

Leaving London

Tom Paxton

With a dark and rolling sea
Between my true love and me
I keep walking through this cold hard town

While I wait for better days
I could use a place to stay
Or a floor where I could lay my blanket down

If I could beg, steal or borrow
A ticket on some ship or plane
I'd be leaving London tomorrow
To fly to my own love again

Up at dawn to change my shirt
And to wash away the dirt
Then it's over to American Express

Not one letter did I find
No, she didn't send one line
Though I know she has my forwarding address

If I could beg, steal or borrow
A ticket on some ship or plane
I'd be leaving London tomorrow
To fly to my own love again

Last night The Troubadour
Was so full, they barred the door
And I sang a song she knows quite well

But it wouldn't take too long
To make up another song
For a lonesome and a last farewell

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A ticket on some ship or plane
I'd be leaving London tomorrow
To fly to my own love again
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