

# Mike Scott, Going To Paris

We are going to Paris  
in a ship with red sails  
As the storm gathers slowly  
we eat fishheads and snails

The mate jumps up, throws down a line  
to a man overboard for the ninetieth time  
And then he says with a wink  
&quot;Sometimes I think  
I've been doing this forever!&quot;

We are going to Paris  
in a ship called the ??  
There are signs in the sky at night  
that the Captain says he's seen

I keep books under my pillow  
and read them before I sleep  
Strange places I go to,  
strange companies I keep

We are going to Paris  
we are one and thirty strong  
I can feel it in the air  
we'll be there before long

The wind has come  
like a man insane, insane  
We are going to Paris  
it rains and it rains

We are going to Paris  
in a ship with red sails  
We are going to Paris  
in a ship with red sails