

Wake Me In Paris

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I'll meet you anywhere you say
Wake me in Paris or Odessa or L.A.
Say the word I'm on that plane
I can't put out this fire

In the heat of July, Bastille Day
We vowed to meet again on the Champs Elysées
Meet me at the old cafe
I'll be there to hear you say

I love you
Face to face
So wake me, first light in Paris
Somewhere the light never fades

I'm cursing the gods' mortal play
Damn it, this phone call's a heaven I hate
I need to see your face
And hold you in my arms
And listen to you whispering
Shakespeare after dark

I just gotta say I love you
Face to face
So wake me in Paris
Or anywhere the light never fades

I'll wait outside the Père Lachaise
Where you nearly died laughing at my piss-poor francaise
Kiss me at Reunion Gate
We'll dance on Jim Morrison's grave

Last dance with you on the Seine
Tango in moonlight around Notre Dame
Wake me up to see your face
No time to explain
Move me like water no banks can ever tame
Don't let your feet get cold
Don't turn around at the gate

I gotta say
I love you face to face
So wake me in Paris
Or Cairo or Oslo or Venice or Boston or Athens
Anywhere the light never fades