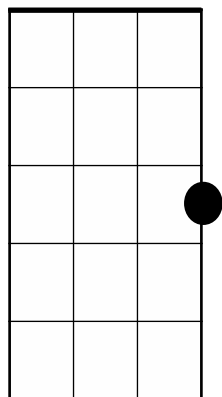
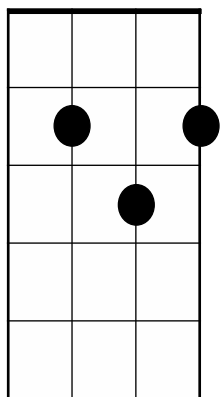


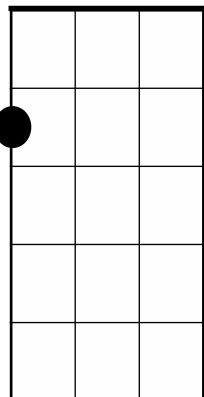
Streets of London (C): Chords



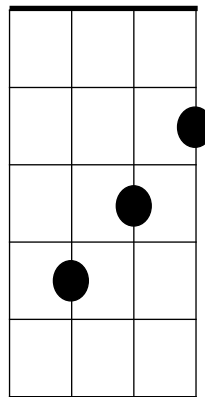
C



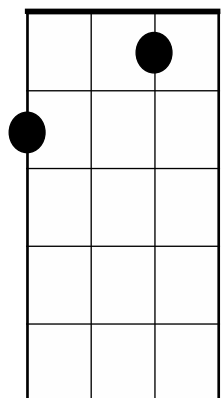
G



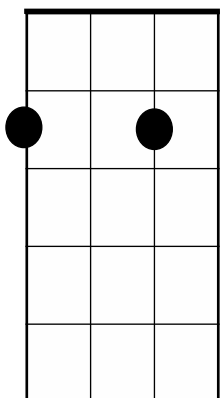
Amin



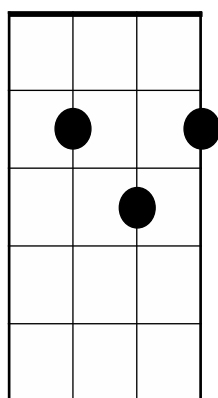
Emin



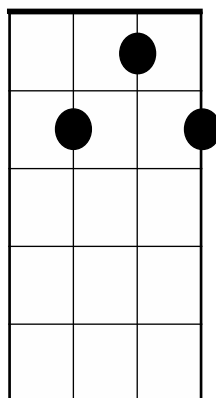
F



D7

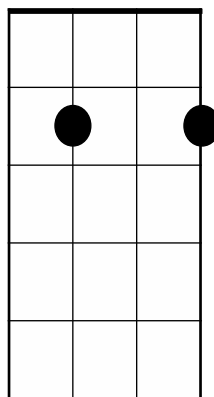


G



G7

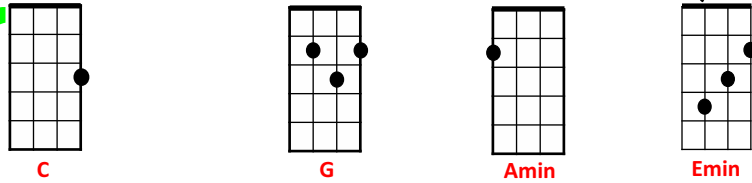
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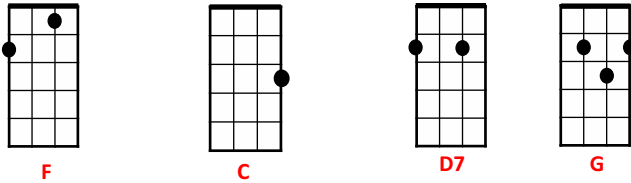
G6

