

# Les Baxter, THE POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS

Just got back from Paris, France  
All they do is sing and dance  
All they've got there is romance  
What a tragedy  
Every boulevard has lovers  
Every lover's in a trance  
The poor people of Paree

I feel sorry for the French  
Every guy has got a wench  
Every couple's got a bench  
Kissing shamelessly  
Night and day they're making music  
While they're making love in French  
The poor people of Paree

Milk or water from the sink  
Make a true Parisian shrink  
Wine is all he'll ever drink  
And it worries me  
For with wine as cheap as water  
Oh, it makes one stop and think  
The poor people of Paree

Sister met a boy named Pierre  
Had the craziest affair  
And the day they parted there  
He cried bitterly  
Pierre was there to bid her farewell  
But he brought his new girl, Claire  
The poor people of Paree

So don't go to Paris, France  
Not unless you like to dance  
Not unless you want romance  
Like those poor inhabitants of Paree