

## Faith Hill "Paris"

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The train pulled into Paris  
Like a rocket to the moon.  
The station's like a circus  
Every face is a cartoon.  
And everybody's stoned on pride  
And drunk on cheap champagne.  
Tonight this joie de vivre  
Sure don't live up to it's name.  
Now all I can say is

(Chorus)

I'd give this world to you  
Every rock and every stone  
Every masterpiece in Rome  
And if you'd ask me to  
I'd steal the Mona Lisa  
Tear it up in little pieces  
And lay them at your feet  
For all the world to see.  
But tonight I can't give you  
Paris.

Aristocats are everywhere  
And the air is as thick as thieves.  
She'd like nothing better than to  
Steal the breath from me.  
And the tower's lights ain't shinin'  
As it hangs it's head in shame  
At the sight of American blood  
On the streets of St. Germain  
Washin' up into the Seine

(Chorus)

And I'd give this world to you  
I'd steal the crown and kingdom  
From the Queen of England  
And if you'd ask me to  
I'd take this city in my hands  
Break it down to grains of sand  
And lay them at your feet  
For all the world to see.  
But tonight I can't give you

Paris.

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