

## **Jet Set Roger**

### **"Baker Street Muse"**

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[Baker Street Muse]

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  
But 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!)  
Walking down the gutter thinking,  
"How the hell am I today?"  
Well, I didn't really ask you but thanks all the same.

[Pig-Me And The Whore]

"Big bottled Fraulein, put your weight on me," said the  
pig-me to the whore,  
Desperate for more in his assault upon the mountain.  
Little man, his youth a fountain.  
Overdrafted and still counting.  
Vernacular, verbose; an attempt at getting close to

where he came from.  
In the doorway of the stars, between Blandford Street  
and Mars;  
Proposition, deal. Flying button feel. Testicle testing.  
Wallet ever-bulging. Dressed to the left, divulging the  
wrinkles of his years.  
Wedding-bell induced fears.  
Shedding bell-end tears in the pocket of her resistance.  
International assistance flowing generous and full to  
his never-ready tool.  
Pulls his eyes over her wool.  
And he shudders as he comes.  
And my rudder slowly turns me into the Marylebone  
Road.

[Crash-Barrier Waltzer]

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, no 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, 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.

[Mother England Reverie]

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 is said and all is done  
I 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.  
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With cold flute hands.  
Symphony match-seller, breath out of time  
You can call me on another line.

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Couldn't shake her  
With my Baker Street Bruise.  
Like to take her  
But I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

(I can't get out!)

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