

Baker St.

Ann Beretta

Sitting on the tracks, With the river rolling by, I got a lot of
shit, Stuck on my mind, So I take it all out on my very best
friend, You know it's goodbye, And we'll do the end. I try not
to bring it all down at once, It wasn't my plan, It's not what
I want, I got no ticket, And I got no place to go. 25 years with
nothing to show, And still I walk the tracks alone, And wash
my hands in the river below, And follow the streets to find my
home. Finger on the trigger, So I pull it in my side, Still fighting
with myself, Still fighting inside, So I take it all out
on my very best friend, You know it's goodbye, And we'll do the
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