

Joe Jackson "Solo (So Low)"

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Solo, it isn't a dream
Solo, it's just what it seems
An empty thing
Waitin' on somebody who never calls
Listening in the night to something
Scratching 'round behind the walls

Solo, with no one to care
Solo, the cupboards are bare
So I'm now to dine
On free, stale crackers and a fifth of gin
And say you're fine
Feeling like something that the dogs dragged in

No one has to laugh, still safe and warm
With peace of mind after storms

Solo, you stare into space
Solo, scared to look at your face
Scared to find
Someone in the mirror who you can't recall
Pale and blind
Talking to himself and saying, "Fuck 'em all"

No one must admit, chances are few
To try to be someone new

No one gets to play with nowhere free
Peace at last guaranteed

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