

London

The Mr. T Experience

You have to hate the world
It's required by your clothes
Consistency is everything
As everybody knows
It's so cold, baby
You're losing your hold, baby
And you're gonna fold, baby
Before too long

But don't tell me your secret lies in London
I already know
I can see your secret lies in London
Everywhere I go

There is a sun somewhere
Extremely far away
Your tired eyes, reflecting the sky,
A drizzly steel grey
There's no light in there
And there's no sight in there
I get right in there, and it's all
Dark

But don't deny your secret lies in London
It's not worth your while
You can lie back and think of England
And miss it by a mile ya na na na na

You can't conceal your secret lies in London
Obviously not
I can feel your secret lies in London
Deeper than you thought ya na na na na