

# Malcolm McLaren, Jazz In Paris

Mmm

I wear black on sashé ma de treis  
Feelings in the air that love today  
It's true I don't believe in love beyond the grave  
But then I listen to a trumpet play

You wear black on sashé ma de treis

I can still hear you miles away

I wear black you wear black

The trumpet answered back

Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz

I wear black on sashé ma de treis

Feelings in the air that love today

I wear black you wear black

Sat naked on your lap

Like a child I feel love coming home

I traveled miles and miles in bed

Miles and miles playing in my head

I wear black you wear black

Makes me cry to think like that

Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz

I give you kisses

In all the secret places

Miles and miles of miles

You're profound, like an Egyptian queen

The best looking man I've ever seen

Mmm

I give you kisses

In all the secret places

Mmm

The best looking woman I've ever seen

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

I wear black, you wear black

Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz

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Jazz is Paris and Paris is jazz