

James McMurtry "Paris"

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When you land in Paris and they wave you right through
Though your passport picture, doesn't look much like
you
They don't look at your luggage, they don't look at your
face
'Cause you pose no danger and you're such a disgrace

You go out walking down the Champs D'Elysees
And your spirits are sinking, it can happen that way
When you do your best Bogart and they don't seem to
care
They walk right down the sidewalk like you ain't even
there

Lookin' in the wrong direction
Seein' it from the inside out
The way you couldn't wait for Christmas
The way you used to twist and shout

It must be the jet lag, you hope it'll pass
You check your reflection in the store front glass
Kinda gray at the temples, kinda goes with the hat
Kinda round in the middle but it ain't even that
It's nothing you can see, it's nothing you can smell
But you pose no danger and man they can tell

Lookin' in the wrong direction
Seein' it from the inside out
The way you couldn't wait for Christmas
The way you used to twist and shout

You see it in the mirror in the morning
You feel it in the middle of the night
Sleeping with your eyes wide open
Waking with the shades drawn tight

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