

Leaving London

Doc Watson

With a dark and rolling sea
Between my love and me
I keep walking thru this cold hard town
While i wait for better days
I could use a place to stay
Or a floor where I could lay my blanket down
If I could beg, steal, or borrow
A ticket on some boat or plane
I'd be leaving London tomorrow
To fly to my young love again
Up at dawn to change my shirt
And to wash away the dirt
Then it's over to American Express
Not one letter did I find
No, she didn't send one line
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