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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