

Waifs, The "London Still"

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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 can 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 la ha london still
i'm in london still

you know its okay i'm kinda happy here for now
i think i finally grown up and got myself a lover now
and if i ever come home and i think i will
i hope your gonna wanna hang at my place on sunday
still
oh yeah i hope you will

cos i'm in london still

and now we got it sorted here
we've really got it down
to a fine art on sunday in a 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
hurt

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 la london still
i'm in london.

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