

Drunk Song

Joe Jackson

The hands on the clock stopped moving a long time ago
To the horror of cops and mothers and daughters
But I've made it to 2am
Now it's nothing to do with them
It's my life - or funeral

Another round for me, and those old friends
I know it might appear to be lonely
So here's to the on
Let's drink till the stone is gone
Then start over again

A man raises his hat, and says, "johnnie walker" to you
He stands guard for the tower of london
There's heroes and villians here

Captain morgan and belvedere
And queen victoria

Wild turkeys and bass abound in this oon
And even the grouse is said to be famous
Flying through mars to bed
Triennals and stars of red
Swirling into the air

Let's ride a white horse all the way from sambucca to rome
ack the back on the mythical centaur (sator[?])
strike on the harp
We sail on the
Over the air