

# Ella Fitzgerald, April In Paris

I never knew the charm of spring  
I never met it face to face  
I never new my heart could sing  
I never missed a warm embrace  
Till April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom  
Holiday tables under the trees  
April in Paris, this is a feeling  
That no one can ever reprise  
I never knew the charm of spring  
I never met it face to face  
I never new my heart could sing  
I never missed a warm embrace  
Till April in Paris  
Whom can I run to  
What have you done to my heart