

# London

## Andrew King

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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