Streets of London

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(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
And held loosely by his side,
yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

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 gal who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags
She's no time for talkin, she just keeps right on walkin
Carryin her home in two big shopping bags
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 goes home alone

Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission
Memory fading like the ribbons that he wears
In our winter city, the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero in a world that doesn't care

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