

Jack, you're dead

Joe Jackson

When you got no more assurance
Than a great big hunk of lead
If you don't respond to romance
Jack, you're dead When a chick is smilin' at you
Even though there's nothin' said
You stand there like a statue
Jack, you're dead You been always kickin'
But you stubbed your toes
When you ups and kicks the bucket
Just like ole man, Mose When you get no kicks from lovin'
And you blow your top instead
It's a fact that you ain't livin'
Jack, you're dead When you just ain't got nobody
Since you gone and lost your head
Rigor mortise has set in, daddy
Jack, you're dead What's the use of havin' muscles
If your life hangs by a thread
If you ain't got no red corpuscles
Jack, you're dead You been always kickin'
But you stubbed your toes
When you ups and kicks the bucket
Just like ole man, Mose When you get no kicks from lovin'
And the news begin to spread
All the cats will holler, "Murder"
Jack, you're dead All the breath has leaked out of you
If your friends gather round the bed
And look at you and say, "Don't he look natural?"
When that happens to you, daddy
Jack, you're dead

Songwriters

Sr. Bishop; Richard Miles Published by

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