

London Blues

Canned Heat

When I came here last year
You promised much to me
When I came here last year
You promised much to me
You lead me on and teased me
You picked me up and let me down

When I asked you here for dinner
And you brought all your friends
When I asked you here for dinner
And you brought all your friends
I said here I am feeding half of London
And all I should be feeding here is you

Well I took you to the music show
And we wound up in your home
Well I took you to the music show
And we wound up in your home
But you ran away and hid from me
Left me walking the streets (of London) all alone

Now you call me on the telephone
There's a concert you wanna see
Now you call me on the telephone
There's a concert you wanna see
Cause the Heat's in your town
And your living right down the street
On your way to the concert
You want to stop by the hotel a while
If you don't stop by the hotel, you can go straight to hell