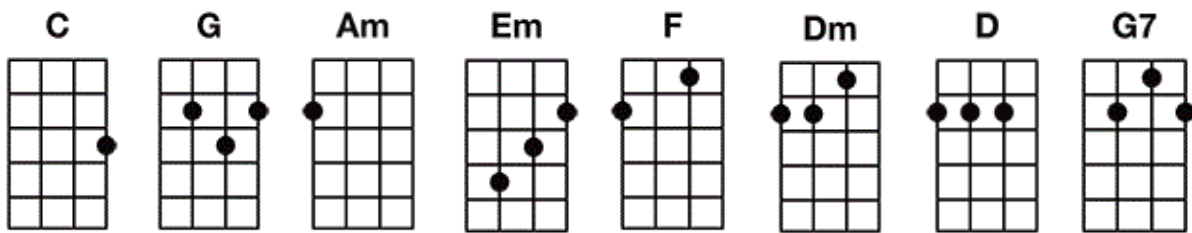


Streets of London

Ralph McTell | 1969



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(C) Have you seen the (G) old man in the (am) closed-down (em) market,
 (F) Kicking up the (C) paper with his (dm) worn-out (G) shoes.
 (C) In his eyes you (G) see no pride, (am) and held loosely (em) at his side
 (F) Yesterday's (C) paper telling (G) yesterday's (C) news

chorus

So (F) how can you (em) tell me you're (G) lone(am)ly
 (D) And say for you that the sun don't (G) shine (G7)
 (C) Let me take you (G) by the hand
 And (am) lead you through the (em) streets of London
 (F) I'll show you (C) something
 To (G) make you change your (C) mind

(C) Have you seen the (G) old girl who (am) walks the streets of (em) London
 (F) Dirt in her (C) hair and her (dm) clothes in (G) rags
 (C) She's no time for (G) talking, she (am) just keeps (em) right on walking
 (F) Carrying her (C) home in (G) two carrier (C) bags

chorus

(C) In the all-night (G) café at a (am) quarter past (em) eleven
 (F) Same old (C) man sitting (dm) there on his (G) own
 (C) Looking at the (G) world over the (am) rim of his (em) teacup
 (F) Each tea lasts an (C) hour and he (G) wanders home a(C)lone

chorus

(C) Have you seen the (G) old man out(am)side the seaman's (em) mission
 (F) Memory fading (C) with the medal (dm) ribbons that he (G) wears
 (C) In our winter (G) city the rain (am) cries a little (em) pity
 (F) For one more forgotten (C) hero and a (G) world that doesn't (C) care

chorus

