

Rialto, London Crawling

I'll call you up from a phone box
Your light is on it's 3 o' clock
We'll go for a drive with the radio on
And you'll come alive to a forgotten song

(CHORUS)

London crawling through the sodium glow
Just like lovers again
Slipping between the sheets of dirty rain

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Under the cover of the narcotic night
The streaming colours of the traffic lights
The two of us dreading the end
Burning our money in a basement

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(CHORUS 2)

Sunday morning and I don't want to go
Back to my single bed
To be lying alone out of my head

Don't stop at the lights
There's no one else coming

La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la

(REPEAT CHORUS)
(REPEAT CHORUS 2)

La la la la
La la la la
La la la la
La la la la