

Hey Joe (Jimi Hendrix Cover)

Patti Smith

Honey, the way you play guitar makes me feel so
Makes me feel so masochistic
The way you go down low deep into the neck
And I would do anything, and I would do anything and Patty Hearst
You're standing there in front of the
Symbionese
Liberation army flag with your legs spread
I was wondering will you get it every night
From a black revolutionary man and his women or whether you really did
And now that you're on the run what
goes on in your mind
Your sisters they sit by the window
You know your mama doesn't sit and cry and your daddy
Well you know what your daddy said
Patty, you know what your daddy said
Patty, he said, he said, he said
Well, sixty days ago she was such a lovely child
Now here she is with a gun in her hand
Hey Joe, hey Joe, where're you going with that gun in your hand?
Hey Joe, I said where're you goin' with that gun in your hand?
I'm gonna go shoot my ol' lady
You know I found her messin' around town with another man
And you know that ain't cool, watch me
Hey Joe, I heard you shot your woman down
You shot her down to the ground, you shot her
Yes I did, yes I did, yes I did, I shot her, I shot her
I caught her messin' round with some other man
So I got on my truck, I gave her the gun and I shot her
I shot her, shoot her one more time for me
Hey Joe, where you gonna, where you gonna run to?
Where you gonna run to, Joe, where you gonna run to ?
Go get a cover, I'm gonna go down south
I'm gonna go down south to Mexico
I'm going down, down, down to Mexico where a man can be free
No one's gonna put a noose around my neck
No one is gonna give me life, no
I'm goin' down to Mexico, I'm going down
You're not going to hear 'em stand there
And look at the stars as big as holes in the arms
And the stars like a back truck electric flag
And I'm standing there under that flag with your carbine
Between my legs, you know, I felt so free of death
beyond me
I felt so free, the F.B.I. is looking for me baby
But they'll never find me, no, they can hold me down like a
And I'm still on the run and they can speculate what I'm free
But daddy, daddy, you'll never know just what I
was feelin'
But I'm sorry, I am no little pretty little rich girl

I am nobody's million dollar baby, I am nobody's patsy anymore
I'm nobody's million dollar baby, I'm nobody's patsy anymore
And I feel so free

Songwriters

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