

Joe Jackson, My House

I'm moving my car forward a foot at a time
Another red light another warning sign
Is that rain on the windshield
Wonder if it's raining on the Jersey side
Tapping my fingers to the radio
But I don't hear a thing
Watching the hookers move in and out of the light
One of these days one of these days . . .
One of these days
I'm gonna smash somebody's car
And smash the copper's face
As they take me away . . .
But I gotta go home now
(don't wanna go to my house)
Only forty minutes to the Jersey side
Me and Suzy used to read the news and stay up all night
We used to see a lot of people then we just got tired
And gave birth to a perfect little alibi
I take a sip of diet soda and loosen my tie
Another red light another warning sign
Hey that Puerto Rican hooker must be six feet tall
One of these days one of these days . . .
One of these days
I'm gonna turn the car around
And keep on going
'Til I lose track of time . . .
But I gotta go home now
(don't wanna go to my house)
Thirty five minutes to the Jersey side
Another red light another warning sign
One of these days one of these days