

**Kate Smith****"The Last Time I Saw Paris"**

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Our lady known as Paris  
Romantic and charming  
Has left her old companions  
And faded from view  
Lonely men with lonely eyes  
Are seeking her in pain  
Her streets are where they were  
But there's no sign of her, she has left the scene  
The last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was warm and gay  
I heard the laughter of her heart  
In every street cafe  
The last time I saw Paris  
Her trees were dressed for spring  
And lovers walked beneath those trees  
And birds found songs to sing  
I dodged the same old taxi cabs  
That I had dodged for years  
The chorus of this quicky horn  
Was music to my ears  
The last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was young and gay  
No matter how they change her  
I'll remember her that way

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