THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS (BAR)-Kern/Hammerstein

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | F | Bb9 | F | C7 |

A lady known as Paris, ro-mantic and charming,
I’ll think of happy hours, and people who shared them

Has left her old com-panions, and faded from view
Old women selling flowers, in markets at dawn

Lonely men with lonely eyes are seeking her in vain
Children who applauded Punch and Judy in the park

Her streets are where they were, but there’s no sign of her, she has left the Seine
And those who danced at night and kept our Paris bright, ‘til the town went dark

The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,

I heard the laughter of her heart in every street ca-fé

The last time I saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring,

And lovers walked be-neath those trees, and birds found songs to sing
p.2. The Last Time I Saw Paris

I dodged the same old taxi-cabs that I had dodged for years

The chorus of their squeaky horns was music to my ears

The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,

No matter how they change her, I’ll re-member her that way
THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS - Kern/Hammerstein

4/4  1...2...1234

Intro:  | F  Bb9 | F  C7 |

F  Bb9  F  Bb9
A lady known as Paris, romantic and charming,
I’ll think of happy hours, and people who shared them

F  Bb9  F  Bb9
Has left her old companions, and faded from view
Old women selling flowers, in markets at dawn

C7  Ebdim  C7  Ebdim  C7
Lonely men with lonely eyes are seeking her in vain
Children who applauded Punch and Judy in the park

Gm7  C7b9  F  Dm7  G7  C  Gm7  C7b9
Her streets are where they were, but there’s no sign of her,
she has left the Seine
And those who danced at night and kept our Paris bright, ‘til the town went dark

F  C7
The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,

Gm7  C7  Gm7b5  C7  Gm7  C7  F
I heard the laughter of her heart in every street café

F  C7
The last time I saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring,

Gm7  C7  Gm7b5  C7  Gm7  C7  F
And lovers walked beneath those trees, and birds found songs to sing

Dm7  G7  CMA7  C6  Dm7  G7  CMA7  C6
I dodged the same old taxi-cabs that I had dodged for years

Em7  A7  DMA7  D6  Gm7  C7
The chorus of their squeaky horns was music to my ears

F  C7
The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,

Gm7b5  C7  Am7b5  D7  Gm7  C7  F
No matter how they change her, I’ll re-member her that way