

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 goWhile my eyes
Go looking for flying saucers in the skyOh 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 agreeWhile my eyes
Go looking for flying saucers in the skyI 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 sayBut my eyes
 Go looking for flying saucers in the sky

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