

Streets of London

By: 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

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 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.

So how can you tell me you're lonely...

In the all night café at a quarter past eleven,
Same old man is sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea last an hour then he wanders home alone

So how can you tell me you're lonely...

And 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

So how can you tell me you're lonely...