

I remember the day - the day when I had to take you to the airport
And put you on a plane, and so you left me.
Left me alone on an empty tube train, deep under the ground,
While you were bathed in sunlight, high above the clouds.

I needed you here to be my sunshine in London town.
California's had more than its fair share.

You left me to these small skies, and to rain-soaked concrete,
To Morrissey and Robert Smith and complicated streets I know,
On which you lost your patience and your way,
The way you always did on steel grey rainy days.

I needed you here to be my sunshine in London town.
California's had more than its fair share
Of beating summer sun and shining seas,
But it doesn't have a shred of honesty.
I know the truth - yeah, Neil Young and Joni Mitchell were Canadians.
I guess that makes sense - they had their fill and then they moved away again.
You're not alone, we all sometimes use words that we don't understand.
Your "love" was only just skin deep and in the end it gave me cancer.

You might have been my sunshine, but I'd rather have a rainy day.
California gets just what it deserves.