

# Brandon Heath, London

My train pulled in to Waterloo  
I found myself wishing you  
Were here with me in London  
Standing on the river Thames  
Taking photographs of Parliament  
And old Big Ben was ringing

You know it's everything that I imagined it would be  
I had no idea that it would feel this empty

Where are you tonight  
While I stand here and cry  
Watching double-decker buses pass me by  
And to tell you the truth  
It's all that I can do  
To keep from jumping a plane that's headed home  
To you

I took a stroll down Abbey Road  
Tried to peak inside the studio's  
And somewhere along the way I bought you flowers  
And a pocket map of the Underground  
Cause You and I both know I get turned around  
I'm so lost without you

Though it's everything that I imagined it would be  
I had no idea that it would feel this empty

Chorus

6 long nights and seven days I'll cross the pond back to the states  
I can't wait

Where are you tonight while I stand here and cry  
Watching all the black umbrellas pass me by  
And to tell you the truth it's all that I can do  
To keep from jumping on a plane headed home  
So I'm jumping on a plane headed home to you