London (2010 Remastered Version)

Steeleye Span

There's your lords and ladies fine,
Riding in a coach and six,
Nothing to drink but claret wine,
Talking politicks.
London is a dainty place,
A great and gallant city!
All the streets are paved with gold,
And all the folks are witty.
There's your beaux with powder'd clothes,
Bedaub'd from head to chin,
Their pocket-holes adorned with gold,
but not one sou within.
There's your lords and ladies fine,
Riding in a coach and six,
Nothing to drink but claret wine,
Talking politicks.
There your English actor goes
With many a hungry belly;
While heaps of gold are forc'd, God wot,
on Signor Farinelli.
There's your lords and ladies fine,
Riding in a coach and six,
Nothing to drink but claret wine,
Talking politicks.
London is a dainty place,
A great and gallant city!
All the streets are paved with gold,
All the folks are witty.
There's your dames with dainty frames,
Skins as white as milk;
Dressed every day in garments gay,
Of satin and of silk.
London is a dainty place.

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