

# Joe Jackson, Down To London

Stop - what's that sound  
It's the death rattle of this rusty old town  
Stop - listen again  
It's the sound of laughter all along the Thames  
Hey - what's my line  
Do I have to stay here 'til the end of time  
I'm - good lookin' and bright  
I wanna see life after ten at night  
So if they ask you where I am  
I'm in the back of a Transit Van  
In a squat on the Earls Court Road  
Gone down to London turning coal into gold  
Down to London - Down to London  
Gone down to London to be the King  
Hey - what's your name  
The boys back home all seem to look the same  
You - should stick with me  
and one of us will make it, just you see  
Stop - what's that sound  
Seems like the sixties are still swingin' around  
Hey - can you hear me back there  
or is there anybody left to care  
So if you ask me where they are  
They're hanging tough in a Soho bar  
Playing guitars in the Underground  
Gone down to London tryin' to chase that sound  
Down to London - Down to London  
Gone down to London to be the King  
So I ask you should I cry or laugh  
Drinking tea in a Kings Cross Caff  
A leather jacket against the cold  
Gone down to London turning coal into gold  
Down to London - Down to London  
Gone down to London to be the King