

# Barry Manilow, London

New York winter  
Traffic squeals  
The city feels.... so old  
Late December  
Taxi ride  
Then run inside  
It's cold  
Got your letter Monday  
I think  
Or Tuesday  
I lose track  
Since then I've been thinking of you...  
And I've been  
Looking back to  
London  
Can you believe it's  
So many years since  
London  
Hitching a ride and  
Carrying knapsacks

London  
In the park  
By the Thames  
Drinking tea  
London  
Sitting in the pubs and  
Living in walk-ups  
London  
Learning the accent  
Leavin' to love you  
London

We were young  
We were sure  
We were....free  
Was it really ages  
Ago  
The memories  
Never fade  
Can you hear Big Ben where  
You are  
And are you  
Glad you stayed in  
London  
Dodging the rain with  
Broken umbrellas

London  
Reading the Times  
On Saturday picnics  
London  
Counting stars  
'til the stars  
All were gone  
London so many plans and  
Nothing but time in  
London  
Nothing to fear 'cause  
Nothing could last in  
London

We grew close  
We grew scared

I moved on  
Oh London  
What were we scared of  
Why did I run from  
London  
Part of me still has  
Never come back from

London  
Is it fair  
That I miss  
You so much  
Take good care  
All my love  
Keep in touch  
New York winter  
Taxi ride  
Then run inside  
It's cold