

Sinead O'Connor, 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'd 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 the sun won'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

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
And say for you the sun won'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

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 tea-cup
Each tea lasts an hour, then he wanders home alone

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
And say for you the sun won'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 man outside the Seaman's Mission
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears
In our winter city, the rain cries little pity,
For one more forgotten hero, and a world that doesn't care

So how can you tell me, you're lonely
And say for you that the sun doesn'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