

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 disenched
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