

Joshua Kadison, Paris

Ezra was an old man
He lived by the sea.
Watchin' himself gettin' older,
With no Family.
And Cassie was a pretty one,
A bartender by trade.
She had a daughter with big green eyes,
She called her Jade.
They met each other in the park,
While Jade was on a swing.
On a bench underneath a tree,
They talked about everything.
And she said, Sometimes I get so scared,
But I don't know why.
She reached for the old man's hand,
and she began to cry.
And he said,
it ain't no crime, It ain't no crime...
Everybody gets a little bit lonely sometimes.
It ain't no crime, It ain't no crime...
Everybody gets a little bit loney sometimes.

Then he said...
I was gonna be a painter,
gonna paint my masterpiece.
I spent my whole life dreamin',
now they're my only memories.
And I was gonna live in Paris, France
Now my body's fallin' apart.
I could be Pablo Picasso if Dillusion were in art.
And she said,
"That sounds lovely...Paris, France
Just sayin' those words,
Kinda makes me wanna dance,
Do you wanna dance?"

It ain't no crime, It ain't no crime...
Everybody gets a little bit lonely sometimes.
It ain't no crime, It ain't no crime...
Everybody gets a little bit loney sometimes.

They'd meet there every Sunday
In the park at noon.
Ezra would get there early
To buy Jade a red balloon.
And Cassie'd tell him all about
her awful luck with men.
She's say, "Wish I could find a guy like you
But they'll never make you again."
And Jade would fall asleep on Ezra's lap
there in the park.
While Cassie'd still be talkin' a long time after dark.

Everybody gets a little bit loney sometimes.

One Sunday afternoon,
no Ezra, No red balloon.
Just a friend of his who said,
"Ezra Passed Away.
And he wanted me to bring this letter to you today."
Well it was 2 tickets to Paris and a note that read,
'Thank you for the dance...
My dearest Cassie,
you were my Paris, France.'

It ain't no crime, It ain't no crime...
Everybody gets a little bit loney sometimes.