

Benjamin Clementine, London

As he sits on the back of this grey caravan
Tomorrow he will probably be jumping barriers
With a bottle in his hand
Sparkling, Sparkling water mixed with peaches and ram
Honestly i don't drink but if i did this would be my favourite punch
He said
Walk out the door with her he could see everyone
Dressed in black a class that seem too far too fetched

She said look at you, look at you, your game is over
Your cup is full, your cup is full stop wasting time praying for more exposure

It is obvious that you are trying, and its dubious stop or you will die here
You are pretending but no one is buying

London London London is calling you
What are you waiting for, what you searching for?
London London London is all in you
Why are you denying the truth
I might I might I might be boring you
Although its not clear as the morning due
When my ways are not happening i won't underestimate
who i am capable of becoming

History will be made today is written boldly on his face
So clear you can hardly miss it, you can hardly miss it
For transcending the barriers of yesterday was and is the dream
On a road where Cleopatras comes and go like fishes caught in ponds
thrown back for fun

She said look at you look at you, why can't you just pick a fleet
Your cup is full, your cup is full what have you not yet achieved
It is obvious you are trying, and its dubious stop or you will die here
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