

Diamond Joe

John Shreve

Now there's a man you'll hear about
 Most anywhere you go,
 And his holdings are in Texas
 And his name is Diamond Joe.

 And he carries all his money
 In a diamond-studded jar.
 He never took much trouble
 With the process of the law.

I hired out to Diamond Joe, boys,
 Did offer him my hand,
 He gave a string of horses
 So old they could not stand.

And I nearly starved to death, boys,
 He did mistreat me so,
 And I never saved a dollar
 In the pay of Diamond Joe.

Now his bread it was corn dodger
 And his meat you couldn't chaw,
 Nearly drove me crazy
 With the waggin' of his jaw.

 And the tellin' of his story,
 Mean to let you know
 That there never was a rounder
 That could lie like Diamond Joe.

Now, I tried three times to quit him,
 But he did argue so
 I'm still punchin' cattle
 In the pay of Diamond Joe.

And when I'm called up yonder
 And it's my time to go,
 Give my blankets to my buddies
 Give the fleas to Diamond Joe.

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