

Taylor Swift, London Boy

[Intro: Idris Elba & James Corden]

We can go driving in, on my scooter

Uh, you know, just 'round London

Oh, I'd...

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

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)

[Verse 2]

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

Babes, don't threaten me with a good time

They say home is where the heart is

But God, I love the English

[Chorus]

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

[Bridge]

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 on the Heath

Just wanna be with you (Wanna be with you)

Wanna be with you (Oh)

[Chorus]

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)

[Outro]

So please show me Hackney

Doesn't have to be Louis V up on Bond 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 on the Heath
Just wanna be with you (Ooh)
Wanna be with you
I fancy you (Yeah), I fancy you
Oh whoa, ah