I remember one.It was not exactly Venice. Never heard a mandolin.
But it was kisses and linguini set to Mercer and Mancini.
It was boating in the park and falling in.It was not exactly marriage, didn't have the longest run.
But in my heart of hearts when the twilight starts
And the long, long day is done.
Of all the men in my life, I remember one

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