

And he wanders home alone

## Fill in the gaps

## Streets Of London by Ralph McTell

| Have you seen the old man                        | So how can you tell me you're lonely             |
|--|--|
| In the closed (1) market                         | And say for you that the sun don't shine         |
| Kicking up the papers (2) his worn out shoes     | Let me take you by hand                          |
| In his eyes you see no pride                     | And (7) you through the streets of London        |
| Hand held loosely at his side                    | I'll show you something                          |
| Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news       | To make you change your mind                     |
| So how can you tell me you're lonely             | Have you seen the old man                        |
| And say for you that the sun don't shine         | Outside the seaman's mission                     |
| Let me take you by the hand                      | Memory fading with                               |
| And (3) you through the streets of London        | The medal ribbons that he wears                  |
| I'll show you something                          | And in our (8) city the rain cries a little pity |
| To make you change your mind                     | For one more (9) hero                            |
| Have you seen the old girl                       | And a world that doesn't care                    |
| Who walks the (4) of London                      |  |
| Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags         | So how can you tell me you're lonely             |
| She's no time for talking                        | And say for you that the sun don't shine         |
| She just keeps right on walking                  | Let me take you by the hand                      |
| Carrying her home in two carrier bags            | And lead you through the streets of London       |
| So how can you (5) me you're lonely              | I'll show you something                          |
| And say for you that the sun don't shine         | To make you change your mind                     |
| Let me take you by the hand                      |  |
| And lead you through the streets of London       | How can you tell me you're lonely                |
| I'll show you something                          | And say for you that the sun don't shine         |
| To make you change your mind                     | Let me take you by the hand                      |
| In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven   | And lead you (10) the streets of London          |
| Same old man sitting there on his own            | I'll show you something                          |
| Looking at the world over the rim of his tea cup | To make you change your mind                     |
| And each tea (6) an hour                         |  |



- 1. down
- 2. with
- 3. lead
- 4. streets
- 5. tell
- 6. lasts
- 7. lead
- 8. winter
- 9. forgotten
- 10. through

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