Jackson Joe "Fit"

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Don't laugh-but there are people in this world Born as boys-and fighting to be girls People standing in their way Some are straight and some are gay Calling them the drag queens Say you can't be one of us You only have yourself to blame You don't fit

Don't laugh-but there are people in this town
Be polite say a whiter shade of brown
People that they gotta fight
Some are black and some are white
Calling them the half-breeds
Say you can't be one of us
You only have yourself to blame
You don't fit

That's what you're there for-square pegs in square holes
Round pegs in round
You get too big then they can't make new holes
So they'll cut you down
All ugly sisters must wear glass slippers
Or get out of town

But don't cry-If the people in your street
Lead a life that's more or less complete
Little problems every day
Little problems go away
Kid yourself you're fighting for life
Kid yourself you fight for love
But maybe in some other lifetime
You won't fit
And if you don't fit
You're fit for nothing at all

If you don't fit You're fit for nothing at all

nothing at all

This album represents a desperate attempt to make some sense of Rock and Roll. Deep in our hearts, we knew it was doomed to failure.
The question remains:
Why did we try?

Performed by: Joe Jackson - Vocals, Keyboards, Melodica Graham Mabe - Bass, Vocals Gary Sanford - Guitars Dave Houghton - Drums, Vocals

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