

London Town

Paul McCartney

Walking down the sidewalk one purple afternoon,
I was accosted by a barker playing a simple tune upon his flute

.

Toottoottoottoot.

Silver rain was falling down
Upon the dirty ground of london town.
People pass me by on my imaginary street,
Ordinary people it's impossible to meet,
Holding conversations that are always incomplete.
Well i don't know.

Oh, where are there places to go?
Someone, somewhere has to know.
I'don't know.

Out of work again, the actor entertains his wife
With the same old stories of his ordinary life.
Maybe he exaggerates the trouble and the strife.
Well, i don't know.

Oh, where are there places to go?
Someone, somewhere has to know.

Crawling down the pavement on a sunday afternoon,
I was arrested by a rozzer
Wearing a pink balloon about his foot.
Toot toot toot toot.
Silver rain was falling down
Upon the dirty ground of london town.

Someone, somewhere has to know.
Silver rain was falling down
Upon the dirty ground of london town.