

Streets Of London

Mary Hopkin

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
Yesterdays paper telling yesterdays news

So how can you tell me your 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

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 on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags

So how can you tell me your lonely
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
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In the all-night cafe
At quarter past eleven
Same old man
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

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And say for you that the sun don't shine?
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And have you seen the old man
Outside the seaman's mission?
Memory fading with this medal ribbons he wears
In our winter city
The rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero
And a world that doesn't care

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And say for you that the sun don't shine?
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