

The Last Time I Saw Paris

M

(Bass and Drums Only
-Brushes and Hi-Hat)

Keyboard

last time I saw Par-is, her heart was young and gay. I
 last time I saw Par-is, her trees were dressed for spring. And

heard the laugh-ter of her heart in ev-'ry street ca-fe. The
 lov-ers walked be-neath those trees, and birds found songs to

sing. I dodged the same old tax-i-cabs that I had dodged for

years. The chor-us of their squeak-y horns was mu-sic to my ears. The

last time I saw Par-is, her heart was warm and gay. No

mat-ter how they change her, I'll re-mem-ber her that way.

mem-ber her that way.