

SOLIMANBLUE[©]

Music and lyrics by SolimanBlue

Impsley Park - public

Walking through the park with his son in my hair
Another crazy day ends and I don't care
'cause I thought y'were everything it wasn't true
My R's is behind me and so are you
Well it's summer in the city, all that feeling all that soul
Baking in the street, this joint's to roll 'n
Sipping cold beer is what I'm gonna do
Then walk the wild side and head in the Lou
Desert in the city, no shadows in the park
Kinky boots walking away after dark 'n
Eating cake with icing in the pouring rain
My car for park's been melted again

I feel free in Impsley Park
I gotta be me in Impsley Park

No mind to worry such a luxury, not a wife
Zapp a mother down, invent a life
Drifting down the river, being lazy, going home
Squeezing my cool cat, when I feel alone and
Beach boys, London calling, are you really there?
Alone in my room, and it just ain't fair that
Holiday is singing, and the cotton's growing high
Afternoon delight with Lucy's guy 'n
Tear down this house, you know I've gotta park my car
Yellow taxi comes, to drive me far
Away from the madding crowd to my rendezvous
There'll be no more work for a week or two

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Oh let it be, in Impsley Park