Streets of London Ralph McTell (C) 1 of 2

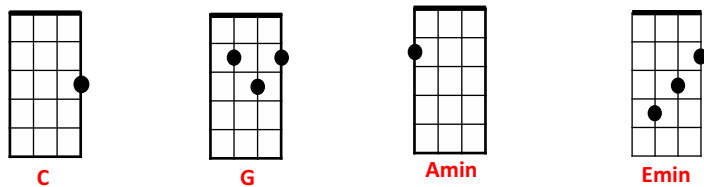
Verse 1



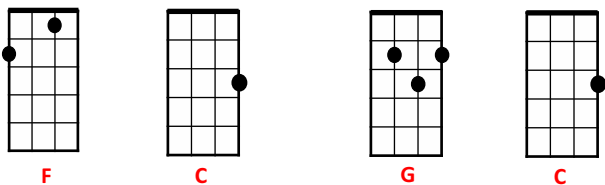
Have you seen the old man In the closed-down market



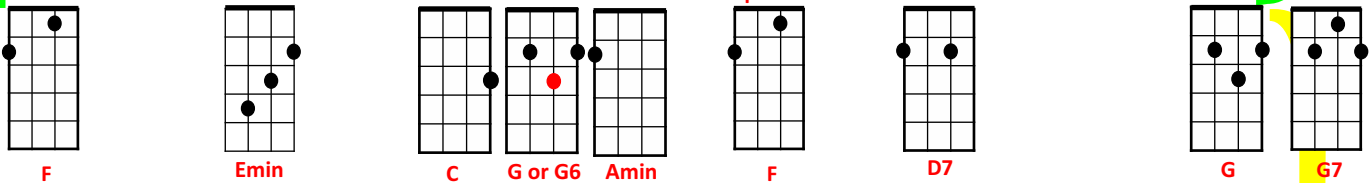
Kicking up the paper, with his worn out shoes?



In his eyes you see no pride and held loosely by his side



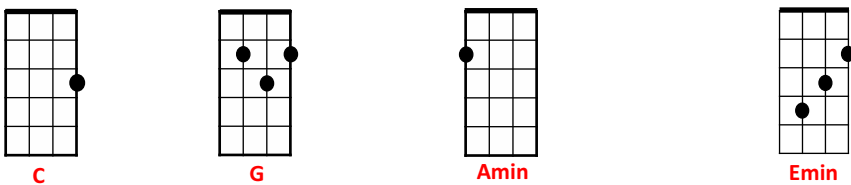
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news



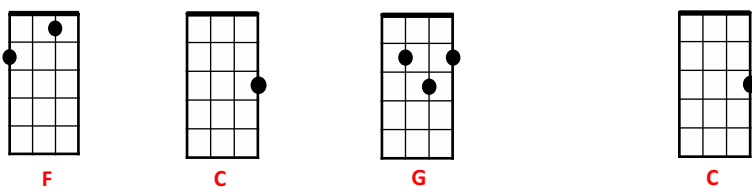
So how can you tell me you're lo - o - nely,

And say for you that the sun don't shine

Chorus



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

Streets of London Ralph McTell (C) 2 of 2

C G Am Em
Have you seen the old girl as she walks the streets of London?
F C D7 G
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags.
C G Am Em
She's no time for talking, she just keeps right on walking,
F C G C
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

CHORUS

F Em C-G-Am
So how can you tell me you're lonely,
(F) D7 G G7
And you say for you that the sun don't shine?
C G Am Em
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London,
F C G C
I'll show you something that'll make you change your mind.

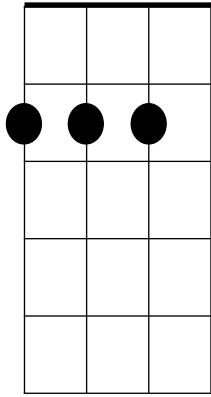
In the all night café at a quarter past eleven,
Same old man is sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea last an hour then he wanders home alone

Chorus

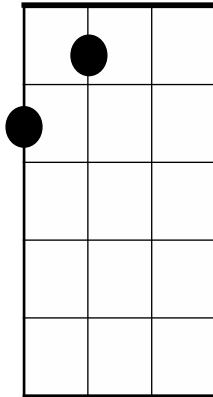
And have you seen the old man Outside the seaman's mission
Memory fading with The medal ribbons that he wears.
In our winter city, The rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero And a world that doesn't care

