

Duke Ellington

"Paris Blues"

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Left bank cafÃ©,
Strollin the quays,
Watching the boats on the Seine
come back again.
Where is that girl I met,
That girl that made me get those
Paris blues and wonder?
Why did I have to roam?
I was so much at home,
Ev'ry lovely evening
in a cozy cafÃ©,
Sipping champagne
along the main boulevards.
She was so fine,
just like the wine.
Now ev'ry day is black.
Please, someone, send her back
so I can lose those Paris blues.
Duke Ellington Paris Blues

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