

Tull Jethro

"Baker Street Muse Baker Street Muse"

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Windy bus-stop. Click. Shop-window. Heel.

Shady gentleman. Fly-button. Feel.

In the underpass, the blind man stands. With cold flute hands.

Symphony match-seller, breath out of time -

You can call me on another line.

Indian restaurants that curry my brain.

Newspaper warriors changing the names they advertise from the station

stand. With cold print hands.

Symphony word-player, I'll be your headline.

If you catch me another time.

Didn't make her - with my Baker Street Ruse.

Couldn't shake her - with my Baker Street Bruise.

Like to take her - I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

Ale-spew, puddle-brew - boys, throw it up clean.

Coke and Bacardi colours them green.

From the typing pool goes the mini-skirted princess with great finesse.

Fertile earth-mother, your burial mound is fifty feet down in the Baker

Street underground.

What the Hell?

I didn't make her - with my Baker Street Ruse.

Couldn't shake her - with my Baker Street Bruise.

Like to take her - I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

[Instrumental]

Walking down the gutter thinking, "How the Hell am I
today?"

Well, I didn't really ask you but thanks all the same

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