

Gal Costa - London, London

tom:

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I'm wandering round and round, nowhere to
Go
I'm lonely in London, London is lovely so
I cross the streets without fear
Everybody keeps the way clear
I know I know no one here to say hello
I know they keep the way clear
I am lonely in London without fear
I'm wandering round and round, nowhere to
Go
While my eyes go looking for flying saucers
In the sky
Oh Sunday, Monday, Autumn pass by me
And people hurry on so peacefully
A group approaches a policeman
He seems so pleased to please them
It's good at least, to live, and I agree
He seems so pleased, at least

And it's so good to live in peace
And Sunday, Monday, years, and I agree
While my eyes go looking for flying saucers
In the sky
I choose no face to look at, choose no way
I just happen to be here, and it's ok
Green grass, blue eyes, grey sky
God bless silent pain and happiness
I came around to say yes, and I say
But my eyes go looking for flying saucers
In the sky
Yes my eyes go looking for flying saucers
In the sky
While my eyes go looking for flying saucers
In the sky
Oh my eyes go looking for flying saucers in
The sky
Yes my eyes go looking for flying saucers
In the sky

Acordes

