

London Grammar, Californian Soil

I left my soul
On California soil
And i left my pride
With the woman by my side

I never had a willing hand
And i never had a plan
But i am glad
I found you here
But i am glad
I've got you here

But u never had a name
And i never felt the same
They keep on trying
And they will keep on trying it
And they will keep on trying it
And i never left the same