

# Little Joe

## Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra

Little Joe, run for the border  
Leave your home, leave your mother and father  
Go to where the reptiles roam  
On the side of the border that is your home  
Little Joe, eyes of your lover  
Look back on you as you run for cover  
Though sticks and fire, sticks and fire  
Won't break your bones, it is a lie  
Little Joe, just like your father  
Your eyes will water, your guts will splatter  
Though sticks and fire, sticks and fire  
Won't break your bones, it is a lie

Little Joe, run for the border  
Leave your home, leave your mother and father  
Go to where the reptiles roam  
They're waiting for you, little Joe  
Little Joe, run for the border  
Leave your home, leave your mother and father  
Go to where the reptiles roam  
On the side of the border that is your home  
Little Joe, just like your father  
Your eyes will water, your guts will splatter  
Though sticks and fire  
Won't break your bones, it is a lie

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