

Tina Dickow

"London"

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I'm flying over London on a cold November night
The river snakes across the vast ocean of electric lights
Fast and weightless like this marvel in the sky
The young and restless skateboarding the dark
beneath the closing London eye

I'm flying over London looking down at busy streets
I scout to find a few familiar places looking up at me
Seven years since I first stepped of off this plane
And still this city doesn't know my stories or my dreams
or my first name

Someday I have to say goodbye
To the city that showed me, awoke me and broke me
Someday I have to say goodbye to London
Yeah, London

I'm pressed against the window, my forehead cold and
numb
As I search through blurred memories to trace the
woman I've become
Between Saint Mark, Brick Lane and Eve's Market
Caf ©
I found myself in pieces, took what I could carry and I
threw the rest away

I'm flying over London on a cold November night
Unlit parks like bullet wounds on the blanket of electric
lights
The city is a living creature on it's own
And we all push like blood through it's veins, so close
together, so alone

Someday I have to say goodbye
To the city that thrilled me and build me and killed me
Someday I have to say goodbye to London

Someday I have to say goodbye
To the city that moved me and soothed me, confused
me
Someday I have to say goodbye to London
Yeah, London

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