

# 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 mind  
Have 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 mind  
And 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 mind  
Have 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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