

# This

Rod Stewart

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

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

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

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

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