

# Yael Na?m, Paris

I fled to a different place  
So quickly  
The farthest away and I succeeded  
I am in Paris  
Lit candles  
Gray and foggy  
I am happy and its good for me  
And its so good for me  
In Paris  
I wander around ...?  
In enchanting narrow alleys  
I am spellbound  
It sucks me in I am  
In Paris  
Beautiful buildings  
They are old  
And so very noble  
But the country lights me up  
In Paris  
Mmm...  
Fair from my house in Paris  
I came here  
A bit disenchanted  
This beautiful illusion of mine  
A trial to catch up with myself in Paris  
Again I disappear  
A sad dream  
I am famous already  
And they hear me here  
In Paris  
Now your voice  
It whispers to me from far away  
I miss you  
Come return to me  
Already from Paris  
I miss you  
I miss you  
I miss you  
I miss you  
And...Paris.  
Mmm...  
Far from my love in Paris  
The country is so good to me here  
So why do I cry and get upset?  
Yes, I am happy  
So why do I cry at night  
I miss you...from Paris  
Mmm...  
The sun wakes me up  
From the window  
And I feel the warmth a little more already  
Mmm...  
The plane lands  
And there arent any  
Lush and trickling clouds  
Im back again  
Shalom Paris