

Baker St. Muse (Medley)

Jethro Tull

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. Walking down the gutter thinking, "How the Hell am I today?"
Well, I didn't really ask you but thanks all the same. 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. 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! 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
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Shady gentleman. Fly-button. Feel.
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I'm just a Baker Street Muse. Just a Baker Street Muse.
Just a Baker Street Muse

Songwriters

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