

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, hands held loosely by his side,
Yesterday's papers, 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 gal, 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

Chorus

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 tea-cup
Each tea lasts an hour, then he wanders home alone.

Chorus

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 little pity,
For one more forgotten hero, and a world that doesn't care

Chorus