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 ThamesHey, 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 nightSo 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 changing coal into goldDown to London, down to London
Gone down to London to be the king
Gone down to London to be the kingHey, 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 seeStop, 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?And 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 soundDown to London, down to London
Gone down to London to be the king
Gone down to London to be the kingSo 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 changing coal into goldDown to London, down to London
Gone down to London to be the king
Gone down to London to be the king

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