

# Streets of London

*Ralph McTell*)

Have you seen the old man, in the closed-down market  
picking up the papers, with his worn-out shoes?  
In his eyes you see no pride, and 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  
*So how can you tell..*

And in the all-night cafe, at a quarter past eleven  
some old man sitting there, all on his own  
Looking at the world, over the rim of his tea-cup  
Each day lasts an hour, then he wanders home alone  
*So how can you tell..*

And have you seen the old man, outside the seaman's mission? His  
memory's fading,  
with those medal ribbons that he wears  
And in our winter city, the rain cries little pity  
For one more forgotten hero,  
and a world that doesn't care  
*So how can you tell..*