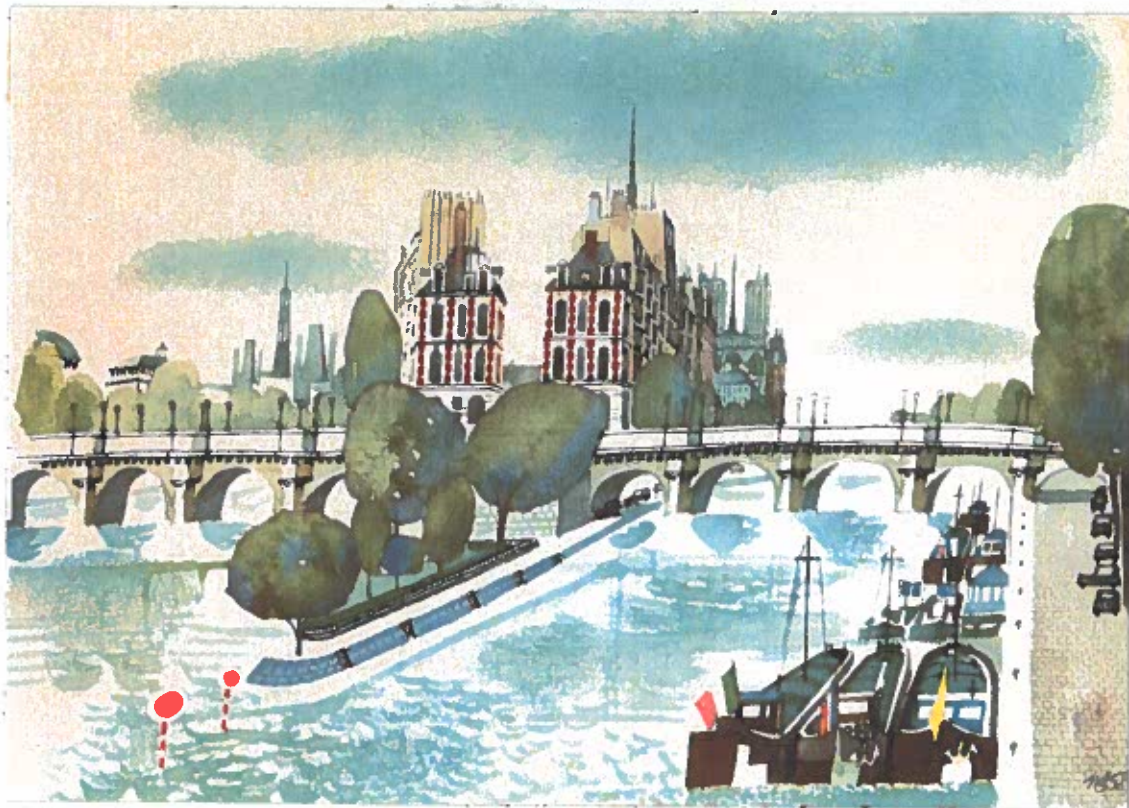


"Paris, Le Vert Galant"  
M. Assek



In each heart  
There's a Paris  
Hidden but open to flow  
As the Seine  
By the Ile de Cite,  
Crossing over the Pont-Neuf  
To Palais de Justice  
Of hearts on the Square du Vert Galant.

Within it a tower - Notre Dame -  
A spire of the heights  
A dream - of the spring to be  
Never come, a picnic on the bank  
A walk in the arm, a tour  
Une boucle d'amie, d'oreille  
Un baiser des lèvres des mots;  
Paris et dans le printemps,

everything's green  
The touch  
The spirit to live  
The desire to be where you are  
Alone with the world shared  
In the city that loves  
Its own.

a city beyond the heart  
Paris owns all  
In each heart.