LONDON CALLING

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.

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.

LIVEWORKSHEETS