Choir

Win ding your way down to Baker Street

Light in your head and your dead on your feet well a no ther crazy day you'll
dance the night a way and for get ev'ry thing. This city des ert makes you

feel so cold. It's got so man y people but it's got no soul and it's ta ken you so long to

find out you were wr ong when you thought it held ev'ry thing.

You used to think that it was so ea sy. You used to say that it was so ea sy, but

you're try ing, you're try ing now A no ther year and then you'd be hap py

Just one more year and then you'd be ha ppy. But you're cry ing.

you're cry ing now.
Win ding your way down to Baker St
Light in your head and your dead

_on your feet well a no ther cra zy day_ you'll dance the night a way_ and for

get a bout ev'__ ry thing. This ci ty des sert makes you feel so cold. It's got

so ma ny peo ple but it's got no soul__ and it's ta__ ken you so long__ to

find out you_ were wr___ long when you thought it held ev'__ ry thing.

But you know he'll al wayskeep mov ing. You know he's ne ver gon na stop mov ing 'cause

he's roll ing, he's the ro lling stone__ And then you wake up it's a

new morn__ ing. The sun is shi ning it's a new morn__ ning and

you're go ing, you're go___ ing home__

H: Instrumental 3