

Ankhara

"Baker St"

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Sitting on the tracks, With the river rolling by, I got a lot of shit, Stuck on my mind, So I take it all out on my very best friend, You know it's goodbye, And we'll do the end. I try not to bring it all down at once, It wasn't my plan, It's not what I want, I got no ticket, And I got no place to go. 25 years with nothing to show, And still I walk the tracks alone, And wash my hands in the river below, And follow the streets to find my home. Finger on the trigger, So I pull it in my side, Still fighting with myself, Still fighting inside, So I take it all out on my very best friend, You know it's goodbye, And we'll do the end. I try not to bring it all down at once, It wasn't my plan, It's not what I want, I got no ticket, And I got no place to go. 25 years with nothing to show, And still I walk the tracks alone, And wash my hands in the river below, And follow the streets to find my home. Sitting on the tracks, With the river rolling by, I got a lot of shit, Stuck on my mind, So I take it all out on my very best friend, You know it's goodbye, And we'll do the end.

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