

Frank Turner

"The Ladies Of London Town"

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There's so many beautiful girls in here tonight,
I can hardly stand it.
Where do they go during the day?
Who the hell do they go home with at the end of the
night?
I don't understand it.
They never go home with me.

You dance as if you're hours away from death,
You're wearing too much make-up and showing too
much flesh,
And you smile a smile to take away my breath,
Because tonight, and only tonight, you know you're the
best.

The ladies of London town
Go flowing through these streets like water
Running little streams down to the river.
They wash the dirty ground, they sweep me off my
feet,
But like an English summer, they'll soon be gone
forever.

I've seen you trawling Camden at 4am,
Outside of the clubnight,
Deciding whose house will hold a free-for-all.
I've followed you back to mansions and I've met all
your friends
Under the streetlights
But I can never recall what you're called.

You dance, you sweat,
Your glance is met,
And you hold my gaze a bit,
And pretend you never did,
And I'm left standing on my own.

The ladies of London town throw one last glance over
their shoulders,
Blow a kiss, and then they're gone forever.

