

Rue de la Guitare

Jimmy Buffett

A Sunday off in gay Paris
I was bound for the sacred street
God's the draw up on Montmartre
But not Rue de la Guitare
Ne pas Rue de la Guitare Like melodies that never fade
B-girls perform their masquerades
Pigale is still a strange bizarre
Down on Rue de la Guitare
Rue de la Guitare
Windows filled with long lost dreams
Unfinished songs on rusty strings
From Nazareth across the sea
She'd somehow caught up with me
Her fait accompli I read the wood and felt the scars
They spoke of nights in smoky bars
How many songs, how many beers
Had caused her journey here A toast to those who love to hear
A D-18 played Lightfoot clear
Music still lives in shops and bars
Along Rue de la Guitare
Rue de la Guitare
Now over here, people sing
"Comment ca va, monsieur Buffett?
Un verre de vin, une chanson a jouer"
Vive Rue de la Guitare

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>