Old Joe Riley

Dean Brody

Old Joe Riley owned a fishin? shack
With the ocean out front and the bay out back
He had a little boat and a fisherman?s tan
When he wasn?t out fishin? he was sittin? in the sand

Then the big boys came and they offered him millions
To put up some condos or a swank hotel
Old Joe Riley told them no thanks anyway
I could use the money but I just can?t sell
A low rent heaven beats a high dollar hell
A low rent heaven beats a high dollar hell
Come on

He said I?ve seen the cities eatin? up small towns
Where you can?t smell the breeze and it's cement ground
You pay to park your car but it ain?t safe to walk
Nobody looks you in the eye, don?t speak, don?t talk

So when the big boys came and they offered him millions
To put up some condos or a swank hotel
Old Joe Riley told them no thanks anyway
I could use the money but I just can?t sell
A low rent heaven beats a high dollar hell
A low rent heaven beats a high dollar hell
Here we go

Yeah the bank lock box there?s a deed to some land
With his widow?s gold ring a few grains of sand
Joe Riley?s granddaughter?s gonna face a big choice
I hope she remembers her granddaddy?s voice

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Come on

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