

Jacques Brel

"Jackie"

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And if one day I should become a singer with a Spanish
bum
Who sings for women of great virtue
I'd sing to them with a guitar I borrowed from coffee
bar
Well, what you don't know doesn't hurt you
My name would be Antonio and all my bridges I would
burn
And if I gave them some they'd know, I expect
something in return
I'd have to get drunk every night to talk about virility
With some old grandmother who might
Be decked out like a Christmas tree

And tho' pink elephants I'd see, though I'd be drunk as I
could be
I'd sing the song they sang to me
About the time they called me Jackie
If I could be for only an hour, if I could be for an hour
every day
If I could be for just one little hour
Cute, cute, cute in a stupid-ass way

And if I joined the social whirl, became procurer of
young girls
Then I would have my own bordellos
My record would be number one and I'd sell records by
the ton
All sung by many other fellows
My name would then be handsome Jack and I'd sell
boats of opium
Whiskey that came from Twickenham, authentic queers
and phony virgins
I'd have a bank on every finger, a finger in every
country
And every country ruled by me, I still know where I'd
want to be

Locked up inside my opium den, surrounded by some
Chinamen
I'd sing the song that I sang then about the time they

called me Jackie
If I could be for only an hour, if I could be for an hour
every day
If I could be for just one little hour
Cute, cute, cute in a stupid-ass way

Now tell me, wouldn't it be nice that if one day in
Paradise
I sang for all the ladies up there
And they would sing along with me, we'd be so happy
there to be
'Cause down below is really nowhere
My name would then be Jupiter and I would know where
I was going
And then I would become all knowing with my beard so
long and flowing
If I became deaf dumb and blind, because I pitied all
mankind
And broke my heart to make things right, I know that
every single night

When my angelic work was through, the angels and the
devil too
Would sing my childhood song to me
About the time they called me Jackie
If I could be for only an hour, if I could be for an hour
every day
If I could be for just one little hour
Cute, cute, cute in a stupid-ass way

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