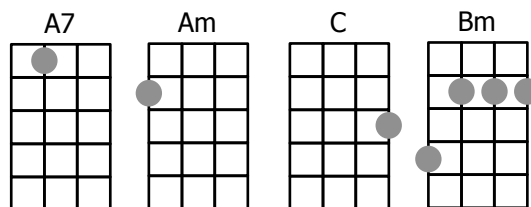


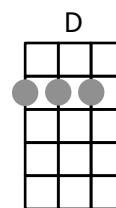
# 65. Streets of London

Ralph McTell

[D] [A] [Bm] [F#m] [G] [E7] [A7] [A7]

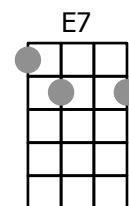


[D] Have you seen the [A] old man, in the [Bm] closed down [F#m] market  
[G] Kicking up the [D] papers, with his [E7] worn out [A] shoes?  
[D] In his eyes you [A] see no pride, [Bm] hand held loosely [F#m] by his side.  
[G] Yesterday's [D] paper, telling [A7] yesterday's [D] news.



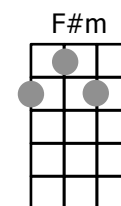
So [G] how can you [D] tell me you're lo[A7]nely, [Bm]  
[E7] And say that for you the sun don't [A7] shine.  
[D] Let me take you [A] by the hand and [Bm] lead you through the [F#m] streets of London.  
[G] I'll show you [D] something to [A7] make you change your [D] mind. [A7] [Bm] [A7]

[D] So have you seen the [A] old girl who [Bm] walks the [F#m] streets of London,  
[G] Dirt in her [D] hair, and her [E7] clothes all in [A] rags.  
[D] She's no time for [A] talking, she just [Bm] keeps right on [F#m] walking,  
[G] Carrying her [D] home in [A7] two carrier [D] bags.



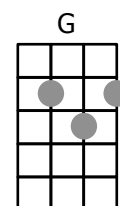
So [G] how can you [D] tell me you're lo[A7]nely, [Bm]  
[E7] And say that for you the sun don't [A7] shine.  
[D] Let me take you [A] by the hand and [Bm] lead you through the [F#m] streets of London.  
[G] I'll show you [D] something to [A7] make you change your [D] mind.  
[A] [Bm] [F#m] [A7] [G] [E7] [A7] [A7]

[D] In the all night [A] café, at a [Bm] quarter past el[F#m]even,  
[G] Same old [D] man, sitting [E7] there on his [A] own.  
[D] Looking at the [A] world over the [Bm] rim of his [F#m] tea cup.  
[G] Each tea lasts an [D] hour, and he [A] wanders home al[D]one.



So [G] how can you [D] tell me you're lo[A7]nely, [Bm]  
[E7] And say that for you the sun don't [A7] shine.  
[D] Let me take you [A] by the hand and [Bm] lead you through the [F#m] streets of London.  
[G] I'll show you [D] something to [A7] make you change your [D] mind. [A7] [Bm] [A7]

So [D] have you seen the [A] old man out[Bm]side the seaman's [F#m] mission  
[G] Mem'ry [D] fading with the medal [E7] ribbons that he [A] wears.  
[D] In our winter [A] city, the rain [Bm] cries a little [F#m] pity  
[G] For one more forgotten he[D]ro and a [A7] world that doesn't [D] care.



So [G] how can you [D] tell me you're lo[A7]nely, [Bm]  
[E7] And say that for you the sun don't [A7] shine.  
[D] Let me take you [A] by the hand and [Bm] lead you through the [F#m] streets of London.  
[G] I'll show you [D] something to [A7] make you change your [D] mind.