

# Leaving London

**Doc Watson**

With a dark and rolling sea  
Between my love and me  
I keep walking thru 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 boat or plane  
I'd be leaving London tomorrow  
To fly to my young 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

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Songwriters

Paxton, Thomas R /Published by

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