



And it seems there s no-body left for

**C** **Em**  
tennis; and I m a one-band-man

[Riff]

E|-----|  
B|-----|  
G|-----0-----|  
D|--2-0-----2-----2-0-----0-----|  
A|-----3-----2----2p0-----|  
E|-----3-0-----|

**G** **D** **C** **Em**  
And I want no Top Twenty funeral or a hundred grand

[Riff]

E|-----|  
B|-----|  
G|-----0-----|  
D|--2-0-----2-----2-0-----0-----|  
A|-----3-----2----2p0-----|  
E|-----3-0-----|

**Em** **D** **Em**  
There was a little boy stood on a burning log,

**G** **D** **Bm** **B7**  
rubbing his hands with glee

**G** **D**  
He said, ``Oh Mother England,

**Em** **A** **Am** **C** **D** **B7**  
did you light my smile; or did you light this fire under me?

**G** **D** **Em**  
One day I ll be a minstrel in the gallery

**G** **D** **B7**  
And paint you a picture of the queen

**G** **D** **Em** **A** **Am**  
And if sometimes I sing to a cynical degree ---

**Am** **C** **D** **B7**  
it s just the nonsense that it seems.

**G** **D** **Em**  
So I drift down through the Baker Street valley,

**G** **D** **B7**  
in my steep-sided un-reality

**G** **D**  
And when all is said and all is done I couldn t wish

**Em** **A**  
for a better one

**Am** **C** **D** **B7**  
It s a real-life ripe dead certainty

N.C  
that I m just a Baker Street Muse