

Streets of London

Have you seen the old man in the closed down market,
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride, hand held loosely by his side,
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news.

Refr. So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say that the sun for you 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.

Refrain

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

Refrain

Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission,
Memory fading with the metal 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.

Refrain