

Debra Fotheringham**"Paris"**

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Voices drifting through the night.
Voices drifting through my open window.
The Paris streets are full of light.
So let's get out of here and take the metro.

Let's not make a single plan.
Let's not plan a single destination.
Let's try all the food we can
At the *Ã©toile* of this constellation.

You're not here, it's only me
And it feels like a scene from *AmÃ©lie*.
I close my eyes, reach for your hand
But it's only me and this empty river Seine.

Let's try this patisserie
While I imagine all the ghosts of the ages.
All this countless history
And you and I are still just passing stages.

Order me a *creme brÃ»lÃ©e*.
I'll smile and nod and act like I'm not a tourist.
You know, your French is *bien parlÃ©*.
But here I go again, right back to the chorus.

You're not here, it's only me
And it feels like a scene from *AmÃ©lie*.
I close my eyes, reach for your hand
But it's only me and this empty river Seine.

There's an element in me and it won't let me be,
An endless constancy, a need to wander.
I will miss you when I'm gone.
I won't be gone too long.
'Cause leaving you feels wrong.

You're not here, it's only me
And it feels like a scene from *AmÃ©lie*.
I close my eyes, reach for your hand
But it's only me and this empty river Seine.

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