

Timati**"The Last Time I Saw Paris"**

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Our lady known as Paris
Romantic and charming
Has left her old companions
And faded from view
Lonely men with lonely eyes
Are seeking her in pain
Her streets are where they were
But there's no sign of her, she has left the scene
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 taxi cabs
That I had dodged for years
The chorus of this quicky horn
Was music to my ears
The last time I saw Paris
Her heart was young and gay
No matter how they change her
I'll remember her that way

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