

Soho

Bert Jansch

Come walk the streets of crime
And colour bright the corners
Of love with the earth

See the dazzling nightlife grow
Beyond the dawn and burning
In the heart of Soho

Hear the market cries
And see their wares displayed
Through the window of your soul

Come watch the naked dance
That spins before your very eyes
Naked like the sun

Step inside where men before
Have drunk to fill to senseless
Till the dreams fade and die

And free and easy
Does the blood red wine come flowing
From the glass to your veins

And the midday dream is silent
Thou gardens where you're resting
From the troubles of your mind

And though the sun is burning brightly
All within the gardens
Are the sleeping oris dead

And through the afternoon
The buzzing bees do harmonise
Through the rushing sale daylight