

## Easton Sheena

### "Weekend In Paris"

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All the flights were grounded, so I headed for the  
homeward sign  
Didn't think to call you, I had my watch set on Parisien  
time  
There she was, her fingers in my house, lying on her  
back in my bed  
Wasn't what I'd hardly expected, and oh God I wish I  
were dead

Chorus:

I found her red heeled stilletoes, I watched them burn  
in my fire  
One weekend in Paris, I'm gone for good

All her clothes were scattered, her perfume hanging in  
the air  
Through the door her laughter, getting louder but you  
didn't care  
There it was, her lipstick, her make-up  
Her painted nails still touching your skin  
Could not believe what my eyes were watching, and oh  
God, will I ever win

chorus

I drove round till 4 a.m., had a cold coffee and then  
I made up my mind, my watch would stay on Parisien  
time  
She can keep her head on my pillow, she can watch my  
ceiling, my floor  
She can check herself in my mirror, 'cause I won't be  
doin' that no more

chorus repeats 2x

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