

Paris in the Rain

The Waterboys

He came down to Paris
In his seventeenth year
High on himself
In the numb dead of summer

Looking for something
Realer than real
Richer than riches
Louder than thunder

When he came to Paris in the rain
High on the harvest
Of his beautiful brain
How beautiful his brain

September time
Trees full of leaves
Slowly turning gold
And Arthur free

He came down south
High on the train
Summoned by the poet
Paul Verlaine

He slept in the squares
Sang in the rain
Rapped on doors
And knew no shame

Carrying lice
He changed his name

Though the women were disgusted
And the men damned his name

But the boy was untouchable

He came down to Paris

Singing je m'appelle voyant

(last line translates "I am a seer/ a prophet")

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>