

Streets Of London

Roger Whittaker

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, hand held loosely by 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.

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 caffè at a quarter past eleven
Same old man is sitting there on his own.
Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup,
Each tea last an hour, and he wanders home alone.

Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission,
Memory fading with the metal ribbons 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.