

London

Ben Howard

Oh, how I wish I could drag you down here,
Pull these feet far from the ground
Cause this, this city ain't no friend of mine
Ain't no friend.

All I can do
When the tracks stop at the final destination
Is just push on through,
The weariness and silences of such a crowded situation
here.

All I can do
When every brick, every bar, every elegance I see, I
see her face,
Is just push on, just push on through,
These embers of memories that float from the fire,
From the fire of this place.

So don't give up on me now,
Oh these legs that'll walk me home.

Because it's only concrete and cars,
It's only sirens and missing stars,
It's only whiskey and disregard
In the smallest hours here, when I feel alone.

All I can do
When these lights, they haunt me like orchids in a
graveyard,
Is just just push on, just push on through
These faces of dust and stone,
The dirt and bone of loss.

So don't give up on me now,
Oh these legs that'll walk me home.

Because it's only concrete and cars,
It's only sirens and missing stars,
It's only whiskey and disregard
In the smallest hours here, when I feel alone.

And I hope, Paris is as beautiful as I've been told
And that everything you do is galvanized in gold.