

# 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

So how can you tell me you're lonely  
And say for you that the sun doesn't shine?  
Oh, 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 talkin', she keeps right on walkin'  
Carrying her home in two carrier bags

So how can you tell me you're lonely  
And say for you that the sun doesn't shine?  
Oh, 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

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 teacup  
Each tea lasts an hour then he wanders home alone  
So how can you tell me you're lonely  
And say for you that the sun doesn't shine?  
Oh, 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?  
In our winter city the rain cries a little pity  
For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care

Oh, how can you tell me you're lonely  
And say for you that the sun doesn't shine?  
Oh, 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