

Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris "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
Tho' I'd be drunk as I could be
Still I would sing my 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

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
And 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 stinkin' hour
Cute, cute, cute in a stupid-ass way

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