

## Tull Jethro

### "Baker Street Muse Crash Barrier Waltzer"

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And here slip I - dragging one foot in the gutter -

In the midnight echo of the shop that sells cheap  
radios.

And there sits she - no bed, no bread nor butter -

On a double yellow line where she can park anytime.

Old Lady Grey; Crash-barrier Waltzer -

Some only son's mother. Baker Street casualty.

Oh, Mr. Policeman - blue shirt ballet master.

Feet in sticking plaster - Move the old lady on.

Strange pas-de-deux - His Romeo to her Juliet.

Her sleeping draught his poisoned regret.

No drunken bums allowed to sleep here in the crowded  
emptiness.

Oh officer, oh let me send her to a cheap hotel -

I'll pay the bill and make her well - like hell you bloody  
will!

No do-good over kill. We must teach them to be still  
more independent

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