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