

London London

[Gal Costa](#)

I'm wandering round and round nowhere to go
I'm lonely in London London is lovely so
I cross the streets without fear
Everybody keeps the way clear
I know, I know no one here to say hello
I know they keep the way clear
I am lonely in London without fear
I'm wandering round and round here nowhere to go While my eyes
Go looking for flying saucers in the sky Oh Sunday, Monday, Autumm pass by me
And people hurry on so peacefully
A group approaches a policeman
He seems so pleased to please them
It's good at least to live and I agree
He seems so pleased at least
And it's so good to live in peace and
Sunday, Monday, years and I agree While my eyes
Go looking for flying saucers in the sky I choose no face to look at
Choose no way
I just happen to be here
And it's ok
Green grass, blue eyes, gray sky, God bless
Silent pain and happiness
I came around to say yes, and I say But my eyes
Go looking for flying saucers in the sky

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