Chorus

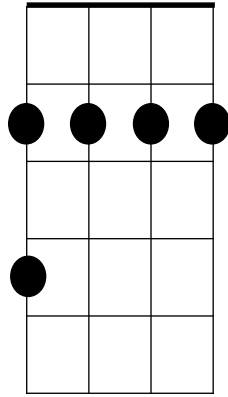
Streets of London (D): Chords



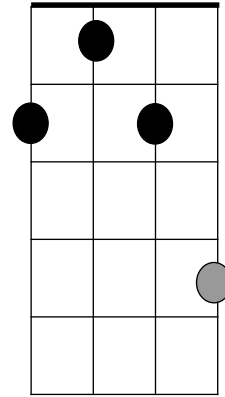
D



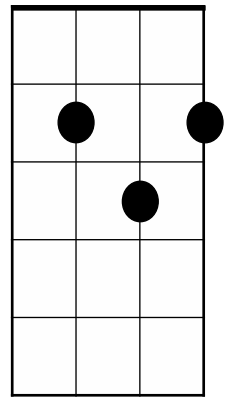
A



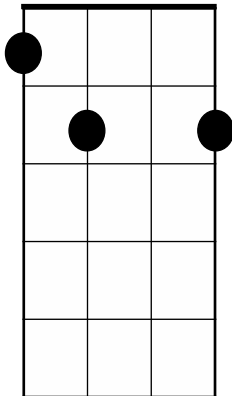
Bmin



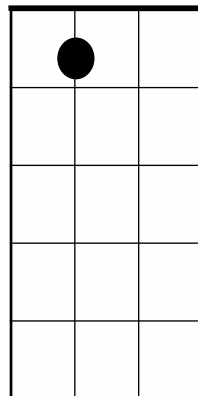
F#min



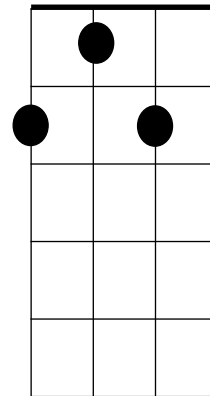
G



E7

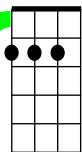


A7

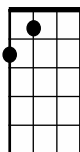


F#min

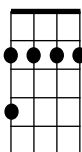
Streets of London Ralph McTell (D) 1 of 2



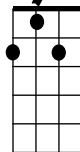
D



A

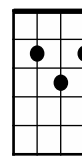


Bmin

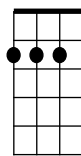


F#min

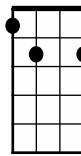
Have you seen the old man In the closed-down market



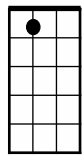
G



D

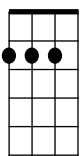


E7

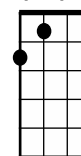


A7

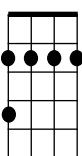
Verse 1 Kicking up the paper, with his worn out shoes?



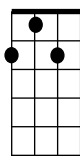
D



A

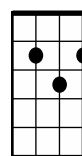


Bmin

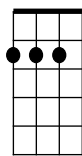


F#min

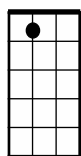
In his eyes you see no pride and held loosely by his side



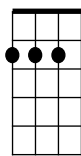
G



D

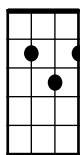


A7

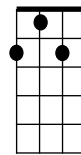


D

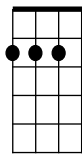
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news



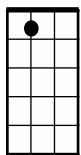
G



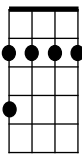
F#min



D

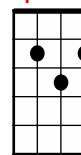


A7

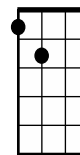


Bmin

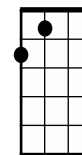
Optional



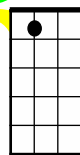
G



E7

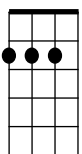


A

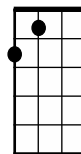


A7

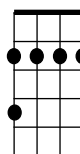
So how can you tell me you're lo - o - nely,



D

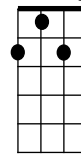


A



Bmin

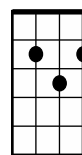
And say for you that the sun don't shine?



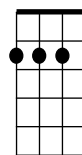
F#min

Chorus

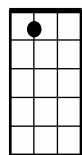
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London



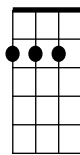
G



D



A7



D

I'll show you something to make you change your mind

Streets of London Ralph McTell (D) 2 of 2

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

CHORUS

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

In the all night café 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

Chorus