

Robert-gil Barlat

"Paris In France"

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Refrain: Paris in France, that is the place,
where i was born, a long time ago,
sometimes, i come, to rediscover,
pieces of life and memories.

At the same place, there is the church,
where Dad and I, spent our sundays.
In a small street, our house is still there,
it seems to me, hearing Mummy;....
She's telling me, as by the past,
same old stories, about Paris;
and i remain, my Grand-father,
with just his bike, across the streets.
So many tales, just enough to,
always love the place, where i come from, Paris in
france. !

When the bell rings, in the school where i grew up,
i retain, the innocent look i gave,
under every skirt i viewed;
and also, the lines on the black board.
I'm in front of the gate, the same old rusty gate,
as noisy as by the past,.....then... i walk through the
door and say :

Refrain: Paris in France, that is the place,
where i was born, a long time ago,
sometimes, i come, to rediscover,
pieces of life and memories.

I remember, the train station,
so many smiles, and not so many tears;
i'm still hearing, every cry of joy,
a few loving words and rendez-vous !
I'm not crying, but in my eyes and in my mind,
there's memories, never forget :
Christmas evenings : a lot of snow and happiness;
i remember, so many tales,
just enough to, always love the place,
where i come from : Paris in France !!!

Robert-gil BARLAT MARECHAL

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