

Baker St. Muse

Jethro Tull

Windy busstop. Click. Shopwindow. Heel.
Shady gentleman. Flybutton. Feel.
In the underpass, the blind man stands.
With cold flute hands.
Symphony matchseller, 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 wordplayer, 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.

Alespew, puddlebrew boys, throw it up clean.
Coke and Bacardi colours them green.
From the typing pool goes the miniskirted princess
with great finesse.
Fertile earthmother, 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.