Man Named Joe

Can

Like to tell you a story 'bout a man named Joe,
He got a head, like a head, like a head like soap,
Stands about five feet off the ground
Like a poor man, a poor mans always down.
Can't you see, cant you see how he runs all quick?
I hope someday he gets hit by a stick.
He dropped it down, it dropped him down,
He came up, came up cruising in across the ground.
He sit down, he sit down, he sit down today,
I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope he can cut his way.
Fly, fly, flash with the wind,
Good god, good god, good god, never see him.
I wonder, I wonder, I wonder, I wonder which way
You cruise the message, the message today.
You stick to stick to stick to stick,
What did you do about the fix?
How many lost and lost his head,
How many men lost and lost his head,
How many men, how many men lost his head?
I like to play one more time,
I like to play one more time.
Good god, now let me down.
How say the men underground?
Still bow your head down,
For too many times he blows my horn.
He says "Come on, come on, come on,
Good god, go!"
Too down, look up at the sky,
Face to face say goodbye,
Hard way to say youll stay,
Too many men lost and lost his head.Ring, ring two more times,
I stay, I stay, I stay for the blast.Home again, home again, taking a job,
Hope you can blow your horn you set above.And the horn blows on,
Oh, the horn blows on,
How the, the horn, the horns blowing on,
And the horn, the horn blew, blew,
Blew on,
Blew, blew, blew, blew,
And the horn blew on, on, on.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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