

## 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