

# April in Paris

Louis Armstrong

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 embrace

Till April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom  
Holiday tables under the trees  
April in Paris, this is a feeling

That no one can ever reprise  
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 embrace

Till April in Paris  
Whom can I run to  
What have you done to my heart

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