

Mike Scott, Going To Paris

We are going to Paris
in a ship with red sails
As the storm gathers slowly
we eat fishheads and snails

The mate jumps up, throws down a line
to a man overboard for the ninetieth time
And then he says with a wink
"Sometimes I think
I've been doing this forever!"

We are going to Paris
in a ship called the ??
There are signs in the sky at night
that the Captain says he's seen

I keep books under my pillow
and read them before I sleep
Strange places I go to,
strange companies I keep

We are going to Paris
we are one and thirty strong
I can feel it in the air
we'll be there before long

The wind has come
like a man insane, insane
We are going to Paris
it rains and it rains

We are going to Paris
in a ship with red sails
We are going to Paris
in a ship with red sails