

Cold London Rain

The Rumjacks

You found me so young and I gave you my heart without thinking,
Cast o' white gold & hung from a silvery chain,
So fresh were my wings I shot out from them shadows still blinking,
All to find myself catching my breath in your cold London rain. Oh, pull me in, don't let me drown here,
My aim is true & I've got so much more to give,
Dry my hair & kiss me gently,
And I'll surrender up my fightin' heart to you. Your honey is sweet though you offer it up on a razor,
Roses so pretty, so long as they're plucked from the fire,
For how cold your nights, I'll remember just how warm your days were,
Before your cold London rain could dampen our burning desire.
Oh, pull me in, don't let me drown here,
My aim is true & I've got so much more to give,
Dry my hair & kiss me gently,
And I'll surrender up my fightin' heart to you.
Oh, pull me in, don't let me drown here,
My aim is true & I've got so much more to give,
Dry my hair & kiss me gently,
And I'll surrender up my fightin' heart to you. If you wait for me here, I'll return with a joy for your sorrows,
A cure for your heart & a wee drop to soften the pain,
And no matter the mark that we make on each others tomorrows,
I will sing to the glory of you and your cold London rain.
Oh, pull me in, don't let me drown here,
My aim is true & I've got so much more to give,
Dry my hair & kiss me gently,
And I'll surrender up my fightin' heart to you.

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