

Joe's Place

Joe Nichols

There's a place called Joe's where some of us go
When the hard working day is through
Through the neon and smoke, we laugh and tell jokes
And throw down a cold one or two There's a jukebox that's full of records
By Willie, Haggard and Jones
There's a picture of Elvis and ol' John Wayne
Hanging side by side on the wall Down at Joe's place, it's still the old way
Pickled eggs in a jar and a blue ribbon sign
Ol' boys and bankers sitting side by side
Down at Joe's place, down at Joe's place Along about midnight, a few hangers on
Are still hanging out at the bar
If the telephone rings, it's an understood thing
Joe don't know where they are At a table in the corner
There's a young man and an empty chair
His head in his hands, tears in his eyes
And a girlfriend's ring lying there Down at Joe's place, it's still the old way
Pickled eggs in a jar and a blue ribbon sign
Ol' boys and bankers sitting side by side
Down at Joe's place, down at Joe's place Pickled eggs in a jar and a blue ribbon sign
Ol' boys and bankers sitting side by side
Down at Joe's place, down at Joe's place
Joe's place, let's go to Joe's place

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