

London

Benjamin Clementine

Now as he sits on the back of this grey caravan
Tomorrow he will probably be jumping parisian metro barriers
With a bottle in his hand
Sparkling, Sparkling water mixed with peaches and rum
Honestly i don't drink but if i did this would be my favourite
punch
He said
Walk out the door with her he could see everyone
Dressed in black a class that seem too far to fetch

She said look at you, look at you, the game is over
Your cup is full, your cup is full stop praying for more exposu
re

It is obvious that you are trying
Dubious stop or you will die here
You are pretending but no one is buying

London London London is calling you
What are you waiting for, what you searching for?
London London London is all in you
Why are you denying the truth
I might I might I might be boring you, he said
Although its not clear as the morning due
When my prefered ways are not happening i won't underestimate
who i am capable of becoming

History will be made today is written boldly on his face
So clear you can hardly miss it, you can hardly miss it
For transcending the barriers of yesterday was and is the dream
On a road where Cleopatras comes and goes like fishes caught in
ponds
thrown back for fun

She said look at you look at you, just pick a fleet
Your cup is full, your cup is full what have you not yet achiev
ed
It is obvious you are trying, dubious stop or you will die here
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