

Billy Eckstine, I Wanna Be Loved

APRIL IN PARIS

April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom,
Holiday tables under the moon.

April in Paris, this is a feeling
No one can ever reprise.

Bridge:

*I never knew the charm of spring,
Never met it face-to-face.

I never knew my heart could sing,
Never missed a warm embrace, till
April in Paris, whom could I turn to?
What have you done to my heart?

(Instrumental interlude and pick up at bridge*.)

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