

## **Melissa Manchester**

# **"When Paris Was A Woman"**

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(Cello intro)

(Bassonova intro)

(Whispered) Une, Deux, Troit  
Afternoons on the Rue de Fleures  
In the flat that I shared with Gertrude...  
We served tea and got drunk on conversations  
With the lost generation she found.

Hemingway, Picasso and Matisse  
Janet Flanners and Sylvia Beach.  
We were searching for unknown destinations  
We were desperate to reach.

We survived war,  
We carved our dreams,  
To reinvent the world, it seems,  
As life unraveled at the seams,

But oh ....(Whispered) No!

When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
She loved so well.

How the smoke and opinions would fly!  
Life was art, art was life, or else die ..  
So we cared for each word and every color  
Like a bud on the way to its bloom.

As the days blended into the nights,  
How we savored our city of lights -  
And we knew that it wouldn't last forever,  
But my God, what a ride!

When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
She loved so well.  
She loved so well.

My Gertrude -  
She was my shepherdess,  
My Pyrenees.  
With eagle eyes, a mountain range was she.  
She so loved me.  
We so loved.

When Paris was a woman ...

(Guitar solo)

The escapades,  
The rigolos.  
The geniuses,  
The gigolos.  
The legacy we left ...  
Who knows?

But oh ... (Whispered) Gertrude!

When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
She loved so well.  
She loved so well.  
We loved...

When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
When Paris was a woman,  
She loved so well.

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