

Paris
Patrick Wolf

Paris

intro part 1

G# D# Fm

intro part 2

Fm G# D#

Verse:

Fm G# D#
It was seven in the morning when the spark

Fm G#
began to give. the bath was spilling over, my
D# Fm G#
self pity spilling with it, so i, i fled the country
D# Fm G#
to start it all again and found myself in paris in
D#
the cemetery rain.

dear anne came to me and took me by the arm
showed me old disasters embedded in the palm
warned me of a lady with the sun behind her head.
with a a granite neck, a singer who can never sing
again. but you, my love:

Chorus:

G# D# Fm
you must come, come to joy, turn your head to the sun

G# D# Fm
it s down to you, you can shine, you can shake all the

G# D# Fm
sorrow from your palm.. its down to you if you dare

G# D# Fm
to come to joy.

what was it i ran from, what burnt away inside?
four hundred schoolboys and a lawyer at my side
always running with these legs going nowhere
a ghost in the system, and angel on the stairs...
but oh! this time....

i shall turn, turn my head to the sun..
they are marching out of me.. one by one
walking free. oh! they re going out of....
oh! i can feel it moving, this time I m really moving.
are you ready to come, come to joy well it s really down to
you if you dare to enjoy... its down to you... hold the key
in your hands.. it s all in the palm of your hands.

<http://www.myspace.com/breakdownglasgow>