

Joe Jackson, Passacaglia/A Bud And A Slice

Give me a bud and a slice
And leave me alone
If I want your advice, I'll ask ya
They tell me caviar's nice, but I wouldn't know
So what's it to you
Who needs your airs
And your micro-brew

Look at the sun
See how it hangs
So still in the sky

Give me the new TV Guide
And get off the phone
Go on and take sides, its not my problem
Waiting for worlds to collide in the comfort of home
They say Lucifer's free
What shall we do
Don't ask me

But it's not like I never go beyond these walls
I've got culture
I go to the movies
Last week, saw the new Tarantino
Starring shit what's that guy's name again
You know the scene where they
Put the blowtorch to his balls
Bloody brilliant
My daughter threw up, she didn't understand
I told her it's just like the Beano
It's not real
And if it was...well, so what?!
Come on, lighten up!
Let's all lighten up

Give me a bud and a slice
And leave out the book
I've got one of those, thank you
As for that guru you prize, he might be a crook
And L.A.'s so hot
Still, I might go
Or
Might
Not