

Granger Smith

"Letters To London"

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Sometimes late at night
I sit up in bed and write
Letters to London
I use a pen and pad

To try and prove that what we had
Had to mean something

I say, I miss a Hollywood kiss
When soft finger tips
Rolled like tears down my skin
I didn't take care of
A beautiful love
Oh my God what have I done
I let it become
Letters to London

I don't know where she went
So I don't know where to send
Letters to London
But maybe they're for me
Simple poet therapy
But I gotta do something

I miss a Hollywood kiss
When soft finger tips
Rolled like tears down my skin
I didn't take care of
A beautiful love
Oh my God what have I done
I let it become
Letters to London

No, you can't go around keeping angels on the ground
No, you can't go around keeping angels on the ground
No, you can't go around keeping angels on the ground
I know I know I know
London come home

I miss your Hollywood kiss
When your soft finger tips

Rolled like tears down my skin
I didn't take care of
My beautiful love
Oh my God what have I done
I let it become
Letters to London

My letters to London
I write my letters to London, yeah
My letters to London

Sometimes late at night
I sit up in bed and write
Letters to London

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