

The London Apprentice

Ralph McTell

I am a London apprentice, for I never will learn a trade
The best that I can hope for, is from mistakes I've made
A man who never made any, he never meant nothing at all
So Christopher Wren had to start again, when he built St. Pauls

I am a London apprentice, for I never will learn her ways
When I walk the streets of London, I am constantly amazed
How a road I never was on before, leads to one and all
As any cabbie will tell you, that's how all knowledge grows

I am a London apprentice, and I love the muddy Thames
Pushing his way through the city, just to come back again
Through plague and conflagration, and when the bombers came
A symbol of a nation, St. Paul amongst the flames

I am a London Apprentice and I'll accept the status quo
But a cockney must be born, within the silent spells of beau
And Londons been a refuge, by accident or plan
So ask me who's a Londoner, I'll answer every man

I am a London apprentice, but one thing I know for sure
I'll tell you very bluntly with these words you cant ignore
Remember Doctor Johnson, who's wit cut like a knife
When a man is tired of London, a man is tired of life

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