Streets Of London (original)

Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man in the closed down market
Picking up the papers with his worn out shoes
In his eyes you see no pride and hanging loosely at his side
Yesterdays paper, telling yesterdays news
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
I'll show you something to make you change your mindHave you seen the old dear 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
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
I'll show you something to make you change your mindAnd 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
And each tea lasts an hour and he wanders home alone
So how can you tell me that 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
I'll show you something to make you change your mindHave you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears
And in the winter city, the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero, and a World that doesn't care
So how can you tell me that 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
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

Songwriters
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