

Tina Charles

"Boulevard Of Souvenirs"

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Springtime in Paris, so many memories
Where love first begun
And even though he's gone away
He'll always be the one

I walk the boulevard of souvenirs
Imagining that he's still here
The stairs that led up to his door
The small room on the second floor

The corner cafe still the same
But no ones seems to know his name
But I remember yesteryear
Along the boulevard of souvenirs

Walk on a Sunday down the Champs Ellyse
Soft candlelight and wine
And hand in hand along the Seine
I thought that he was mine

Repeat
Repeat

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