

Streets Of London

Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man,
In the closed down market,
Picking up the papers,
With his worn out shoes,
In his eyes you see no pride,
And hanging loosely at his side,
Yesterdays paper,
Telling yesterdays news,
So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine,
Well 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,

And have you seen the old dear,
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,
So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't,
Well 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,

And in the all night cafe,
At a quarter past eleven,
Same old man,
Sitting there on his own,
Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup
And each tea lasts an hour,
And he wanders home alone,
So how can you tell me that you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine,
Well 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,

And have you seen the old man,
Outside the seaman's mission,
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears,
And in the winter city,
The rain cries a little pity,
One more forgotten hero,
And a World that doesn't care,
So how can you tell me that you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine,
Well 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.