

# Streets Of London

Mary Hopkin

Have you seen the old man  
In the closed down market  
Kicking up the paper  
With his worn out shoes?  
In his eyes you see no pride  
Hand held loosely at his side  
Yesterdays paper telling yesterdays news

So how can you tell me your 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 on walking  
Carrying her home in two carrier bags

So how can you tell me your 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  
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In the all-night cafe  
At 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

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And say for you that the sun don't shine?  
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And have you seen the old man  
Outside the seaman's mission?  
Memory fading with this medal ribbons he wears  
In our winter city  
The rain cries a little pity  
For one more forgotten hero  
And a world that doesn't care

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And say for you that the sun dont shine?  
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