

## Cardigans, The "Streets Of London"

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Streets of London Ralph McTell

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 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 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.

In the all night caf   at a quarter past eleven  
Same old man is sitting there on his own.  
Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup,  
Each tea last an hour, and he wanders home alone.

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.

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