

## Mr W4

Baxter Dury

All I see are sad men grinning  
Brown suits, streets of Shoreditch, Dutch bikes

He's a nylon god, he's a fantasy  
Nighttime dreaming  
Roaming like a panther  
Roaming like a panther

I cannot love, cannot work, cannot breathe  
Cannot breathe  
There goes the neighbourhood  
Never stop to believe it was you and me  
Stop to believe  
Mr W4

I wanted to be in your arms  
I wanted it to work itself out

He's a nylon god, he's a fantasy  
Mr W4  
Angela has gone to sleep  
Cannot wait, cannot hate  
Cannot wait  
Making money 24/7  
Making money 24/7  
But you'll never find anyone else  
You'll never find me

He's a nylon god, he's a fantasy  
I'm a nylon god  
Mr W4  
Mr W4  
Angela has gone to sleep  
Cannot wait, cannot hate  
Cannot wait  
Making money 24/7  
24/7  
But you never find anyone else

I cannot love, cannot work, cannot breathe  
There goes the neighbourhood  
Never stop to believe it was you and me  
Mr W4