

# 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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