

Jamie Cullum, London Skies

Paint a picture,
Clear cut and pale on a cold winters day,
Shapes and cool light wander the streets like an army of strays,
On a cold winters Day.

Chorus:
Will you let me romanticize,
The beauty in our London Skies,
You know the sunlight always shines,
Behind the clouds of London Skies.

Patient moments you chill to the bone under infinite greys,
Vision hindered mist settling low like a ghostly ballet,
On a cold winters Day.

Chorus

Bridge:
Nothing is certain except everything you know can change,
you worship the sun but now,
can you fall for the rain...

Chorus