

Joey

Bob Dylan

Born in Red Hook, Brooklyn, in the year of who knows when

Opened up his eyes to the tune of an accordion

Always on the outside of whatever side there was

When they asked him why it had to be that way, well, he answered, just because Larry was the oldest, Joey was next to last

They called Joe Crazy, the baby they called Kid Blast

Some say they lived off gambling and runnin' numbers too

It always seemed they got caught between the mob and the men in blue Joey, Joey
King of the streets, child of clay

Joey, Joey

What made them want to come and blow you away There was talk they killed their rivals, but the truth was far from that

No one ever knew for sure where they were really at

When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost got hit the roof

He went out that night to seek revenge, thinkin' he was bulletproof Then, the war broke out at the break of dawn, it emptied out the streets

Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats

Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five prisoners

They stashed them away in a basement, called them amateurs The hostages were tremblin' when they heard a man exclaim

Let's blow this place to kingdom come, let Con Edison take the blame

But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand, said, we're not those kind of men

It's peace and quiet that we need to go back to work again Joey, Joey

King of the streets, child of clay

Joey, Joey

What made them want to come and blow you away The police department hounded him, they called him Mr. Smith

They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who with

What time is it? said the judge to Joey when they met

Five to ten, said Joey, the judge says, that's exactly what you get He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich

They threw him in the hole one time for tryin' to stop a strike

His closest friends were black men 'cause they seemed to understand

What it's like to be in society with a shackle on your hand They let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight

But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did look great

He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind

To the boss he said, I have returned and now I want what's mine Joey, Joey

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What made them want to come and blow you awayIt was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun
I'm around too many children, he'd say, they should never know of one

Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his lifelong deadly foe

Eemptied out the register, said, tell 'em it was Crazy JoeOne day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York
He could see it comin' through the door as he lifted up his fork

He pushed the table over to protect his family

Then he staggered out into the streets of Little ItalyJoey, Joey

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What made them want to come and blow you awaySister Jacqueline and Carmela and mother Mary all did weep

I heard his best friend Frankie say, he ain't dead, he's just asleep

Then I saw the old man's limousine head back towards the grave

I guess he had to say one last goodbye to the son that he could not saveThe sun turned cold over President Street
and the town of Brooklyn mourned

They said a mass in the old church near the house where he was born

And someday if God's in heaven overlookin' His preserve

I know the men that shot him down will get what they deserveJoey, Joey

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What made them want to come and blow you away

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