Joe

Scott Walker

As old Joe sat a dyin'
The baby down the hall was cryin'
Somebody had a party goin' on
The fat boy you told tales to
Moved away the other day
To think with no goodbye
He could have gone
A postcard from Sun City
Was found layin' by your side
A kind of desert place
Where old folks dry away
You gazed out through the window
At the wonders of the sky
As if it were the first time every day
Chorus:
There ain't no-one left alive to call me Joe
You used to say
No-one left alive
To call me Joe.
You've been beyond the boundaries
Understood it all
And thought of nothing
The ultimate was simple to your eyes
Just watch the world make madness
As the youth cried their replies
An old man knows far better than to try.
They say towards the end
You hardly left your shabby room
Where once you loved to go
*Walkin'
Thru' the day
Sit back and watch a spider
Weave your window
'Cross the moon
And meals on wheels
Laughed kindly
When you'd say
There ain't no-one left alive to call me Joe
To call me Joe

No-one left alive to call me Joe.

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