

John Mark McMillan

"London Conversation"

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In a foreign city once again
You wave at weakly in the night
The early sun of London morning
Burned the darkness with unanswered light
But morning found you crying
Waiting for a woman
Where she left you in an empty state of mind
Waiting not for her but for relief from passing time
And a young friend talking softly
As the mist keep tumbling down
But the woman waiting for him near
Stayed and told you of the peace that could be found
And a fallen heart was woken
In your tired waiting time
And you thought you might begin again
From all the ashes of your mind
And though he used no poetry
His words are weaving songs
And the peace they were recalling
Were good roads that you might have walked along
And the skies you saw were all the same
Although his words were not your own
But the words and images you've spoken
Are the ashes from a peace you'd never known

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