

Down to London

Joe Jackson

Stop - what's that sound
It's the death rattle of this rusty old town
Stop - listen again
It's the sound of laughter all along the Thames

Hey - what's my line
Do I have to stay here 'til the end of time
I'm - good lookin' and bright
I wanna see life after ten at night

So if they ask you where I am
I'm in the back of a Transit Van
In a squat on the Earls Court Road
Gone down to London turning coal into gold
Down to London - down to London
Gone down to London to be the king

Hey - what's your name
The boys back home all seem to look the same
You - should stick with me
and one of us will make it, just you see

Stop - what's that sound
Seems like the sixties are still swingin' around
Hey - can you hear me back there
or is there anybody left to care

So if you ask me where they are
They're hanging tough in a Soho bar
Playing guitars in the Underground
Gone down to London tryin' to chase that sound
Down to London - down to London
Gone down to London to be the king

So I ask you should I cry or laugh
Drinking tea in a Kings Cross Caff
A leather jacket against the cold
Gone down to London turning coal into gold
Down to London - down to London
Gone down to London to be the king