

Elan, London Express

London Express, made a bad mess.
Took someone home, found a dress.
On the coffee table, your keys and your mail...

Party's gone on for too long
and everyone you need is gone.
And watching you go on,
when everything you did was wrong.

But all works out somehow; lonely train, take me home. Just keep
moving on.

Ain't something watching you blow it when you had it all? Tell me
something, do you cry when you're alone?

But all works out somehow; lonely train, take me home. Just keep
moving on.

Just keep moving on,
just keep moving on,
keep moving on...