

Beat Crazy

Joe Jackson

What do you want - blood?

Kids today - they're all the same
All call themselves - some crazy name

Monks and Rockers and Beatle freaks
Punks and Skunks and Kooks and Geeks
Look in a mirror but you can't see your face
Look in a mirror but you can't see your face

All those drugs - they can't be sane
All that noise - affects their brains

Sniffin' pot - smoking glue
Whatever terrible things they do
Smokin' LSD and such
It must be the reason why they can't talk much

And it's such a crime
How they waste their time
They can't get nowhere
They've all gone Beat Crazy

Beat Crazy!

They say the world - is in a mess
But they can talk - the way they dress

See the knee through the hole in their jeans
A hole in their pocket and it looks so mean
Hole in the T Shirt - what's that you said?
You're about as clever as a hole in the head

Can't get no jobs - can't get careers
With safety pins - stuck through their ears

Cut your hair - dye it green
See it shine - with Brylcreem
A little dab'll do ya - a little dab a day
Or rub a dub it in a dreadlocks way

And it's such a crime
How they waste their time
They can't get nowhere
They've all gone Beat Crazy

Beat Crazy!

And if the Russians ever come
They'll all be beating bongo drums

Damn - beatniks rule!
Dropped out of kindergarten
Dropped out of school
Really hot on my bongo drums
Really hot on my bongo drums

So who'll defend - in World War III
Where could we turn - where would they be

Tell her!

Down the cellar - filled with smoke
Laughing at the latest joke
Doing the latest dance to do
The Fug and the Sheeny and the Suzi Q

And it's such a crime
How they waste their time
They can't get nowhere
They've all gone Beat Crazy

Look in a mirror but you can't see your face

Beat Crazy!