

I wander lonely streets  
Behind where the old Thames does flow  
And in every face I meet  
Reminds me of what I have run from

In every man, in every hand  
In every kiss, you understand  
That living is for other men  
I hope you two will understand

I've got to tell you my tale  
Of how I loved and how I failed  
I hope you understand

I've got to tell you my tale  
Of how I loved and how I failed  
I hope you understand  
These feelings should not be in the man

In every child, in every eye  
In every sky, above my head  
I hope that I know  
So come with me in bed  
Because it's you and me, we're history  
There ain't nothing left to say  
When I will get you alone

Maybe we could find a room  
Where we could see what we should do  
Maybe you know it's true  
Living with me is like keeping a fool (repeat) this life is mine  
The bed ain't made but it's filled full of hope  
I've got a skin full of dope