

Chinatown

Joe Jackson

Trying to find Chinatown
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A hungry man
Can hold out a long time
For some soul food
Good food, whole food
I know I was that man
Maybe sometimes hold out a little too long

I took a right
Then I took a wrong turn
Someone asked me for a quarter
It didn't seem to fit
He didn't look much like a Chinaman

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An old black man
Pushing a shopping trolley
Filled with tin cans
Avoided his glance
I'm nervous and I'm lost
And I don't see too many restaurants

A guy laid out
With a knife in his back
A cop came along
Told him, move on
Go home and sleep it off
I didn't know if I should get involved

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