

A E
 We'll be back home, at 2am,
 D C B
 stuck in London, before day's end.
 A E
 Euston's trains, and Hackney's lights,
 D C B
 a, tapestry of unfinished nights.

Am
 Weaving wheels, moving meals,
 Em
 laughing eyes, as joy subsides,
 Dm
 Taking in the smokey smog,
 G
 breathing out the absent fog;

Am
 that lines the pavements placed upon,
 Em
 the long-gone stories where love belonged,
 Dm
 Little Miss London, a city of a woman,
 E
 One kiss away from being human.

Am Dm E Am**Oh**

Smudged lipstick, and leopard print,
 a lady of the, night would sing,
 Bring forth beer, and call me crazy,
 beneath it all she's crying save me.

(she's an) Alcoholic, law abiding citizen,
 (she) strikes a pose, as suiters sit within,
 her smokey glow, an english rose,
 upon the train of broken roads;

Cackling with such sweet surrender,
 says the universe, is her defender,
 But does she know, the kindness shown,
 is eating her up from head to toe.

Am Dm E**Oh****Am**

She's Running, Running, Running, Running
(x2)

Am
 Her heart pulsates to,
 E
 the rhythm of the underground,
 Dm
 and her eyes equate to,
 G
 the traffic lights above the ground.

Am
 Soulless, soulful, is,
 E
 her voice when she says;
 F
 'don't kill me with kindness,
 G
 You'll end up in my bed.'

E
 Oh, Little Miss London,
 You're more than what's said.