

This Is London

The Airborne Toxic Event

This is London, the place where you're a god or a disgrace
The whole wide world at your feet to see the look upon your face
And you watch the BBC and you think, "Well, what if that was me?"
Such a promising life to waste.

You told me, "Just be brave. Remember all the gifts you gave.
And how you felt like you were saved,
Like you were singing from beyond the grave."
And you said you'd wait for me until the day I could sing on key
"There's just something about your face."

Then you'd call, I could feel your body fall down next to me,
And I wanted us to be fast asleep, closer than anything to me,
Like we were home again...

There was just no way to know what was real and what was show
A future unfolding before my eyes, and a past that I could not
let go
And how the feeling is so deep
when you're running down the London streets
Like there's nowhere left to go.

Among the faceless dizzy whores, the unimaginable bores,
Evenings stumbling from the pub, mornings shivering on the floor
Then the careless way you say, "Yeah, we were just glad we got
to play."
When you're empty to the core.

Then you'd call, I could feel your body fall down next to me,
And I wanted us to be fast asleep, closer than anything to me,
Like we were home again.
I'm so tired of the rain.

This is London, the place where you get lost without a trace
Among the beautiful remains of this shattered human race
All the words that go unsaid, all the sacrifices of the dead,
"We'll fall quietly into the past or we'll just burn the streets
instead"
In the clamoring of the crowd, you think, "I'll just stay quiet
, instead."

All the fallen dizzy angels crawling through the street,
The pleas of people weary on their feet,
And you're half a world away from me,

As the clouds drown the light.

I wonder where you are tonight.