

Raining in Paris

The Maine

Midnight comes in
Paris and as
I light my cigarette
The rain it hits my face
So I start walking
Toward the Ferris wheel
From my hotel on
Champs-Élysées
For now I am alone
I might always be alone
My heart is in the city of love
But it's raining in Paris
What good is a heart of gold
With nobody to share it with
It's coming down, it's coming down
My head can hardly bare it
My heart is in the city of love
But it's raining in Paris
So let it rain on me
See my heart's on fire
But I always got cold feet
Love never really did anything for me
Try telling that to this goddamn city
And if the storm should stop
I'd ask you to dance on some cliché mountain top
We'd share straws at your favorite coffee shop
But life it ain't no romance novel
I met a man
Who sold umbrellas
and
just five dollars
saved me from all that rain

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