

Landed in the drizzle, grey skies above,  
The city hums a tune I already love.  
Oyster card in hand, mind the gap and go,  
Chasing echoes down where the \_\_\_\_\_ flow.

The tube's a maze of faces, names,  
Rules so quiet — yet never the same.  
Stand on the \_\_\_\_\_, keep dreams in line,  
But I'm lost on purpose, and that's just fine.

The journey is the \_\_\_\_\_,  
Every stop a revelation.

Oh London, you turn my soul around,  
From Camden lights to the underground.  
Life is either a daring \_\_\_\_\_ or nothing at all,  
In your fog and fire, I stand tall.

Camden Town, a burst of sound,  
Ink and neon spinning round.  
\_\_\_\_\_ cry out from every door,  
Freedom painted on the floor.

Then the British Museum calls my name,  
Whispers of history that still remain.  
The Rosetta Stone, I stand in awe,  
Trying to \_\_\_\_\_ what time once saw.

The journey is the \_\_\_\_\_,  
Every heart a translation.

# LONDON CALLING

Oh London, you turn my soul around,  
From Camden lights to the underground.  
Life is either a daring \_\_\_\_\_ or nothing at all,  
In your storm and calm, I hear the call.

Magic sparks at Platform Nine,  
A trolley through the walls of time.  
At the studios, I find my youth,  
In every spell, there hides a truth.

Rain on glass, Big Ben's chime,  
Moments slipping out of \_\_\_\_\_.  
Tea in hand, I start to see,  
The city's now a part of me.

Oh London, I'll miss your sound,  
Your poets' ghosts, your sacred ground.  
"The journey is the \_\_\_\_\_," I recall,  
And though I'm home — I left it all.

So here's to nights that never end,  
To every stranger turned to friend.  
Life is either a daring \_\_\_\_\_ or nothing at all —  
And London, you gave me it all.