

Blossom Dearie **"The Riviera"**

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The Riviera
On every street a gay casino
Where continentals sip their vino
And leave their fortunes to chance

The Riviera
Where matrons draped in Paris fashions
Prolong the twilight of their passions
In mad pursuit of romance

Every gay mademoiselle
Is disarming some Maharajah
With the daring of her [Incomprehensible]
Life is so completely zany and free
By the Mediterranean sea

Ah, the Riviera
Where every golden coat of sun tan
Has cost the gold of more than one man
Who wasn't warned in advance

He may take to his heart
All the wonders of France
Then as a token for the dough that he's sunk
He gets a little label slapped on his trunk

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