London

Marcin Brzozowski

Sun dark on darker streets
It's violent times for weary feet
Carjackers and bullet showers
A yellow sign, too many fools in power
But see, I will be gone by morning
My dear friend, I lost a fight
Forget me, I wash my hands
In your gray slowing night

Coming down from darkened heights
I taste the Thames with my cycle lights
By saint Paul's by Big Ben
By God's name I repent
But see, I will be gone by morning
My dear, London goodnight
Forget me, I wash myself
In your gray river light

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