

# Diamond Joe

## Dave Rawlings Machine

Now there's a man you'll hear about  
Most anywhere you go,  
And his holdings are in Texas  
And his name is Diamond Joe.

And he carries all his money  
In a diamond-studded jar.  
He never took much trouble  
With the process of the law.

I hired out to Diamond Joe, boys,  
Did offer him my hand,  
He gave a string of horses  
So old they could not stand.

And I nearly starved to death, boys,  
He did mistreat me so,  
And I never saved a dollar  
In the pay of Diamond Joe.

Now his bread it was corn dodger  
And his meat you couldn't chaw,  
Nearly drove me crazy  
With the waggin' of his jaw.

And the tellin' of his story,  
Mean to let you know  
That there never was a rounder  
That could lie like Diamond Joe.

Now, I tried three times to quit him,  
But he did argue so  
I'm still punchin' cattle  
In the pay of Diamond Joe.

And when I'm called up yonder  
And it's my time to go,  
Give my blankets to my buddies  
Give the fleas to Diamond Joe.

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