

London Look

Herman's Hermits

I saw her in Piccadilly.
She had an air of savoir faire.
Her blue eyes seemed rather chilly.
Still I asked her if she'd care

to join me, and we'd go places
Of good renown in London town.
I'd show her the different faces
Living under queen and crown.

We'd see the country vicars and the city slickers,
Publicans and noble jewels,
Everybody moving, everybody grooving:
People got the London look.

We sat down, got tired of walking.
We said we'd meet. It was so sweet.
Then we kissed and gave up talking.
Then we left for Endell Street

To see the country vicars and the city slickers,
Publicans and noble jewels,
Everybody moving, everybody grooving:
People got the London look.

Oh, the sights we found entrancing.
The bells of Bow chimed, "La dee do."
Her blue eyes, they were romancing.
I confessed I loved her so.