

Jazz Is Paris

Malcolm McLaren

I wore black on Saint Germain des Pres
Feelings in the air that love today
It's true I don't believe love beyond the grave
But then I listen to a trumpet play You wore black on Saint Germain des Pres
I can still hear you miles away
I wore black you wore black
The trumpet answered back
Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz I wore black on Saint Germain des Pres
Feelings in the air that love today
I wear black you wear black
Sat naked on your lap
Like a child I feel love coming home I traveled miles and miles in bed
Miles and miles playing in my head
I wear black you wear black
Makes me cry to think like that
Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz I give you kisses
In all the secret places
Miles and miles of miles
You're profound, like an Egyptian queen
The best looking man I've ever seen
Mmm
I give you kisses
In all the secret places
Mmm
The best looking man I've ever seen I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black
Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
I wear black, you wear black
Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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