

# We The Living, London Rain

It's funny how the smile in your eyes  
Is slowly fading with the last days in July  
The year is drowning like the calendar grows thin  
You'll sail away again with your back against the wind  
And when the cold wind blows you're gone  
And I will hold my head again  
But you can't run from the truth  
Oh, the London Rain

Please send me peaches when my world is cold and weak  
And press me flowers in the pages of the diaries you keep  
Still feel the spot beside me in the bed where you sleep  
As the calendar repeats  
And when the cold wind blows you're gone  
And I will hold my head again  
But you can't run from the truth  
Oh, the London Rain

Just say it like you mean it, a last look of summer on your face  
I swear I believe that, that someday you will stay  
I can't take or leave it  
I'll take it anywhere with you  
I'll take it anywhere  
And when the cold wind blows you're gone  
And I will hold my head again  
But you can't run from the truth  
Oh, the London Rain