

My Name Joe

Lucy Kaplansky

Joe threw another tantrum
He could not to be understood
He cries like baby Samson
His English is not good Joe's boss of the kitchen
But on the outside he knows
Low man on the totem's
Wearing giveaway clothes Joe he fights the good fight
He wears a white uniform
The waiters are all artists
Out chasing unicorns Joe works fourteen hours
After ten he starts to booze
He gets very sentimental
He sings the buddah blues
Oh, he sings the buddah blues My name Joe, my name Joe
There is a king in Thailand
And he plays the jazz drum
He has a fine and healthy son
Oh, no I'm not the one, my name Joe On the wall by the time clock
Joe's beaming from a photograph
Someone drew across his face
The waiters began to laugh Joe picked up a hatchet
And he tenderized the wall
And when he got through
Time clock wasn't punching anymore The waiters ran for cover
The maitre'd began to lisp
The drunkard in the corner
Said his lettuce was not crisp Owner called immigration
Said there's someone you should know
He's an illegal alien
And I think his name is Joe
Oh, I know his name is Joe My name Joe, my name Joe
There is a king in Thailand
And he plays the jazz drum
He has a fine and healthy son
Oh, no I'm not the one, my name Joe Came the man from immigration
Said, I've got a job to do
Easy questions easy answers
Just point me to the kitchen crew He asked Leroy from Harlem
He asked Cisco from Mexico

He asked the white trash from Tennessee
They all said my name Joe
My name Joe, my name JoeThe maitre'd he sputtered
The kitchen crew they roared
And while they were arguing
Joe slipped out the back doorOn the beach Joe tries to listen
To the heartbeat of a whale
How it echoes his own heartbeat
And the distance he has sailed
Oh, the distance he has sailedMy name Joe, my name Joe
There is a king in Thailand
And he plays the jazz drum
He has a fine and healthy son
Oh, no I'm not the one, my name JoeMy name Joe
My name Joe

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>