

# 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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