

# Joe Jackson, The Man Who Wrote Danny Boy

It happened one night  
At three in the morning  
The devil appeared in my studio room  
And he said I'm your pal  
And I'll make you a deal  
Blow away your struggle  
And I'll take your soul for a toy  
After rubbing my eyes  
I looked all around me  
At the half-finished drivel I'd worked on for days  
And I told him my dream  
Was to live for all time  
In some perfect refrain  
Like the man who wrote Danny Boy  
And I said if you're real, then I'll ask you a question  
While most of us turn into ashes or dust  
Just you and that other guy go on forever  
But who writes the history  
And who do I trust?  
He gave me a wink  
And he said it was funny  
How mortals would pour all their blood, sweat and tears  
Onto tape, onto paper  
Or into the air  
To be lost and forgotten  
Outside of his kind employ  
Then I thought I could hear a great sound in the distance  
Of whiskey-soaked singing  
And laughter and cheers  
And they're saying, that song could bring tears to a glass eye  
So pass me the papers, I'll sign them in blood  
And the smell of the brimstone was turned into greasepaint  
And the roar of the crowd like the furies of hell  
And I hear the applause and I hear the bells ringing  
And the sound of a woman's voice from the next room  
Saying come to me now  
Come lay down beside me  
Whatever you're doing you're too gone to see  
You can't hold onto shadows, no more than to years  
So be glad for the pleasures  
We're young enough to enjoy  
So maybe I'm drunk  
Or maybe a liar  
Or maybe we're all living inside a dream  
You can say what you like  
When I'm gone, then you'll see  
I'll be down in the dark  
Down underground  
With Shakespeare and Bach  
And the man who wrote Danny Boy