Streets of London by Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man In the closed-down market up the paper, with his worn out shoes? In his eyes you see no pride	- Streets Of London -
Hand held loosely at his side	on standards a succ
Yesterday's paper	_ yesterday's news
So how can you tell me you're lonely And say for you that the sun don't sh Let me take you by the hand and lea I'll show you something to make you	nine? ad you through the streets of London
Have you seen the old girl Who walks the streets of London Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rag She's no time for	gs? _,
She just keeps right on	
her home in two	carrier bags.
Chorus	
In the all night cafe At a quarter past eleven, Same old man is at the world	there on his own
Over the rim of his tea-cup, Each tea last an hour Then he wanders home alone	
Chorus	
And have you seen the old man Outside the seaman's mission Memory 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	

Chorus