Быковская Анастасия Владимировна

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| Идентификатор: 267-928-065 **Приложение 1** |  |

**Streets of London**

**Ralph McTell**

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   
Hand 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.   
  
Chorus  
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   
  
Chorus  
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