

Sheena Easton

"Weekend In Paris"

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All the flights were grounded, so I headed for the
homeward sign
Didn't think to call you, I had my watch set on Parisien
time
There she was, her fingers in my house, lying on her
back in my bed
Wasn't what I'd hardly expected, and oh God I wish I
were dead

Chorus:

I found her red heeled stilletoes, I watched them burn
in my fire
One weekend in Paris, I'm gone for good

All her clothes were scattered, her perfume hanging in
the air
Through the door her laughter, getting louder but you
didn't care
There it was, her lipstick, her make-up
Her painted nails still touching your skin
Could not believe what my eyes were watching, and oh
God, will I ever win

chorus

I drove round till 4 a.m., had a cold coffee and then
I made up my mind, my watch would stay on Parisien
time
She can keep her head on my pillow, she can watch my
ceiling, my floor
She can check herself in my mirror, 'cause I won't be
doin' that no more

chorus repeats 2x

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