

Paxton Tom

"Leaving London"

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LEAVING LONDON

(Tom Paxton)

With a dark and rolling sea
Between my love and me
I keep walking thru this cold hard town
While i wait for better days
I could use a place to stay
Or a floor where I could lay my blanket down
If I could beg, steal, or borrow
A ticket on some boat or plane
I'd be leaving London tomorrow
To fly to my young love again
Up at dawn to change my shirt
And to wash away the dirt
Then it's over to American Express
Not one letter did I find
No, she didn't send one line
Though I know she had my forwarding address
Last night the Troubadour
Was so full they barred the door
And I sang a song she knows quite well
But it wouldn't take too long
To make up another song
For a lonesome and a last farewell
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