

Buddy Joe

Golden Earring

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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