LoCal

Arthur Walwin

It's raining in London.
And it pours and it pours and it pours all night.
And I'm dying to come back to California.And I'm a billion miles away.
I'm home but I'm homesick.
And I just drink to ease the pain, but it's you that I'm missing in my blood.
Time's slipping away - the days turn to weeks.
And every moment we speak, means so much to me.'Cause it's raining in London.
And it pours and it pours and it pours all night.
And i'm dying to come back to California.
The city, the sun and the sandy shores are calling, are calling be back.Traffic on the roads,
I'm stuck on the M25.
I'm gonna miss the flight and there's no jets from Heathrow tonight.
You're still in Culver City waiting for me.
You know I'd sail across the ocean to see you.But it's raining in London.
And it pours and it pours and it pours all night.
And I'm dying to come back to California.
The city, the sun and the sandy shores are calling.You know that I wanna be where you are.
But right now the distance between us is tearing this love apart.
But Venice can wait and I'm sure that downtown's the same.
Just hold on, don't give up. Don't give up on me.It's raining in London.
And it pours and it pours and it pours all night.
And I'm dying to come back to California.And I'm dying to come back to California.
The city, the sun and the sandy shores are calling, are calling, are calling.

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