

The London Sun

Wheatus

Socrates ain't got nothin on me when it comes to overthinking
Paranoid, is how I prefer to be into the ground I'm sinkin'

Then you call, and you say, in your ordinary way that you can't
help me out of the ordinary

You're just like the London son, man you're over and done with
before you've begun
and I won't be like the only one who would stand here and smile
and try to be fun when I say
Hey baby what went wrong we go back to beginnings of stories to
o long to be told
Like you were the only one who ever got left in the dark by the
London sun.

Hurricanes are blowing out my brains but my eyes are calm and h
ollow
Air plane stalls from the sky it falls you can read the news to
morrow
Then you call, Then you call, and you say, and you say, in your
ordinary way, that your life, that your life, with me has beco
me too fucking ordinary

Leave if you want to leave It's alright....
I know what it's like to feel like....
life is passing by and you are stuck in the place you're in,
Ordinary space you're in, stuck out of luck in this place that
I'm stuck in with YOU.
You're just like the London son, man you're over and done with
before you've begun
and I won't be like the only one who would stand here and smile
and try to be fun when I say
Hey baby what went wrong we go back to beginnings of stories to
o long to be told
Like you were the only one who ever got left in the dark by the
London