London Still

The Waifs

I wonder if you can pick up
My accent on the phone
When I call across the country
When I call across the world
I see you in my kitchen
I can picture you now
As you toast to your small town
And you drink the happy hour
I'm in London still
I'm in London still
I'm in London still
I took the tube over to Camden
To wander around
I bought some funky records
With that old motown sound
And I miss you like my left arm
That's been lost in a war
Today I dream of home and not of London anymore
I'm in London still
I'm in London still
Yeah I'm in London still
You know it's ok
I'm kinda happy here for now
I think I've finally grown up
And got myself a love of now
If I ever come home and I, I think I will
I hope you're gonna want to hang
At my place on Sundays still
Oh yeah I hope you will
'Cause I'm in London still
You know we got it sorted
We really got it down
To a fine art on Sunday
In our sleepy Sunday town
I wonder what I'm missing
I think of songs I've never heard
I'm dreaming of your voices
And I'm dreaming of your herb
I'm in London still

I'm in London still
I'm in London still
Oh I'm in London still
La la la la London still
I'm in London...

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