

The Pogues, Paris St. Germain

(Spider Stacey/Terry Woods)

The City of Light is dimmed now by the winter,
No gut full of wine could keep out this frost
We'll shiver and sigh by the ice on the river
Ask the dull heavens, "The hell have we lost?"

My heart's too empty to speak true of sorrow
What's dust is but dust and as dust shall remain
If only I could, I would make it tomorrow,
I'd make it tomorrow where you'd live again

I'll lay myself down in the mist and the heather
I'll lay myself down and I'll wait for your call
The bell rings last orders, we're walking together
While the boulevards burn and crumble and fall
The boulevards burn and crumble and fall

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