

# Joe Jackson, Drunk Song

The hands on the clock stopped moving a long time ago  
To the horror of cops and mothers and daughters  
But I've made it to 2am  
Now it's nothing to do with them  
It's my life - or funeral

Another round for me, and those old friends  
I know it might appear to be lonely  
So here's to the moon  
Let's drink till the stone is gone  
Then start over again

A man raises his hat, and says, "Johnnie Walker" to you  
He stands guard for the tower of London  
There's heroes and villains here

Captain Morgan and Belvedere  
And Queen Victoria

Wild turkeys and bass abound in this moon  
And even the grouse is said to be famous  
Flying through Mars to bed  
Triennals and stars of red  
Swirling into the air

Let's ride a white horse all the way from Sambucca to Rome  
Pack the back on the mythical centaur (Sator?)  
Strike on the harp  
We sail on the  
Over the air