

Rod Stewart, This

(Marc Jordan/John Capek)

Down below on Baker Street
Lay your head back
On this field of dreams
And close your eyes
There's a few that find love
On Sundays down by the sea
And they wash clean like angels
High above the waves so free

I have no words to say to you
I have no dream to take you to
I have no ring for you to kiss
Baby, all I have is this

Pray for grace
Keep the faith
Walk on down the road
Wait for me, look for love
Are you fearless, reckless
Homeless and all alone
Can you make love, heal things
Make my heart go wild again

(1) I have no words to say to you
I have no dream to take you to
I have no ring for you to kiss
Baby, all I have is this
I have no way to hold you now
I have no time to show you how
I have no gold, nothing to risk
Baby, all I have is this

And she says
It doesn't matter anymore

There's a few that find love
On Sundays down by the sea
And they wash clean
Like angels' wings
High above the waves so free

[Repeat (1)]

All I have is on my sleeve
All I want is your sweet love, baby
All I saw was open space
Walk down the road
Fearless, fearless
All I have is this