

## **Bert Jansch** **"Soho"**

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Come walk the streets of crime  
And colour bright the corners  
Of love with the earth

See the dazzling nightlife grow  
Beyond the dawn and burning  
In the heart of Soho

Hear the market cries  
And see their wares displayed  
Through the window of your soul

Come watch the naked dance  
That spins before your very eyes  
Naked like the sun

Step inside where men before  
Have drunk to fill to senseless  
Till the dreams fade and die

And free and easy  
Does the blood red wine come flowing  
From the glass to your veins

And the midday dream is silent  
Thou gardens where you're resting  
From the troubles of your mind

And though the sun is burning brightly  
All within the gardens  
Are the sleeping oris dead

And through the afternoon  
The buzzing bees do harmonise  
Through the rushing sale daylight

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