The Man Who Wrote Danny Boy

Joe Jackson

It happened one night
At three in the morning
The devil appeared
In my studio roomAnd he said I'm your pal
And I'll make you a deal
Blow away your struggle
And I'll take your soul for a toyAfter rubbing my eyes
I looked all around me
At the half-finished drivel
I'd worked on for daysAnd I told him my dream
Was to live for all time
In some perfect refrain
Like the man who wrote 'Danny Boy'And I said if you're real
Then I'll ask you a question
While most of us turn
Into ashes or dustJust you and that other guy
Go on forever
But who writes the history
And who do I trust?He gave me a wink
And he said it was funny
How mortals would pour
All their blood, sweat and tearsOnto tape, onto paper
Or into the air
To be lost and forgotten
Outside of his kind employThen I thought I could hear
A great sound in the distance
Of whiskey-soaked singing
And laughter and cheersAnd they're saying
That song could bring tears to a glass eye
So pass me the papers
I'll sign them in bloodAnd the smell of the brimstone
Was turned into greasepaint
And the roar of the crowd
Like the furies of hellAnd I hear the applause
And I hear the bells ringing
And the sound of a woman's voice
From the next roomSaying come to me now
Come lay down beside me
Whatever you're doing

You're too gone to seeYou can't hold onto shadows
No more than two years
So be glad for the pleasures
We're young enough to enjoySo maybe I'm drunk or maybe a liar
Or maybe we're all living inside a dream
You can say what you like
When I'm gone, then you'll seeI'll be down in the dark
Down underground
With Shakespeare and Bach
And the man who wrote 'Danny Boy'

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