

Everything But The Girl "Lonesome For A Place I Know"

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So here we are in Italy
With a sun hat and a dictionary
The air is warm, sky is bright
Your arms are brown, you're sleepin' well at night

So, why does England call?
The hedgerows and the town halls
After all, there'll soon be nothin' left at all

If we were born outside of place and time
To make our choice, well this would be mine
To live and die under a sun that shines
But something pulls, something I can't define

Tells me England calls, whatever she's done wrong
Always calls, this is where you belong
I'm lonesome for a place I know
Yes, I'm lonesome for a place I know

Oh, but Florence you tempt me here to stay
Amidst your hills to while my years away
But your roots in soil lie, mine in paving stone
And I hate what it's become but in my bones

I'm lonesome for a place I know
Yes, I'm lonesome for a place I know
Why does England call?
I'm lonesome for a place I know
Why does England call?

I'm lonesome for a place I know
Yes, I'm lonesome for a place I know
Why does England call?
I'm lonesome for a place I know

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