

Leaving London

G

Words and Music by Tom Paxton

G There's a dark and rolling **Em** sea,

G Be twixt my love and **Em** me,

G As I walk through this **D** cold lonesome **G** town.

As I wish for a better **Em** day,

G I need a place to **Em** stay,

G If it's just a floor to **D** lay my blanket **G** down.

Off and on I change my shirt,
Just to wash away the dirt,
And then it's over to American Express.
And not a letter do I find.
She didn't even send a line,
But I know she has my forwarding address.

Chorus

C If I could beg, steal, or **G** borrow,

Em A ticket on **C** some old ship or **G** plaaa **D** ane,

C I'd leave old London to **G** morrow,

C And fly to my **D** own true love **G** again.

Last night the Troubadour,
Was so full they barred the door,
And I sang a song that she loves so well.
And it wouldn't take too long,
To make up another song,
of a lonesome and sad farewell.

The following verse was written and recorded for this song by Doc Watson:

Closed my hotel door,
Put my blanket on the floor,
Lie like a prisoner in a cell.

When sleep finally comes to me,
Then I'll fly across the sea,
To the arms of that girl that I love so well.

Chorus

Tag: **G** Yes **C** I'd leave old London to **G** morrow,

And **C** fly to my **D** own true love **G** again.