Solo (So Low)

Joe Jackson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Solo, it isn't a dream
Solo, it's just what it seems
An empty thing
Waitin' on somebody who never calls
Listening in the night to something
Scratching 'round behind the wallsSolo, with no one to care
Solo, the cupboards are bare
So I'm now to dine
On free, stale crackers and a fifth of gin
And say you're fine
Feeling like something that the dogs dragged inNo one has to laugh, still safe and warm
With peace of mind after stormsSolo, you stare into space
Solo, scared to look at your face
Scared to find
Someone in the mirror who you can't recall
Pale and blind
Talking to himself and saying, "Fuck 'em all"No one must admit, chances are few
To try to be someone newNo one gets to play with nowhere free
Peace at last guaranteed

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