

# Buddy Joe

## Klubbhoppers

Well, let me tell you about old Buddy Joe  
When he came down from Mexico  
With his pockets full of gold  
With his pockets full of gold Oh, is there something to declare?  
Are you sure there's nothing there?  
And if there is, don't say  
You've not been told, you've not been told Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
What have you done with the gold  
Well, I don't really know Well, Buddy Joe searched all his life  
Through Mexico, all the riversides  
Not for the money but for the gold  
He needs to hold Well, Buddy Joe was proud as he was  
Couldn't stand all the fuss  
When they got to all his gold  
He was ready to go, he was ready to go Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
What have you done with the gold? You'll understand he didn't stand a chance  
Everybody was shouting commands  
When Buddy Joe split in a hurry  
Then he was ready to be buried  
Oh, he was ready to be buried Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
Oh, Buddy Joe, what have you done with the gold?  
What have you done with the gold?

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