

## London Bound

Lucy Spraggan

Drinking coffee at the bus stop, buildings hanging over me,  
Can't see the skyline or the high life this is where it's supposed to be,  
I hate the feeling always reading about someone else's success,  
It's hard to understand what's underneath the lining of these suits,  
We're motivated by the same thing with a different point of view.  
I close my eyes and count to three,  
to get away from this old street to somewhere I would rather be  
.

I'm playing shows down in Delaware,  
I'm at my best friend's house.  
I'm on a plane heading anywhere,  
I'm on a beach down south,  
Don't know my way around this town,  
Spent every penny every pound,  
Now I'm London bound.

I miss the days of countryside and drinking cider in the park,  
I miss the air and taxi fairs  
I miss the prices of the bar,  
I miss the weddings and the birthdays of the people I love the most.  
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Big smoke and my ideas and me,  
Write my perspective from this seat,  
I close my eyes and count to 1, 2, 3, 4.

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