

Sacha Sacket "Paris And September"

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Here's a man
Who cannot hear a sound
His poor heart's pumping out
He's cold as stone

Shows enough
So you can just taste love
Then he will turn the knob
To another song

But it's alright
He can't fight you tonight
Paris and September's
Got him tongue-tied
Losing sight
Of this dark lord inside
Making up all your lies
Singing his tired old rhyme
Drawing out all your time
With his lines, with his lines

Here's a boy
That is set to destroy
These simple notes of joy
That spell defeat

Moves too fast
Through Berlin or Belfast
Because those walls don't last
An eternity

But it's alright
He can't fight you tonight
Paris and September's
Got him tongue-tied
Losing sight
Of this dark lord inside
Making up all your lies
Singing his tired old rhyme
Drawing out all your time
With his lines, with his lines

So
Just how far do you go
'Cause I'm alone
In California
And I've got time
If you've got one more flight
Across this divide
To California
I'm waitin' for ya
In California

But it's alright
He can't fight you tonight
Paris and September's
Got him tongue-tied
Losing sight
Of this dark lord inside
Making up all your lies
Singing this tired old rhyme
Drawing out all your time
With these lines, with these lines

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