

Tropical London

Rancid

If you lose me, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I know for sure.

If you lose me, girl, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I know for sure.

When you were sick, girl, I held your hand,
When you were troubled I tried to understand,
Staying with you I did anything I can,
Cause losing you was not part of the plan.

Melbourne is a tropical London,
American in a tropical London,
Abandoned in a tropical London, Oh no, oh no,
If you lose me, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I know for sure.
If you lose me, girl, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I know for sure.

A souvenir reminds me of you,
Every day I catch a glimpse of us two,
I'm the one going through the rescue,
That's why I'm confused you withdrew.

Melbourne is a tropical London
American in a tropical London
Abandoned in a tropical London
Oh no, oh no,
If you lose me, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I know for sure.
If you lose me, girl, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I know for sure.

Medication, met you in
Authication, it's a
Hazardness in the
Valley of deception, and I
Walk alone,
But it was not my intention,
Not my invention,
And now my heart's been ripped wide open!

Melbourne is a tropical London
American in a tropical London
Abandoned in a tropical London
Oh no, oh no,
If you lose me, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I know for sure.
If you lose me, girl, you lose a good thing, that's one thing I

know for sure.
That's one thing I know for sure.