

# Chris De Burgh, A Rainy Night In Paris

It's a rainy night in Paris,  
And the harbour lights are low,  
He must leave his love in Paris,  
Before the winter snow;

On a lonely street in Paris,  
He held her close to say,  
"We'll meet again in Paris,  
When there are flowers on the Champs-Elysees..." "How long" she said "How long  
And will your love be strong,  
When you're across the sea,  
Will your heart remember me?..." Then she gave him words to turn to,  
When the winter nights were long,  
"Nous serons encore amoureux,  
Avec les couleurs de printemps..." "And then" she said "And then,  
Our love will grow again,"  
Ah but in her eyes he sees,  
Her words of love are only words to please... And now the lights of Paris,  
Grow dim and fade away,  
And I know by the lights of Paris,  
I will never see her again...