You Couldn't Lie To Me In Paris

Leif Vollebekk

You couldn't lie to me in Paris
You couldn't lie to me in Paris,
No, you wouldn'T want to embarrass
Yourself in front of the fathers of the fellas
Who'd raise their eyebrow umbrellas.
Never one for a fuss
Unless it is just the two of us,
We started getting into trouble , you see,
When we started loving in degrees.
The coming and going spirit's in the doorhinges
And I'm sitting peeling Suzanne'soranges,
Nothing I ever do is ever good enough for escaping
The love that we've been making.
What I put into question, you pu into bed,
Just like you put those wicked thoughts into my head.
When are you leaving town?
The Sigght of you makes me teary-eyed,
Your body's been honest,
But here again it lies.

So I'm going to that coty saved by paper and not souk,
Which judging by those standards could've been a letter that you wrote.

Sur ce, trÃ¨s chÃ¨re, adieu. VoilÃ trop causer,
Le temps que l'on perd Ã lire une missive
N'aura jamais valu la peine qu'on Ã©crive.
(Oh, tes paupiÃ¨res parapluies)

Lyrics submitted by Claudie.

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