

# Blackmore's Night, Streets Of London

## Streets Of London

Have you seen the old man  
In the closed-down market  
Kicking up the paper,  
with his worn out shoes?  
In his eyes you see no pride  
Hand held loosely at his side  
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

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 cafe  
At a quarter past eleven,  
Same old man is 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 that the sun don't shine?  
Let me take you by the hand and walk 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 medals 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