

The Waifs, London Still

Wonder if you can pick up my
Accent on the phone
When I call across the country
When I call across the world
I -- see you in my kitchen
I can picture you now
As you toast to your small town
When you drink the happy hour
I'm in London still
I'm in London still
I'm in London still

I took the tube over to Camden
To wander around
I bought some funky records
With that old Motown sound
And I miss you like my left arm
That's been lost in a war
Today I dream of home and not of London anymore
I'm in London still
I'm in London still
Yeah I'm in London still

You know it's okay
I'm kinda happy here for now
I -- (think I've finally grown up
And got myself a lover now
And if I ever come home
And I, I think I will
I hope you're gonna wanna hang at my place on Sunday still
Oh yeah I hope you will
Cause I'm in London still

You know we got it sorted, yeah
We really got it down
To a fine art on Sunday
In a sleepy Sunday town
I wonder what I'm missing
I think of songs I've never heard
I'm dreaming of your voices
And I'm dreaming of your herb
I'm in London still
I'm in London still
I'm in London still

Oh I'm in London still
la-la-la-la London still
I'm in London