

Paris Illinois

Brett Eldredge

Hear the wind chimes, see the moonshine
Cane poles by the lake
Always seem to call to me
When my soul needs a break
Well, the geese fly to the sunrise
If I had my choice I'd be in Paris, Illinois

All the leaves are turning now
On Cherry Creek Road
Sometimes you gotta lose yourself
To make your way back home

To be there in the morning
Would fill my heart with joy
See the courthouse
Feel the sunshine
Down in Paris, Illinois