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

it was seven in the morning when the spar

Fm

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 $\mathbf{D}\pmb{\#}$

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

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