Michael Mind, Baker Street

Winding your way down on Baker Street Light in your head and dead on your feet Well another crazy day, you'll drink the night away And forget about everything This city desert makes you feel so cold It's got so many people but it's got no soul And it's taken you so long to find out you were wrong When you thought it held everything Winding your way down on Baker Street Light in your head and dead on your feet Well another crazy day, you'll drink the night away And forget about everything This city desert makes you feel so cold It's got so many people but it's got no soul And it's taken you so long to find out you were wrong When you thought it held everything