

## ***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 at 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 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

So how can you tell me ...

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, and he wanders home alone

So how can you tell me ...

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

So how can you tell me ...