

The Bicycles, Paris Be Mine

Toronto is great
And Brantford is just fine
I think it was in Ottawa that i had the best time
Though Montreal's appealing
I need the real thing
Paris, oh Paris be mine

When i was just sixteen years old
That's when i found out where i needed to go
I found the answer in a Tropic of Cancer
Discovered lovers and dirty whores
In a night school book report

Now some years have passed and i still know
I've found a garden for my heart to grow
The big Eiffel Tower like a beautiful metal flower
Will smile and sing on down to me
'Je suis ci joyeux que vous etes ici!'

And i won't be afraid
Of no men in berets
I will dance and parade all over town

And i can't get hurt
By no women in striped shirts
Won't be shy or embarrassed
No, not here in Paris

Toronto is great
And my friends are why
I think of all the crazy nights drinking cheap red wine
And though certainly i will miss you
I heard they have nice tissues
in Paris, oh Paris be mine

Paris, oh Paris be mine