Leaving London

Tom Paxton

With a dark and rolling sea
Between my true love and me
I keep walking through this cold hard townWhile I wait for better days
I could use a place to stay
Or a floor where I could lay my blanket downIf 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 againUp at dawn to change my shirt
And to wash away the dirt
Then it's over to American ExpressNot one letter did I find
No, she didn't send one line
Though I know she has my forwarding addressIf 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 againLast night The Troubadour
Was so full, they barred the door
And I sang a song she knows quite wellBut it wouldn't take too long
To make up another song
For a lonesome and a last farewellIf 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
I'd be leaving London tomorrow
To fly to my own love again

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