

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