

Waifs, The "Lond Still"

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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 it in my kitchen, I can picture you now,
As you toast to your small town and you drink the
happy hour.

Chorus

I?m in London Still. I?m in London still.
I?m in London Still.

I took the ??? to Camden to wander around,
I bought some funky records with that old mo-town
sound.
And I miss you like my left arm that?s been lost in a
war,
Today I dream of home and not London anymore

Chorus

[Harmonica and Guitar Solos]

You know its okay, I?m kinda happy here for now,
I think I?ve finally grow up, and got myself a lovin? now
And, If I ever come home, and I, I think I will
I hope you?re gonna want to hang around my place on
Sunday still
Oh ya, I hope you will, ?cause I?m in London still

I know we got it sorted here, we really got it down
To a fine art on Sunday, in a sleepy Sunday town.
I wonder what I?m missing, think of songs I?ve never
heard
I?m dreaming of your voices, and I?m dreaming of you
hurt.

Chorus

Oh, I?m in London still, la la la la la London still
I?m in London.

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