London

Benjamin Clementine

Now as i sit on the back of this grey caravan
Tomorrow i will probably be
Jumping Parisian metro barriers with a bottle in his handSparkling sparkling water mixed with peaches and rhum
Honestly i don't drink but if i did this sure will
Be my favourite punch, he saidWalk out the door with her and he could see everyone
Dressed in black a class that seem too far too fetchedShe said, 'look at you look at you the gave is over,
the cup is full stop praying for more exposure"It is obvious that you are trying, dubious stop or you will die
here, your pretending but no one is buying'London is calling you, what are you waiting for, what you searching
for?
London is all in you, why are you denying the truth?
'Well I might be boring you', he said ,although it's not clear as the morning due, when my preferred ways are
not happening I won't under estimate whom I am capable of becoming'History will be made to day is written
boldly on his face
So clear you could hardly miss it, you could hardly miss it.For transcending the barriers of you yesterday was
and is the dream
On a road where Cleopatras comes and goes like fishes caught in ponds then thrown back for funShe said, 'look
at you, look at you, just pick a fleet
Your cup is full what have you not yet achieve 'It is obvious that you are trying, dubious stop or you will die
here, your pretending but no one is buyingLondon is calling you, what are you waiting for, what you searching
for?
London is all in you, why are you in denial of the truth?
I might be boring you, he said, 'although it's not clear as the morning due, when my preferred ways are not
happening I won't underestimate who I am capable of becoming'

Songwriters
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