

6:32
by Annakin

104 bpm

The news come flying in like little bombs
Blowing off one by one
I feel the weight around my shoulders
London Bridge Is Down wings folded

I'll go home now and write a song or two
I will save a special place in there for you
And in my rebel heart

Six thirty-two

Every screen is lit with your face
Cheers to you fill every space
The pubs are silent there's no football anymore
All is well but everyone's a little sore

Six thirty-two
Without you

Oh Soho girls I will remember you
For sharing with me what you already knew you knew you knew you knew
Six thirty-two the time for global grief
It came sneaking in like a thief