

Everything But The Girl, Lonesome For A Place I

So here we are in Italy
With a sun hat and a dictionary.
The air is warm, the sky is bright,
Your arms are brown you're sleeping well at night.
So why does England call?
The hedgerows and the townhalls.
After all, there'll soon be nothing left at all.

If we were born outside of place and time,
To make our choice, well this would be mine.
To live and die under a sun that shines.
But something pulls, something I can't define
Tells me England calls, whatever she's done wrong.
Always calls, "This is where you belong."
And I'm lonesome for a place I know.

Oh but Florence you tempt me (here) to stay,
Amidst your hills to while my years away.
But your roots in soil lie, mine in paving stone.
And I hate what it's become, but in my bones
I'm lonesome for a place I know.
Why does England call?