

## 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  
Could it be that while we're  
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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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Rushing round the world  
To chase the perfect crime  
Could it be that while we're  
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Wasting all our time  
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