

Bacon Brothers, Paris

I'm in Paris, won't be here long
But after all it's Paris, guess I'd better write a song
It's so wonderful, so magical, so romantic
Note to self to change that line, it's too pedantic

But it's Paris, I've come so far
I've made it all the way from the bed
To my guitar
You can call me doom and gloom
There ain't no way I'm stepping outside the hotel room

I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner
I'm terrified of what's outside beyond that door
I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner
A prisoner of 424

Brought a girl to Paris, she didn't like the food
She said the time change was killing her
The waiters were rude
But if she was here now, she'd make this all go away
She'd say baby let's pretend we're not in Paris for the day

I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner
I'm terrified of what's outside beyond that door
I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner
A prisoner in room 424

I should visit Saint-Germain des Pres
AND i should take a walk down the Chans Elysees
But this room is the only place to hide
From the gargoyles, waiting just outside

I'm in Paris, I see angels in the wall
I hear Arabians running in the hall
See I'm in this room and this room is who I am
And if you don't like that I don't give
A good God Notre Dame

I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner
I'm terrified of what's outside beyond that door
I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner
A big strong guy like me, imagine that
I'm a prisoner, I'm a prisoner
A prisoner of quatre deux quatre