

Joy

The Sundays

The Lone Ranger sold his wardrobe
The Lone Ranger sold his bad dog
Well you saw him and you could hardly know
'Cause times change, I know Some days he's more than humble
On some days he's cold and mad, mad as hell
Well you saw him and you can hardly know
It's so strange and well I, I know Those lakes of golden water
Those lakes of gold are all running out
Well you saw him and you could hardly know
It's so strange and well I, I know Joy, joy and joy
Work, work and work harder
Sure as the hours Joy and joy and joy
Work, work and work harder
Sure as the hours Joy and joy and joy
Work and work and work harder
You say

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