

Tina Charles, Boulevard Of Souvenirs

Springtime in Paris, so many memories
Where love first begun
And even though hes gone away
Hell always be the one
I walk the boulevard of souvenirs
Imagining that hes still here
The stairs that led up to his door
The small room on the second floor
The corner caf still the same
But no ones seems to know his name
But I remember yesteryear
Along the boulevard of souvenirs
Walk on a Sunday down the Champs Ellyse
Soft candlelight and wine
And hand in hand along the Seine
I thought that he was mine
Repeat
Repeat