

Paris

The 1975

She said hello, she was 'letting me know'
We shared friends in Soho
She is a pain in the nose
I'm a pain in women's clothes
'You're a walking overdose in a great coat' So she wrote a plan for it on the back of a fag packet
She had to leave cause she couldn't hack it
Not enough noise and too much racket
"I think I've spent all my money and your friends, oh"
"Oh, how I'd love to go to Paris again, and again, and again, and again, and again...
Oh, how I'd love to go to Paris again, and again, and again, and again, and again..." Mr.
Serotonin Man, lend me a gram
You call yourself a friend?
I got two left feet and I'm starting to cheat
On my girlfriend again
I caught her picking her nose
As the crowd cheered for an overdose
And I don't suppose you know where this train goes? There was a party that she had to miss
Because her friend kept cutting her wrists
Hyperpoliticised, sexual trysts
"Oh, I think my boyfriend's a nihilist"
I said "Hey kids, we're all just the same,
What a shame and..." "Oh, how I'd love to go to Paris again, and again, and again, and again,
and again...
And how I'd love to go to Paris again, and again, and again, and again, and again..."
Oh, stop being an arsehole
And counting my eye rolls
They're like pissholes in the snow, uh-oh
Keeping a tab on my health
Man, you're putting me up on a shelf
"Well I believed you're clean
But only by seeing your face for myself" And then she pointed at the bag of her dreams
In a well posh magazine
I said "I'm done, babe. I'm out of the scene"
But I was picking up from Bethnal Green
She said I've been romanticising heroin
And oh, how I'd love to go to Paris, to paris again
And how I'd love to go to Paris again, and again, and again, and again...
And how I'd love to go to Paris again, and again, and again, and again...
And how I'd love to go to Paris again, and again, and again, and again...

