

Family Guy

"The Last Time I Saw Paris"

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Brian: (spoken)

So you would recall with me one of those warm evenings in the city of love.

Paris is everybody's mistress.

Every man has his own secret memories of Paris.

The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay

Chorus: I heard the laughter of her heart in every street café.

(spoken)

Brian: Hey Garçon!

Garçon: Oui, Monsieur?

B: Tell me, have you seen a girl?

G: A girl? What kind of girl?

B: Any kind. My boat leaves tomorrow.

Say, do you think that girl sitting over there would be offended if I said hello?

G: (laughs) Monsieur, she has winked at you.

She has dropped her handkerchief, and right now, she is smiling at you.

What does that usually mean to you, eh?

B: She's a cop.

(sung)

The last time I saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring.

Chorus: And lovers walked beneath the trees, and birds found songs to sing

(spoken)

French Girl: Brian, I enjoyed having dinner with you.

B: I enjoyed being with you

FG: Oh, it was delicious!

The champagne, the duckling, the cap-shu-zets, the brandy.

B: It was nice. Oh, by the way, here's my half of the check.

Say, you're quite a doll. Do you have a husband?

FG: Me, no.

B: Engaged?

FG: Me, no.

B: Boyfriend?

FG: Me, no!

B: I don't know who this guy Meno is, but he must be a powerhouse.

FG: Brian, I'm afraid I must go home.

B: Ah, but it's early. We've got a world of time.

FG: Oh, but I must.

B: C'mon, this is our night.

Let's give your mom and dad a chance to go to sleep.

FG: That's just it. I live alone, and there's no one to feed the parakeet.

B: Alone? Well, hey, let's hurry home and cram that little bastard full of birdseed!

Taxi! (The birds found songs to sing)

(sung)

I dodged the same old taxicabs that I had dodged for years.

The echo of their squeaky horns was music to my ears.

(spoken)

Phew. How much further up is your apartment?

FG: Only six more flights.

B: No wonder you don't worry about living alone.

These stairs make a wonderful chaperone.

FG: Brain, you never told me what kind of work you do.

B: Oh, I do a little bit of freelance writing.

I used to sell vacuum cleaners,
but I had to quit, because I couldn't give a demonstration without hiding under a table.

FG: Oh, I love the Americans. They are so devonaire, so handsome.

B: If you insist.

FG: What country are you from? (huh?)

Well, here we are. Come on in. I'll turn on the lights.

B: Do you mind leaving it off?

FG: As you wish, chÃ©rie.

B: I'll close the drapes. There, that's better.

FG: Much better.

B: By the way, I brought you a little gift. It's a dead chipmunk.

Y'see, when a dog brings a piece of road kill into the house and drops it on the carpet, what he's really saying is "I love you."

FG: Oh my! You have such a way with words. Come here, honey. Kiss me.

B: Don't mind if I do.

(sung)

The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay.
No matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way.

Chorus: The last time I saw Paris,

