

Christy Moore, The Streets Of London

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 at his side
Yesterdays paper telling yesterdays news

CHORUS

So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you that the sun dont shine
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London
I'll show you something that will 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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Have you seen the old man, outside the seamans mission?
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears
In our winter city the rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotton hero and a world that doesn't care

CHORUS