

# Streets of London

Intro: F /// C /// G7 /// C /// ///

[C] Have you seen the [G] old man [Am] in the closed down [Em] market  
 [F] Picking up the [C] papers, with his [D7] worn-out [G7] shoes?  
 [C] In his eyes you [G]see no pride, and [Am] held loosely [Em]by his side  
 [F] Yesterday's [C] papers, telling [G7] yesterday's [C] news.

## Chorus:

[C] So [F] how can you [Em] tell me, you're [C] lo-ne-[Am]ly  
 [D7] 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 [G7] make you change your [C] mind

[C] Have you seen the [G] old gal, who [Am] walks the streets of [Em] London  
 [F] Dirt in her [C] hair, and her [D7] clothes in [G7] rags?  
 [C] She's no time for [G] talking, she [Am] just keeps right on [Em] walking  
 [F] Carrying her [C] home, in [G7] two carrier [C] bags.

## Chorus

[C] And in the all-night [G] cafe, at a [Am] quarter past [Em] eleven  
 [F] Some old man [C] sitting there, [D7] all on his [G7] own  
 [C] Looking at the [G] world, over the [Am] rim of his [Em] tea-cup  
 [F] Each cup lasts an [C] hour, then he [G7] wanders home [C] alone.

## Chorus

[C] And have you seen the [G] old man, out[Am] side the seaman's [Em] mission?  
 [F] His memory's fading, [C] with those medal [D7] ribbons that he [G7] wears  
 [C] And in our winter [G] city, the [Am] rain cries little [Em] pity  
 For [F] one more forgotten [C] hero, and a [G7] world that doesn't [C] care.

## Chorus

