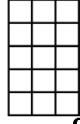
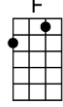
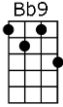
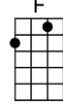
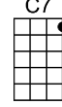


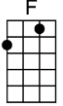
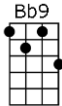
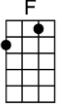
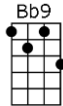
SING A



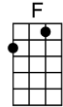
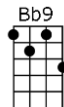
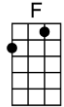
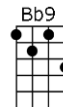
THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS - Kern/Hammerstein

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

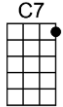
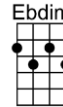
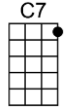
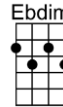
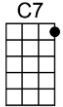
Intro: |   |   |

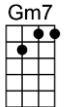
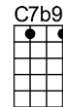
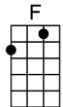
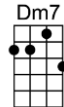
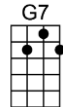
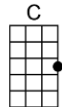
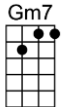
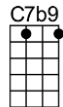
**A lady known as Paris, ro-mantic and charming,
I'll think of happy hours, and people who shared them**

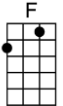
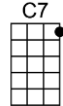
**Has left her old com-panions, and faded from view
Old women selling flowers, in markets at dawn**

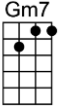
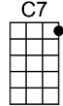
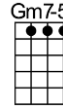
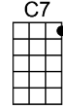
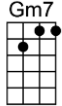
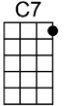
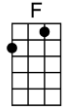
**Lonely men with lonely eyes are seeking her in vain
Children who applauded Punch and Judy in the park**

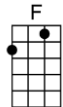
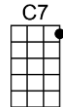
**Her streets are where they were, but there's no sign of her, she has left the Seine
And those who danced at night and kept our Paris bright, 'til the town went dark**

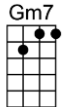
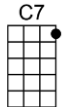
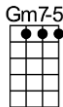
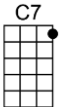
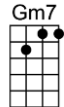
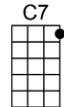
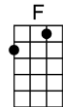
The last time I saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,

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

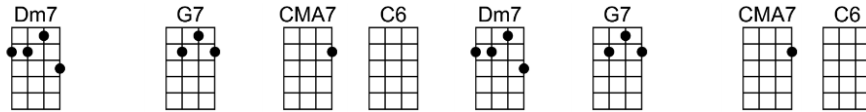
 

The last time I saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring,

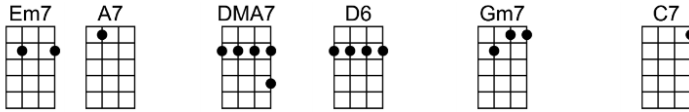
      

And lovers walked be-neath those trees, and birds found songs to sing

p.2. The Last Time I Saw Paris



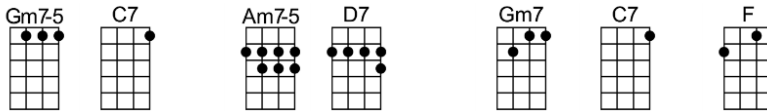
I dodged the same old taxi - cabs that I had dodged for years



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, ro-mantic and charming,
I'll think of happy hours, and people who shared them

F Bb9 F Bb9
Has left her old com-panions, 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 ca-fé

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

Gm7 C7 Gm7b5 C7 Gm7 C7 F
And lovers walked be-neath 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