Have you seen the old man, in the closed-down market picking up the papers, with his worn-out shoes?

In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely by his side yesterday's papers, telling yesterday's news

So how can you tell me, you're lone ly and say for you that the sun don't shine? [G7]

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 gal, 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

So how can you tell me, you're lone ly and say for you that the sun don't shine? [G7]

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

And in the all-night cafe, at a quarter past eleven

Some old man sitting there, all on his own

Looking at the world, over the rim of his tea-cup

Each day lasts an hour, then he wanders home a lone

So how can you tell me, you're lone ly and say for you that the sun don't shine? [G7]

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

And have you seen the old man, out side the seaman's mission?

His memory's fading, with those medals that he wears

And in our winter city, rain cries little pity

For one more for gotten hero, and a world that doesn't care

So how can you tell me, you're lone ly and say for you that the sun don't shine? [G7]

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