

The Streets Of London

Debbie Gibson

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

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 lead you through the streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

In the all night cafe, at a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there all alone
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea cup
Each tea lasts an hour, and he wanders home alone

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