

London

Brandon Heath

My train pulled in to Waterloo
I found myself wishing you
Were here with me in London
Standing on the river Thames
Taking photographs of Parliament
And old Big Ben was ringing

You know it's everything that I imagined it would be
I had no idea that it would feel this empty

Where are you tonight
While I stand here and cry
Watching double-decker buses pass me by
And to tell you the truth
It's all that I can do
To keep from jumping a plane that's headed home
To you

I took a stroll down Abbey Road
Tried to peak inside the studio's
And somewhere along the way I bought you flowers
And a pocket map of the Underground
'Cause You and I both know I get turned around
I'm so lost without you

Though it's everything that I imagined it would be
I had no idea that it would feel this empty

Six long nights and seven days I'll cross the pond back to the states
I can't wait

Where are you tonight while I stand here and cry
Watching all the black umbrellas pass me by
And to tell you the truth it's all that I can do
To keep from jumping on a plane headed home
So I'm jumping on a plane headed home to you

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