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Tom Paxton "Leaving London"

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With a dark and rolling sea Between my true love and me I keep walking through 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 ship or plane I'd be leaving London tomorrow To fly to my own 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 has my forwarding address If I could beg, steal or borrow A ticket on some ship or plane I'd be leaving London tomorrow To fly to my own love again

Last night The Troubadour Was so full, they barred the door And I sang a song she knows guite well

But it wouldn't take too long To make up another song For a lonesome and a last farewell

If I could beg, steal or borrow A ticket on some ship or plane I'd be leaving London tomorrow To fly to my own love again I'd be leaving London tomorrow To fly to my own love again

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