

Paul Anka

"Under Paris Skies"

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Stranger beware there's love in the air
Under Paris skies.
Try to be smart and don't let your heart
Catch on fire.

Love becomes king the moment it's spring
Under Paris skies.
Lonely hearts meet somewhere on the street
of desire.

Parisian love can bloom high in the sky lit room
or in a gay cafe where hundreds of people can see.

I wasn't smart and I lost my heart
Under Paris skies.
There'll never be a heart-broken stranger
Like me.

Oh, I fell in love, yes I was a fool
For Paris can be so beautifully cruel.
Paris is just a gay cocaine
Who wants to love and then forget.

Stranger beware there's love in the air
Just look and see what happened to me
Under Paris skies, just watch what you do
The same thing can happen to you.

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