

Streets of London Ralph McTell Wolverhampton Ukulele Band

Intro: last line of Chorus ~~[F] I'll show you [C] something to [G] make you change your [C] mind [C]~~

[C] Have you seen the [G] old man in the [Am] closed-down [Em] market
[F] Kicking up the [C] paper with his [Dm] worn out [G] shoes?
[C] In his eyes you [G] see no pride, [Am] hand held loosely [Em] by his side
[F] Yesterday's [C] paper telling [G7] yesterday's [C] news [C]

CHORUS:

So [F] how can you [Em] tell me you're [C] lone[Am]ly,
[D] And say for [D7] you that the sun don't [G] shine? [G7]
[C] Let me take you [G] by the hand and
[Am] Lead you through the [Em] streets of London
[F] I'll show you [C] something to [G] make you change your [C] mind [C]

[C] Have you seen the [G] old girl who [Am] walks the streets of [Em] London
[F] Dirt in her [C] hair and her [Dm] clothes in [G] rags?
[C] She's no time for [G] talking, she [Am] just keeps right on [Em] walking
[F] Carrying her [C] home in two [G7] carrier [C] bags [C]

CHORUS

[C] In the all night [G] café, at a [Am] quarter past e[Em]leven,
[F] Same old [C] man is sitting [Dm] there on his [G] own
[C] looking at the [G] world over the [Am] rim of his [Em] tea-cup,
[F] Each tea lasts and [C] hour – then he [G7] wanders home a[C]lone [C]

CHORUS

And [C] have you see the [G] old man, out[Am]side the seaman's [Em] mission
[F] mem'ry fading [C] with the medal [Dm] ribbons that he [G] wears.
And [C] in our winter [G] city, the rain [Am] cries a little [Em] pity
For [F] one more forgotten [C] hero and a [G7] world that doesn't [C] care[C]

CHORUS

Repeat last line slowly:

[F] I'll show you [C] something to [G] make you change your [C/] mind

Ack: Ozboz

