

**Simon Carly****"Libby"**

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If all our flights are grounded,  
Libby, we'll go to Paris  
Dance along the boulevards  
And have no one to embarrass  
Puttin' on the Ritz in style  
With an arab and an heiress  
Libby we'll fly anyway-hey  
Leave behind our blues  
Trade them all in  
For a Paris breeze.  
Libby we'll fly

See how dark the circles grow  
In a town that has no light  
So many eyes just staring out  
Into the bloodshot night  
And Libby, I hate you to cry, and I -  
Want to share it all with you  
And if it brings us to our knees  
We'll trade it all in for a Paris breeze  
Libby we'll fly

They say it don't come easy  
They say that love is blind  
And if you're afraid to be close  
Then love is hard to find  
And if you spend too much time winning love  
There's no time to be kind  
And Libby, I'm guilty of your crimes  
I'm just another passenger  
Travelling on these crazy high seas  
Very likely be the same  
In a Paris breeze  
Libby we'll fly

If all our flights are grounded  
Libby, we'll go to Paris  
And wish we were back home again  
Or sailing on the ocean  
Just a window and a drink  
To set our dreams in motion

But Libby, we'll fly anyway, hey  
And leave behind our blues  
Half sung melodies  
Trade them all in for a Paris breeze.  
Libby, we'll fly

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