

Dave

Joe Jackson

Dave - lives in a cave
Under a hill
A little way from the sea
Two cups of tea
And rashers for breakfast, well done
Works until one
No need to run
Just what he needs to live
Head like a sieve
Still you can't call him a slave

And you and me just keep on
Rushing round the world
To chase the perfect crime
Could it be that while we're
Rushing round the world
We're wasting all our time

Dave - watches the waves
They come and go, so he don't have to
Why-reach for the sky
He got a job once in Spain, away from the rain
Got on a train
Turned around, came right back, on the same track
Why doesn't he just behave

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To chase the perfect crime
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Dave - lies in his grave
Under the hill, somebody took his place
With the same face
Whistles the same tone-deaf tune
Works until noon, howls at the moon
Maybe he'll call in sick
Head like a brick
Says you can just
Call him Dave

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