

# Streets of London

Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man  
In the closed-down market  
Kicking up the paper,  
with his worn out shoes?  
In his eyes you see no pride  
Hand held loosely at his side  
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news  
Chorus: 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  
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.  
Chorus In the all night cafe  
At a quarter past eleven,  
Same old man sitting there on his own  
Looking at the world  
Over the rim of his teacup,  
Each tea lasts an hour  
And he wanders home alone  
Chorus Have you seen the old man  
Outside the Seaman's Mission  
Memory fading with the medal 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  
Chorus

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