

London Fog

Abhi the Nomad

Finger static in the blurred glass
Move the phantom limb and reach past
The shear

In a tongue I can't hear
Someone's holding him near

Huh-huh-huh

My dear

Can't see through the veneer
London fog in the mirror

Double vision in the silk screen
Keep them happy run the routine
My dear

Every summer I can hear
Someone's calling me near

My dear
Wind the hands past the gear
London fog in the mirror

Oh-oh
I've got to go home
I'll see what's waiting over the river

I want to come home

Oh-oh
I've got to go home
I'll see what's waiting over the river

I want to come home

I'm going home
I'm going home, oooh
I'm going home
I'm going home