PARIS ’84

Don't telephone L.A. Don't telephone Chicago.
There are things that you will say. You’ll regret tomorrow.
Let the candle burn away. It's light we only borrow.
Because the heart it's made of clay. It's only shaped like sorrow.
SO play the American song. Drink wine on the terrace.
Come morning she is gone. Falling out of Love… in Paris.

Don't telephone today, Don't telephone tomorrow.
There are things that she will say. She’ll forget tomorrow.

Nous habittions a' Paris, a cote' de L'arche de Triomphe
Tu es tres jolie Don't play with my heart.

Don't telephone LA. Don't telephone Chicago.
There are things that you will say. You’ll forget tomorrow.
Let the candle fade away, Let darkness heal the sorrow.
For the heart is made of clay. You will shape tomorrow.
Listen to the American song. Drink wine on the terrace.
Come morning you are gone. Falling out of Love… in Paris.