

London Skies

Tom Foolery

Paint a picture clear cut and pale on a cold winter's day
Shapes and cool light wander the streets like an army of strays
On a cold winters day Will you let me romanticize
The beauty in our London skies
You know the sunlight always shines
Behind the clouds of London skies Patient moments chill to the bone under infinite grays
Vision hindered mist settling low like a ghostly ballet
On a cold winter's day Will you let me romanticize
The beauty in our London skies
You know the sunlight always shines
Behind the clouds of London skies Nothing is certain except everything you know can change
You worship the sun but now can you fall for the rain Will you let me romanticize
This beauty in our London skies
You know the sunlight always shines
Behind the clouds of London skies

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