

Streets of London

Blackmore's Night

Have you seen the old man
In the closed-down market
Kicking up the paper,
with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride
Hand held loosely at his side
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

Have you seen the old girl
Who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking,
She just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all night cafe
At a quarter past eleven,
Same old man is sitting there on his own
Looking at the world
Over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea lasts an hour
Then he wanders home alone

So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and walk you through
the streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

Have you seen the old man
Outside the Seaman's Mission
Memory fading with the medals that he wears
In our winter city,
The rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero
And a world that doesn't care