

# Wheatus, The London Sun

Socrates ain't got nothin on me when it comes to overthinking  
Paranoid, is how I prefer to be into the ground I'm sinkin'

Then you call, and you say, in your ordinary way that you can't help me out of the ordinary

You're just like the London son, man you're over and done with before you've begun  
and I won't be like the only one who would stand here and smile and try to be fun when I say  
Hey baby what went wrong we go back to beginnings of stories too long to be told  
Like you were the only one who ever got left in the dark by the London sun.

Hurricanes are blowing out my brains but my eyes are calm and hollow

Air plane stalls from the sky it falls you can read the news tomorrow

Then you call, Then you call, and you say, and you say, in your ordinary way, that your life, that you

Leave if you want to leave It's alright...

I know what it's like to feel like....

life is passing by and you are stuck in the place you're in,

Ordinary space you're in, stuck out of luck in this place that I'm stuck in with YOU.

You're just like the London son, man you're over and done with before you've begun

and I won't be like the only one who would stand here and smile and try to be fun when I say

Hey baby what went wrong we go back to beginnings of stories too long to be told

Like you were the only one who ever got left in the dark by the London