

Tull Jethro

"Baker Street Muse Mother England Reverie"

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I have no time for Time Magazine or Rolling Stone.

I have no wish for wishing-wells or wishing bones.

I have no house in the country I have no motor-car.

And if you think I'm joking, then I'm just a one-line joker
in a public

bar.

And it seems there's no-body left for tennis; and I'm a
one-band-man.

And I want no Top Twenty funeral or a hundred grand.

There was a little boy stood on a burning log, rubbing
his hands with glee.

He said, "Oh Mother England, did you light my smile;
or did you light

this fire under me?

One day I'll be a minstrel in the gallery.

And paint you a picture of the queen.

And if sometimes I sing to a cynical degree -

It's just the nonsense that it seems.

So I drift down through the Baker Street valley, in my
steep-sided

un-reality.

And when all's said and all's done - couldn't wish for a
better one.

It's a real-life ripe dead-certainty - that I'm just a Baker

Street Muse.

Talking to the gutter-stinking, winking in the same old way.

I tried to catch my eye but I looked the other way.

Indian restaurants that curry my brain -

Newspaper warriors changing the names they advertise from the station

stand. Circumcised with cold print hands.

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.

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.

I'm just a Baker Street Muse. Just a Baker Street Muse.

Just a Baker Street Muse

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