

In This Light and on This Evening

Editors

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moments before it spat its rain down on me.
I swear to God, in this light and on this evening,
London's become, the most beautiful thing I've seen.

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London's become, the most beautiful thing I've seen, ahhhh!

I swear to God...
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Walk the Fleet Road
A winter wind blows, in from the North,
it scratches your spine, call my phone.
You're a long way from home,
through the dark littered town.
The hospital looms, as we walk Fleet Road.

Halt your tongue,
Son you're there now,
You're too young,
Halt your tongue.

You'll push and I'll shove
ahhhh...

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