

When I walk down boulevard Saint Michel  
I still feel those lips that kissed me farewell  
In a Bohemian room at Monte Martre  
We discussed Picasso  
Jean-Paul Sartre

Jessica love  
I'm feealing so sad  
'Cause the dreams that we had  
In seventy-six  
They are gone

Champs-Elysées in a street cafe  
We smoked Gitanes  
And drank red wine  
Like in a book of Hemingway  
For ever and ever never to stay

Jessica love  
I'm feeling so sad  
'Cause the dreams that we had  
In seventy-six  
They are gone

Farewell my jolie  
Good-bye my sweet memory of Paris

Jessica love  
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Jessica love  
The dreams that we had  
Jessica love

Oh, Jessica love