

# Joe Jackson, Solo (So Low)

Solo It isn't a dream  
So low It's just what it seems  
An empty thing  
Waiting on somebody who never calls  
Listening  
In the night to something scratching round behind the walls

Solo With no one to care  
So low The cupboards are bare  
So now to dine  
On three stale crackers and a fifth of gin  
And say you're fine  
Feeling like something that the dog dragged in

Oh one has to laugh  
Still safe and warm  
With peace of mind  
After storms

Solo You stare into space  
So low Scared to look at your face  
Scared to find  
Someone in the mirror who you can't recall  
Pale and lined  
Talking to himself and saying fuck 'em all

Though one must admit  
Chances are few  
To try to be  
Someone new

Though one gets to play  
With no referee  
Peace at last  
Guaranteed