

## Dean Martin

# "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

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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 taxicabs  
That I had dodged for years  
The chorus of the squeaky horns  
Was music to my ears

Oh, the last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was warm and gay  
No matter how they changed her  
I'll remember her ah that way

Dodged the same old taxicabs  
That I had dodged for years  
The chorus of the squeaky horns  
Was music to my ears

Yeah, the last time I saw Paris  
Her heart was warm and gay  
No matter how they change her  
I'll remember her that way

The last time I saw Paris  
The last time I saw Paris

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