

# An Irishman in Paris

The Irish Rovers

Drinking wine instead of porter  
Life is grand in the Latin Quarter  
Oh-la-la and c'est la vie  
An Irishman in gay Paree

To the shores of France I made me way  
Though I couldn't parlez-vous francais  
But toute suite I did come to see  
That Paris was the place to be

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Les madamemoiselles I do adore  
They dance-moi all around the floor  
And when I sing them Irish songs  
They laugh and say chanter très-bon

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It's jigs and reels for an Irishman  
But the french they love the ould can-can  
For they lift their skirts up high to dance  
Mais-oui c'est fantastique in france

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Sur rue St. Germain there's a small cafe  
And you'll find me there any time of day  
I'll be sipping wine with a wandering eye  
C'est-si-bon to watch les filles go by

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Now when I return to Belfast town  
Me friends will greet me with a frown  
With me new moustache and me wee beret  
They'll think that Georges has turned francais

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