

**Have you seen the old man in the closed down market
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes
In his eyes you see no pride
Hand held loosely at his side
Yesterday papers telling yesterday news.**

**So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you that the sun don't shine
Let me take you by the hand and lead you through the
streets of London
I'll show you something that make you change your mind.**

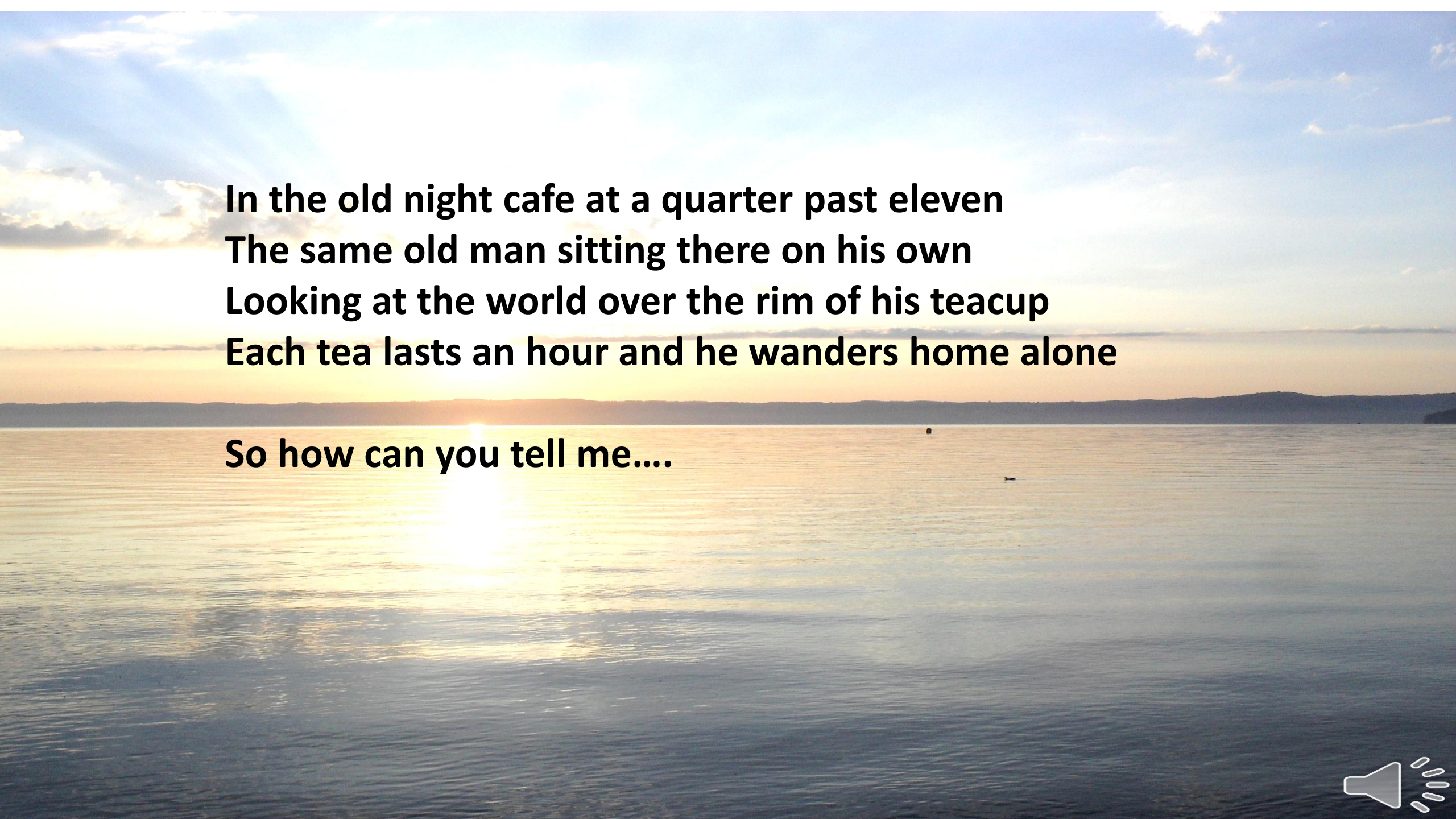


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- How would you like to grow old?

What would be “good” for you in growing old?

- How would you definitely not like to grow old?

What would be “bad” for you in growing old?



**In the old night cafe at a quarter past eleven
The same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup
Each tea lasts an hour and he wanders home alone**

So how can you tell me....

