

Wheat

"The London Sun"

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Socrates ain't got nothin on me when it comes to
overthinking
Paranoid, is how I prefer to be into the ground I'm
sinkin'

Then you call, and you say, in your ordinary way that
you can't help me out of the ordinary

You're just like the London son, man you're over and
done with before you've begun
And I won't be like the only one who would stand here
and smile and try to be fun when I say
Hey baby what went wrong we go back to beginnings of
stories too long to be told
Like you were the only one who ever got left in the dark
by the London sun.

Hurricanes are blowing out my brains but my eyes are
calm and hollow
Air plane stalls from the sky it falls you can read the
news tomorrow
Then you call, Then you call, and you say, and you say,
in your ordinary way, that your life, that your life, with
me has become too fucking ordinary

Leave if you want to leave It's alright...
I know what it's like to feel like...
Life is passing by and you are stuck in the place you're
in,
Ordinary space you're in, stuck out of luck in this place
that I'm stuck in with YOU.
You're just like the London son, man you're over and
done with before you've begun
And I won't be like the only one who would stand here
and smile and try to be fun when I say
Hey baby what went wrong we go back to beginnings of
stories too long to be told
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