

## What A Racket!

Joe Jackson

Living in the city - is dirty and it's gritty  
It's smoggy and it's sooty and it stinks  
Well I don't really mind it - I take it as I find it  
But I don't care what anybody thinks  
And there's one thing I can't take  
It's the noise the people make!

What a din, what a racket  
I don't think I can hack it  
I didn't come here looking for a fight  
Pass a law, and I'll back it  
Pass a bag and let me pack it  
I'll do anything if it'll bring me sleep at night

All day long they're banging - and clattering and clanging  
And begging for the boss to let them out  
You'd think they'd want some quiet - instead they start a riot  
And fuss and fight and scrap and scream and shout  
When you'd like a quiet drink  
And you can't hear yourself think

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Now don't misunderstand me - there's lovely people 'round me  
I like the pub, I like the music hall  
I like all kinds of places - it's just the ugly faces  
And voices that can drive me up the wall  
When you dine out for a treat  
And you can't hear yourself eat

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