

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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