

# London Boy

Taylor Swift

We can go driving in, on my scooter  
Uh, you know, just riding in London  
Alright, yeah I love my hometown as much as Motown, I love SoCal  
And you know I love Springsteen, faded blue jeans, Tennessee whiskey  
But something happened, I heard him laughing  
I saw the dimples first and then I heard the accent  
They say home is where the heart is  
But that's not where mine lives You know I love a London boy  
I enjoy walking Camden Market in the afternoon  
He likes my American smile, like a child when our eyes meet  
Darling, I fancy you  
Took me back to Highgate, met all of his best mates  
So I guess all the rumors are true  
You know I love a London boy  
Boy, I fancy you (Ooh)  
And now I love high tea, stories from Uni, and the West End  
You can find me in the pub, we are watching rugby with his school friends  
Show me a gray sky, a rainy cab ride  
Babe, don't threaten me with a good time  
They say home is where the heart is  
But God, I love the English You know I love a London boy, I enjoy nights in Brixton  
Shoreditch in the afternoon  
He likes my American smile, like a child when our eyes meet  
Darling, I fancy you  
Took me back to Highgate, met all of his best mates  
So I guess all the rumors are true  
You know I love a London boy  
Boy, I fancy you  
So please show me Hackney  
Doesn't have to be Louis V up on Bond Street  
Just wanna be with you  
Wanna be with you  
Stick with me, I'm your queen  
Like a Tennessee Stella McCartney, I'm the heat  
Just wanna be with you (Wanna be with you)  
Wanna be with you (Oh) You know I love a London boy, I enjoy walking SoHo  
Drinking in the afternoon (Yeah)  
He likes my American smile, like a child when our eyes meet  
Darling, I fancy you (You)  
Took me back to Highgate, met all of his best mates  
So I guess all the rumors are true (Yeah)  
You know I love a London boy (Oh)

Boy (Oh), I fancy you (I fancy you, ooh) So please show me Hackney  
Doesn't have to be, but we be up on Palm Street  
Just wanna be with you  
I, I, I fancy you  
Oh whoa, oh, I  
Stick with me, I'm your queen  
Like a Tennessee Stella McCartney, I'm the heat  
Just wanna be with you (Ooh)  
Wanna be with you  
I fancy you (Yeah), I fancy you  
Oh whoa, ah  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>