

# 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

PIC CORPORATION Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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