

# Streets of London

Harry Belafonte

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  
And held loosely at his side  
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

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 lead you through the  
streets of London  
I'll show you something to make you change your mind

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.

R:

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 last an hour

Then he wanders home alone

R:

And have you seen the old man

Outside the seaman's mission

Memory fading with

The medal ribbons 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

R: