

## **Cody Simpson**

# **"Evenings In London"**

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I Like this right here, (yeah)  
Looking through my call log,  
All I see is your name there  
I wish I could just call you  
I've been overseas too long  
Hope you ain't gonna go try  
To find yourself a new guy  
And I've been thinkin so much  
That imma call you anyway and say

Nights in Paris used to feel so right  
Rather stay in my hotel talk to you all night  
Evenings in London  
Never felt so sad  
I wish you were here to share these days so bad  
Oh

The life we chose we're never together  
And never together but always and forever  
Mornings in Rome  
Yeah you should be here too  
And even in London  
I'll always be faithful  
Ohh, yeaah, yeah.

Text you an x-o  
From my hotel in Melbourne  
So busy here in Melbourne  
I never have the time to kick it no more  
My flight's in the morning  
But is it really so important  
The jet setter life I'm leadin'  
Should I be coming home to you

Time Square New York  
Used to feel so bright  
Rather stay in my hotel  
And talk to you all night  
Evenings in London  
Never felt so sad  
I wish you were here  
To share these days so bad

Oh

The life we chose we're never together  
And never together but always and forever  
Mornings in Rome  
Yeah you should be here too  
Even in London  
I'll always be faithful

I never stop thinking 'bout how I miss ya too much  
And how I don't kiss you enough,  
I know that  
I don't think I'm conscious of the monsters in the  
basement till I  
Vacation and it all goes bad  
But damn it's all good  
Babe I just landed oh yeah I just landed  
You need to come over cause babe I just landed  
How 'bout I text you what time you should be here  
Text me right back okay as soon as you're leavin'  
I need you right now,  
Are you down to come chill with me,  
Ain't no other city that I'd rather be  
Just like all these beaches were made just for me  
Forgot to bring your present back I'm ashamed  
Bet you'd love that ring engraved with your name  
But evenings in London they all felt the same  
You texted me all week oh girl please explain  
You findin it hard getting used to my fame  
Crushing that mixture,  
I've been going crazy girl knowing how I missed ya  
Knowing how he kissed you  
Oh damn I can't believe you.

Oh, oh, oh, oh

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