

10Cc "Un Nuit A Paris"

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Part One: One Night in Paris

Bonjour monsieur
Paris really welcomes you
It's the best room in the house
It's forty francs a night, alright.
It's crazy, it isn't worth a centime
I'll take it!
Merci Monsieur

Rouged lips in the gaslight
A great view of the hall
That's the way the croissant crumbles after all

Paris is only one step away
Les girls are out on bail
Tres bien there's love for sale
Oh my cheri, wish you were mine
And I'll show you a wonderful time
For the price of a cheap champagne
I'll show it you once again

One night in Paris
Is like a year in any other place
One night in Paris
Will wipe the smile off your pretty face
One girl in Paris
Is like loving every woman
One night in Paris
One night in Paris
One night in Paris
May be your last!!!

Part Two: The Same Night in Paris

Is he gonna buy?
wanna little culture?
Is he gonna pay?
Maybe Monsieur is into photographs, Non?
Or is he gonna fall in love
The all American way?
I got a watch wiz a beautiful Swiss movement
Is he gonna buy?

Forget the watch, I'll show you a good time!
Is he gonna pay?
Le connoisseur, want something different?
Or is he gonna fall in love
The all American way?

Oh you know you ain't no Casanova
You can't even do the Bossa Nova
Or the Tango or the Samba!
Though you are so very charming
No you ain't no Casanova

Is he gonna buy?
Is he gonna pay?
Or is he gonna fall in love
The all American way?
Sometimes I think he will
But then again ...
One night in Paris
Is like a year in any other place!
One night in Paris
Will wipe the smile off your pretty face!
Try a girl in Paris
But try one of mine
Each night in Paris
Each night in Paris
Each night in Paris
Each night in Paris
May be your last!!!

Part Three: Later the same night in Paris
Forty-Two, Quarante-Deux
Rue de Saint Jacques
All our girls are how you say
Good in the sack

I was a stripper
On the Champs Elysees
He was a gendarme
In the gendarmerie
Going Oh La La La
Oh La La La La

He was a pimp
In a black beret
But he was an artiste
In his own way
Oh La La La
Oh La La La La

When they raided my club that night

They ruined my act with the leather umbrella
the Chief de Police got a fright
He was up in my boudoir with some other fella
It's only routine
But I got this feeling
It ain't good for business

Then the floor cleared
A woman screamed to herself
Henri...Though you're not the toast of Paris
I love you, although you bed and beat me
Henri, leave it alone,
For the gendarme's just doing his job

Paris is only one step away
Murder is only one step away

Notre Dame is ringing her bells
Another gendarme has gone to Hell
Notre Dame is ringing her bells
Another gendarme has gone to Hell
Gone to Hell
Gone to Hell

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Is like a year in any other place
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