

Leaving London
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

With a dark and rolling sea,
Between my love and me,
I keep walking through this cold hard town.
While I wait for better days,
I could use a place to stay,
Or a floor where I could lay my blanket down.

[Cho:]
If I could beg, steal, or borrow,
A ticket on some boat or plane,
I'd be leaving London tomorrow,
To fly to my young love again.

Up at dawn to change my shirt,
And to wash away the dirt,
Then it's over to American Express.
Not one letter did I find.
No, she didn't send one line,
Though I know she had my forwarding address.

[Cho:]

Last night the Troubadour,
Was so full they barred the door,
And I sang a song she knows quite well.
But it wouldn't take too long,
To make up another song,
For a lonesome and a last farewell.

[Cho:]

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.