

Gordie Sampson, Paris

The train pulled in to Paris, like a rocket to the moon
Station's like a circus, every face is a cartoon
And everybody's stoned on pride and drunk on cheap champagne
Tonight this joie de vivre sure don't live up to its name
Now all that I can say is
I'd give this world to you every rock and every stone
Every masterpiece in Rome
And if you asked me to I'd steel the Mona Lisa
Tear it up in little pieces
And lay them at your feet
For all the world to see.

But tonight I can't give you, Paris

Aristocrats are everywhere and the air is thick as thieves
And she'd like nothing better than to steal the breath from me
And the tower's lights is shining as it hangs its heads in shame
At the sight of American blood on the streets of St. Germain
Washing up into the Seine.

And I'd give this world to you every rock and every stone,
Every masterpiece in Rome
And if you want me to I'd steal the Mona Lisa
Tear it up in little pieces
And lay them at your feet
For all the world to see.

But tonight I can't give you, Paris

And I'd give this world to you I'd steal the crown of kingdom
From the queen of England
And if you asked me to I'd take this city in my hands
and break it down to grains of sand
And lay them at your feet
For all the world to see

But tonight I can't give you, Paris