

For Paris: by Allan James and Brittany Jean

The tower all aglow with Christmas in the air
Lightly falling snow and people everywhere
An older couple moving slow, wary footsteps feel their way
Younger loves are holding hands, they're glowing bright as day
Vendors close their doors and make their way to home
This time of year, this time of joy, this time of so alone...

A lovely night, a lonely night...
It's a lovely, lonely night for Paris

Seattle then Chicago, New York and now Paris
Longing for my darling... maybe longing just for me
Above me looms the Arch, my eyes fixed on the street
I turn to search the crowd, dreaming this is where we meet
I know I'm missing someone, could that someone find me here?
Was that his voice I heard? Will I know when he is near?

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I wrap my scarf again, growing colder as I walk
My phone begins to ring but just now I cannot talk
I cross the River Seine both ways to Notre Dame
Still closed and yet so lovely, so lovely just the same
I find the Gare du Nord to take me on my way
Another road, another song, another place to play

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