April In Paris (Instrumental)

Nat King Cole

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 embraceTill April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom
Holiday tables under the trees
April in Paris, this is a feeling
That no one can ever repriseI 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 embraceTill April in Paris
Whom can I run to
What have you done to my heart

Songwriters
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