Baker St Muse

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.

("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 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.

("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'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.

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Symphony match-seller, breath out of time.
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Like to take her - I'm just a Baker Street Muse.

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

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